This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

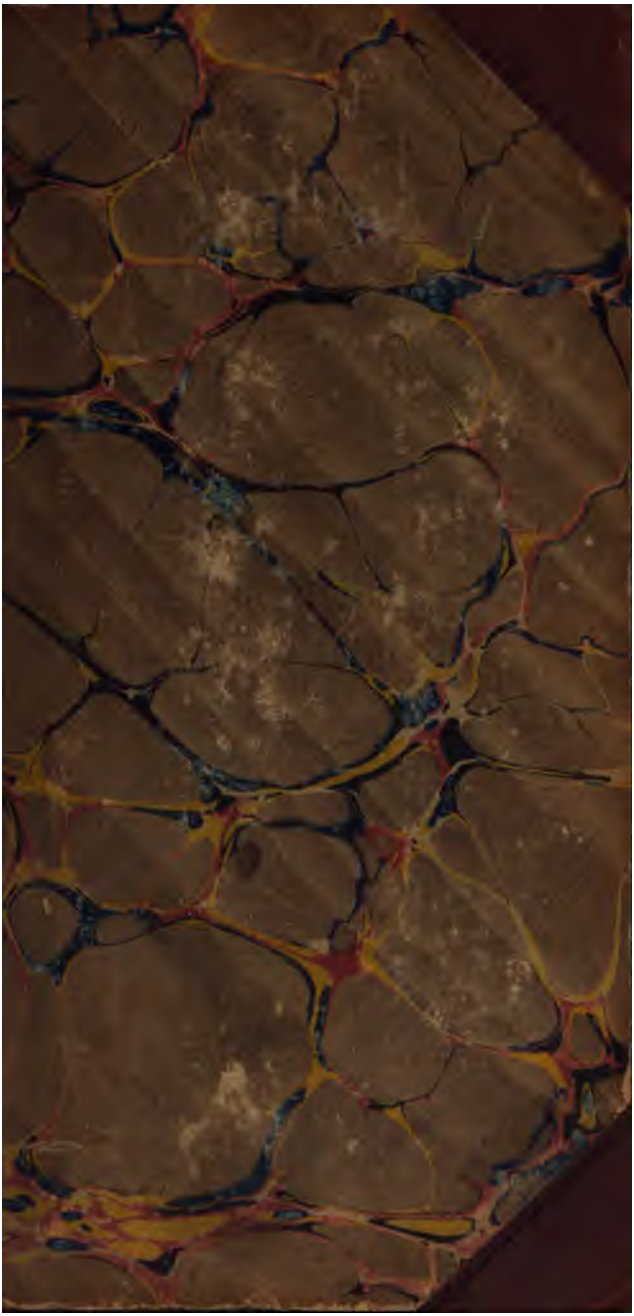
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



A. S. Middleton.
280 f 1797

MADOC,

by

Robert Southey.

OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA.

THIRD EDITION.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1812.

D

79

A. S. Middleton.

280 f 1797

MADOC,

by

Robert Southey.

OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA.

THIRD EDITION.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1812.

D

BODL LIBR.
29 NOV 1917
OXFORD

W. Pople, Printer,
67, Chancery Lane.

COME LISTEN TO A TALE OF TIMES OF OLD!
COME, FOR YE KNOW ME. I AM HE WHO SUNG
THE MAID OF ARC, AND I AM HE WHO FRAM'D
OF THALABA THE WILD AND WONDEROUS SONG.
COME LISTEN TO MY LAY, AND YE SHALL HEAR
HOW MADOC FROM THE SHORES OF BRITAIN SPREAD
THE ADVENTUROUS SAIL, EXPLOR'D THE OCEAN PATHS,
AND QUELL'D BARBARIAN POWER, AND OVERTHREW
THE BLOODY ALTARS OF IDOLATRY,
AND PLANTED IN ITS FANES TRIUMPHANTLY
THE CROSS OF CHRIST. COME LISTEN TO MY LAY!

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

PART I.

MADOC IN WALES.

		Page
1.	Madoc's Return to Wales	3
2.	The Marriage Feast	12
3.	Cadwallon	20
4.	The Voyage	34
5.	Lincoya	44
6.	Erillyab	54
7.	The Battle	66
8.	The Peace	75
9.	Emma	88
10.	Mathraval	93
11.	The Gorsedd	102
12.	Dinevawr	110
13.	Llewelyn	119
14.	Llaian	131
15.	The Excommunication	142
16.	David	154
17.	The Departure	159
18.	Rodri	169

PART II.

MADOC IN AZTLAN.

1.	The Return	177
2.	The Tidings	183
3.	Neolin	194
4.	Amalahta	202

Madoc in Wales,

MADOC.

THE FIRST PART.

I.

Fair blows the wind, . . the vessel drives along,
Her streamers fluttering at their length, her sails
All full, . . she drives along, and round her prow
Scatters the ocean spray. What feelings then
Fill'd every bosom, when the mariners,
After the peril of that weary way,
Beheld their own dear country! Here stands one,
Stretching his sight toward the distant shore,
And, as to well-known forms his busy joy
Shapes the dim outline, eagerly he points
The fancied headland and the cape and bay,

Till his eyes ache, o'erstraining. This man shakes
His comrade's hand, and bids him welcome home,
And blesses God, and then he weeps aloud:
Here stands another, who, in secret prayer,
Calls on the Virgin, and his patron Saint,
Renewing his old vows of gifts and alms
And pilgrimage, so he may find all well.
Silent, and thoughtful, and apart from all,
Stood Madoc; now his noble enterprize
Proudly remembering, now in dreams of hope,
Anon of bodings full, and doubt and fear.
Fair smil'd the evening, and the favouring gale
Sung in the shrouds, and swift the steady bark
Rush'd roaring through the waves.
The sun goes down.
Far off his light is on the naked crags
Of Penmanmawr, and Arvon's ancient hills;
And the last glory lingers yet awhile,
Crowning old Snowdon's venerable head,
That rose amid his mountains. Now the ship
Drew nigh where Mona, the dark island, stretch'd
Her shore along the ocean's lighter line.
There through the mist and twilight, many a fire
Up-flaming, stream'd upon the level sea
Red lines of lengthening light, which, far away

Rising and falling, flash'd athwart the waves.
Thereat did many a thought of ill disturb
Prince Madoc's mind; .. did some new conqueror seize
The throne of David? had the tyrant's guilt
Awaken'd vengeance to the deed of death?
Or blaz'd they for a brother's obsequies,
The sport and mirth of murder? .. Like the lights
Which there upon Aberfraw's royal walls
Are waving with the wind, the painful doubt
Fluctuates within him. .. Onward drives the gale, ..
On flies the bark, .. and she hath reach'd at length
Her haven, safe from her unequall'd way!
And now in louder and yet louder joy,
Clamorous, the happy mariners all-hail
Their native shore, and now they leap to land.

There stood an old man on the beach, to wait
The comers from the ocean; and he ask'd,
Is it the prince? And Madoc knew his voice,
And turn'd to him and fell upon his neck;
For it was Urien, who had foster d him,
Had lov'd him like a child; and Madoc lov'd,
Even as a father lov d he that old man.

My sister? quoth the prince. .. Oh, she and I

Have wept together, Madoc, for thy loss, . .
That long and cruel absence ! . . She and I,
Hour after hour, and day by day, have look'd
Toward the waters, and with aching eyes,
And aching heart, sate watching every sail.

And David, and our brethren ? cried the prince,
As they mov'd on. . . But then old Urien's lips
Were slow at answer ; and he spake, and paus'd
In the first breath of utterance, as to chuse
Fit words for uttering some unhappy tale.
More blood, quoth Madoc, yet ! Hath David's fear
Forced him to still more cruelty ? Alas . . .
Woe for the house of Owen !
Evil stars,
Replied the old man, ruled o'er thy brethren's birth.
From Dolwyddelan driven, his peaceful home,
Poor Yorwerth sought the church s sanctuary ;
The murderer follow'd ! . . Madoc, need I say
Who sent the sword ? . . . Llewlyn, his brave boy,
Where wanders he ? in this his rightful realm,
Houseless and hunted ! richly would the king
Gift the red hand that rid him of that fear !
Ririd, an outlaw'd fugitive, as yet
Eludes his brother's fury ; Rodri lives,

A prisoner he, . . I know not in what fit
Of natural mercy, from the slaughter spar'd.
Oh, if my dear old master saw the wreck
And scattering of his house! . . . that princely race!
The beautiful band of brethren that they were!

Madoc made no reply, . . he clos'd his lids,
Groaning; but Urien, for his soul was full,
Loving to linger on the woe, pursued:
I did not think to live to such an hour
Of joy as this! and often, when my eyes
Turned dizzy from the ocean, overcome
With heavy anguish, Madoc, I have pray'd
That God would please to take me to his rest.

So as he ceas'd his speech, a sudden shout
Of popular joy awaken'd Madoc's ear:
And calling then to mind the festal fires,
He ask'd their import. The old man replied,
It is the giddy people merry-making
To welcome their new queen; unheeding they
The shame and the reproach to the long line
Of our old royalty! . . thy brother weds
The Saxon's sister.

What! . . in loud reply

Madoc exclaim'd, Hath he forgotten all!
David! King Owen's son . . . my father's son . . .
He wed the Saxon . . . the Plantagenet!

Quoth Urien, He so doats, as she had dropt
Some philtre in his cup, to lethargize
The Briton blood, that came from Owen's veins.
Three days his halls have echoed to the song
Of joyaunce.
Shame! foul shame! that they should hear
Songs of such joyaunce! cried the indignant prince.
Oh that my father's hall, where I have heard
The song of Corwen and of Keiriog's day,
Should echo this pollution! Will the chiefs
Brook this alliance, this unnatural tie?

There is no face but wears a courtly smile,
Urien replied: Aberfraw's ancient towers
Beheld no pride of festival like this,
No like solemnities, when Owen came
In conquest, and Gwalchmai s ruck the harp.
Only Goervyl, careless of the pomp,
Sits in her solitude, lamenting thee.

Saw ye not then my banner? quoth the Lord

Of Ocean; on the topmast head it stood
To tell the tale of triumph; . . . or did night
Hide the glad signal, and the joy hath yet
To reach her?
Now had they almost attain'd
The palace portal. Urien stopt and said,
The child should know your coming; it is long
Since she hath heard a voice that to her heart
Spake gladness, . . none but I must tell her this!
So Urien sought Goervyl, whom he found
Alone, and gazing on the moonlight sea.

Oh you are welcome, Urien! cried the maid.
There was a ship came sailing hitherward . . .
I could not see his banner, for the night
Clos'd in so fast around her; but my heart
Indulged a foolish hope!
The old man replied,
With difficult effort keeping down his heart,
God, in his goodness, may reserve for us
That blessing yet! I have yet life enow
To trust that I shall live to see the day,
Albeit the number of my years well-nigh
Be full.
Ill-judging kindness! said the maid:

Have I not nurst for two long wretched years,
That miserable hope, that every day
Grew weaker, like a baby sick to death,
Yet dearer for its weakness, day by day!
No, never shall we see his daring bark!
I knew and felt it in the evil hour
When forth she far'd! I felt it... his last kiss
Was our death parting!
And she paus'd to curb
The agony: anon,.. But thou hast been
To learn their tidings, Urien? He replied,
In half-articulate voice,.. they said, my child,
That Madoc liv'd... that soon he would be here.

She had receiv'd the shock of happiness:
Urien! she cried,.. thou art not mocking me!
Nothing the old man spake, but spread his arms,
Sobbing aloud. Goervyl from their hold
Started, and sunk upon her brother's breast.

Recovering first, the aged Urien said,
Enough of this,... there will be time for this,
My children! better it behoves ye now
To seek the king. And, Madoc, I beseech thee,
Bear with thy brother! gently bear with him,

My gentle prince! he is the headstrong slave
Of passions unsubdu'd; he feels no tie
Of kindly love, or blood; .. provoke him not,
Madoc! ... It is his nature's malady.

Thou good old man! replied the prince, be sure
I shall remember what to him is due,
What to myself; for I was in my youth
Wisely and well train'd up; nor yet hath time
Effaced the lore my foster father taught.

Haste, haste! exclaim'd Goervyl; ... and her heart
Smote her, in sudden terror, at the thought
Of Yorwerth, and of Owen's broken house; ..
I dread his dark suspicions!
Not for me
Suffer that fear, my sister! quoth the prince.
Safe is the straight and open way I tread!
Nor hath God made the human heart so bad,
That thou or I should have a danger there.
So saying, they toward the palace-gate
Went on, ere yet Aberfraw had received
The tidings of her wanderer's glad return.

II.

The guests were seated at the festal board,
Green rushes strew'd the floor; high in the hall
Was David; Emma, in her bridal robe,
In youth, in beauty, by her husband's side
Sate at the marriage feast. The monarch rais'd
His eyes, he saw the mariner approach;
Madoc! he cried; strong nature's impulses
Prevail'd, and with a holy joy he met
His brother's warm embrace.
With that what peals
Of exultation shook Aberfraw's tower!
How then re-echoing rung the home of kings,
When from subdued Ocean, from the World
That he had first foreseen, he first had found,
Came her triumphant child! The mariners,
A happy band, enter the clamorous hall;
Friend greets with friend, and all are friends; one joy

Fills with one common feeling every heart,
And strangers give and take the welcoming
Of hand, and voice, and eye. That boisterous joy
At length allay'd, the board was spread anew,
Anew the horn was brimm'd, the central hearth
Built up anew for later revelries.
Now to the ready feast! the seneschal
Duly below the pillars ranged the crew;
Toward the guest's most honourable seat
The king himself led his brave brother;.. then,
Eyeing the lovely Saxon as he spake,
Here, Madoc, see thy sister! thou hast been
Long absent, and our house hath felt the while
Sad diminution; but my arm at last
Hath rooted out rebellion from the land;
And I have stablish'd now our ancient house,
Grafting a scyon from the royal tree
Of England, on the sceptre; so shall peace
Bless our dear country.
Long and happy years
Await my sovereigns! thus the chief replied,
And long may our dear country rest in peace!
Enough of sorrow hath our royal house
Known in the field of battles,.. yet we reap'd
The harvest of renown,

Aye, .. many a day,
David replied, together have we led
The onset! .. Dost thou not remember, brother,
How, in that hot and unexpected charge
On Keiriog's bank, we gave the enemy
Their welcoming?
And Berwyn's after-strife!
Quoth Madoc, as the memory kindled him:
The fool that day, who in his masque attire
Sported before King Henry, wished in vain
Fitlier habiliments of javelin proof!
And yet not more precipitate that fool
Dropt his mock weapons, than the archers cast,
Desperate, their bows and quivers full away,
When we leapt on, and in the mire and blood
Trampled their banner!
That, exclaim'd the king,
That was a day indeed, that I may still
Proudly remember, prov'd as I have been
In conflicts of such perilous assay,
That Saxon combat seem'd like woman's war.
When with the traitor Hoel I did wage
The deadly battle, then was I in truth
Put to the proof; no vantage-ground was there,
Nor famine, nor disease, nor storms to aid,

But equal, hard, close battle, man to man,
Briton to Briton! By my soul, pursued
The tyrant, heedless how from Madoc's eye
Flash'd the quick wrath like lightning,..though I knew
The rebel's worth, his prowess then excited
Unwelcome wonder! even at the last,
When stiff with toil and faint with wounds, he rais'd
Feebly his broken sword....
Then Madoc's grief
Found utterance; Wherefore, David, dost thou rouse
The memory now of that unhappy day,
That thou shouldst wish to hide from earth and heaven?
Not in Aberfraw,..not to me this tale!
Tell it the Saxon!..he will join thy triumph,..
He hates the race of Owen!..but I lov'd
My brother Hoel,..lov'd him,..that ye knew!
I was to him the dearest of his kin,
And he my own heart's brother.
David's cheek
Grew pale and dark; he bent his broad black brow
Full upon Madoc's crimson countenance;
Art thou return'd to brave me? to my teeth
To praise the rebel bastard? to insult
The royal Saxon, my affianced friend?

I hate the Saxon! Madoc cried; not yet
Have I forgotten, how, from Keiriog's shame
Flying, the coward wreak'd his cruelty
On my poor brethren! ... David, seest thou never
Those eyeless spectres by thy bridal bed?
Forget that horror? .. may the fire of God
Blast my right hand, or ever it be link'd
With that accurst Plantagenet!
The while,
Impatience struggled in the heaving breast
Of David; every agitated limb
Shook with ungovernable wrath; the page,
Who chaf'd his feet, in fear suspends his task,
In fear the guests gaze on him silently;
His eyeballs flash'd, strong anger choak'd his voice,
He started up. .. Him Emma, by the hand
Gently retaining, held, with gentle words
Calming his rage; Goervyl, too, in tears
Besought her generous brother: he had met
Emma's reproaching glance, and, self-reprov'd,
While the warm blood flush'd deeper o'er his cheek,
Thus he replied; I pray you pardon me,
My sister queen! nay, you will learn to love
This high affection for the race of Owen,
Yourself the daughter of his royal house,
By better ties than blood.

Grateful the queen
Replied, by winning smile and eloquent eye
Thanking the gentle prince : a moment's pause
Ensued ; Goervyl, then, with timely speech
Thus to the wanderer of the waters spake :
Madoc, thou hast not told us of the world
Beyond the ocean and the paths of man ;
A lovely land it needs must be, my brother,
Or sure you had not sojourn'd there so long,
Of me forgetful, and my heavy hours
Of grief, and solitude, and wretched hope.
Where is Cadwallon ? for one bark alone
I saw come sailing here.
The tale you ask
Is long, Goervyl, said the mariner,
And I in truth am weary. Many moons
Have wex'd and wain'd, since from the distant world,
The country of my dreams and hope and faith,
We spread the homeward sail : a lovely world,
My sister ! thou shalt see its goodliness,
And greet Cadwallon there ;... but this shall be
To-morrow's tale : ... indulge we now the feast ! ..
You know not with what joy we mariners
Behold a sight like this.
Smiling he spake,

And turning, from the sewer's hand he took
The flowing mead. David, the while, reliev'd
From rising jealousies, with better eye
Regards his venturous brother. Let the bard,
Exclaim'd the king, give his accustom'd lay;
For sweet, I know, to Madoc is the song
He lov'd in earlier years.

Then, strong of voice,
The officer proclaim'd the sovereign will,
Bidding the hall be silent; loud he spake,
And smote the sounding pillar with his wand,
And hush'd the banqueters. The chief of Bards
Then rais'd the ancient lay.

Thee, Lord! he sung,
Father! the eternal One! whose wisdom, power,
And love, ... all love, all power, all wisdom Thou!
Nor tongue can utter, nor can heart conceive.
He in the lowest depth of Being fram'd
The imperishable mind; in every change,
Through the great circle of progressive life,
He guides and guards, till evil shall be known,
And, being known as evil, cease to be;
And the pure soul, emancipate by Death,
The Enlarger, shall attain its end predoom'd,
The eternal newness of eternal joy.

He left his lofty theme ; he struck the harp
To Owen's fame, swift in the course of wrath,
Father of Heroes. That proud day he sung,
When from green Erin came the insulting host,
Lochlin's long burthens of the flood, and they
Who left their distant homes in evil hour,
The death doom'd Normen. There was heaviest toil,
There deeper tumult, where the dragon race
Of Mona trampled down the humbled head
Of haughty power ; the sword of slaughter carv'd
Food for the yellow-footed fowl of heaven,
And Menai's waters, burst with plunge on plunge,
Curling above their banks with tempest-swell,
Their bloody billows heav'd.
The long past days
Came on the mind of Madoc, as he heard
The song of triumph ; on his sun-burnt brow
Sate exultation : .. other thoughts arose,
As on the fate of all his gallant house
Mournful he mus'd ; oppressive memory swell'd
His bosom, over his fix'd eyeballs swam
The tear's dim lustre, and the loud-ton'd harp
Rung on his ear in vain ; .. its silence first
Rous'd him from dreams of days that were no more.

III.

Then on the morrow, at the banquet board,
The Lord of Ocean thus began his tale.

My heart beat high, when, with the favouring wind,
We sail'd away; Aberfraw! when thy towers,
And the huge headland of my mother isle,
Shrunk and were gone.
But, Madoc, I would learn,
Quoth David, how this enterprise arose,
And the strange hope of worlds beyond the sea;
For, at thine outset, being in the war,
I did not hear from vague and common fame
The moving cause. Sprung it from bardic lore,
The hidden wisdom of the years of old,
Forgotten long? or did it visit thee
In dreams, that come from heaven?
The prince replied,

Thou shalt hear all; .. but if, amid the tale,
Strictly sincere, I haply should rehearse
Aught to the king ungrateful, let my brother
Be patient with the involuntary fault.

I was the guest of Rhys at Dinevawr,
And there the tidings found me, that our sire
Was gather'd to his fathers : .. not alone
That sorrow came; the same ill messenger
Told of the strife that shook our royal house,
When Hoel, proud of prowess, seiz 'd the throne
Which you, for elder claim, and lawful birth,
Challenged in arms. With all a brother's love,
I, on the instant, hurried to prevent
The impious battle : .. all the day I sped,
Night did not stay me on my eager way ...
Where'er I pass'd, new rumour rais'd new fear ...
Midnight, and morn, and noon I hurried on,
And the late eve was darkening when I reach'd
Arvon, the fatal field. .. The sight, the sounds,
Live in my memory now, .. for all was done!
For horse and horseman, side by side in death,
Lay on the bloody plain; .. a host of men,
And not one living soul, .. and not one sound,
One human sound, .. only the raven's wing,

Which rose before my coming, and the neigh
Of wounded horses, wandering o'er the plain.

Night now was coming in; a man approach'd,
And bade to his dwelling nigh at hand.
Thither I turn'd, too weak to travel on;
For I was overspent with weariness,
And, having now no hope to bear me up,
Trouble and bodily labour master'd me.
I ask'd him of the battle: .. who had fall'n
He knew not, nor to whom the lot of war
Had giv'n my father's sceptre. Here said he,
I came to seek if haply I might find
Some wounded wretch, abandon'd else to death.
My search was vain, the sword of civil war
Had bit too deeply.
Soon we reach'd his home,
A lone and lowly dwelling in the hills,
By a grey mountain stream. Beside the hearth
There sate an old blind man; his head was rais'd
As he were listening to the coming sounds,
And in the fire-light shone his silver locks.
Father, said he who guided me, I bring
A guest to our poor hospitality;
And then he brought me water from the brook,

And homely fare, and I was satisfied:
That done, he pil'd the hearth, and spread around
The rushes of repose. I laid me down;
But, worn with toil, and full of many fears,
Sleep did not visit me: the quiet sounds
Of nature troubled my distemper'd sense;
My ear was busy with the stirring gale,
The moving leaves, the brook's perpetual flow.

So on the morrow languidly I rose,
And faint with fever: but a restless wish
Was working in me, and I said, My host,
Wilt thou go with me to the battle-field,
That I may search the slain? for in the fray
My brethren fought; vainly, with all my speed,
I strove to reach them ere the strife began.
Alas, I sped too slow!
Grievest thou for that?
He answer'd, grievest thou that thou art spar'd
The shame and guilt of that unhappy strife,
Briton with Briton in unnatural war?

Nay, I replied, mistake me not! I came
To reconcile the chiefs; they might have heard
Their brother's voice.

Their brother's voice? said he,
Was it not so? ... And thou, too, art the son
Of Owen! ... yesternight I did not know
The cause there is to pity thee. Alas,
Two brethren thou wilt lose when one shall fall! ..
Lament not him whom death may save from guilt;
For in the conqueror thou art doom'd to find
A foe, whom his own fears make perilous!

I felt as though he wrong'd my father's sons,
And rais'd an angry eye, and answer'd him, ...
My brethren love me.
Then the old man cried,
Oh what is princes love? what are the ties
Of blood, the affections growing as we grow,
If but ambition come? thou deemest sure
Thy brethren love thee; .. ye have play'd together
In childhood, shared your riper hopes and fears,
Fought side by side in battle: ... they may be
Brave, generous, all that once their father was,
Whom ye, I ween, call virtuous.
At the name,
With pious warmth I cried, Yes, he was good,
And great, and glorious! Gwyneth's ancient annals
Boast not a name more noble: in the war

Fearless he was, .. the Saxon prov'd him so ;
Wise was his counsel, and no supplicant
For justic ever from his palace-gate
Unrighted turn'd away. King Owen's name
Shall live in the after-world without a blot !

There were two brethren once, of kingly line,
The old man replied ; they lov'd each other well,
And when the one was at his dying hour,
It then was comfort to him that he left
So dear a brother, who would duly pay
A father's dutie to his orphan boy.
And sure he lov'd the orphan, and the boy,
With all a child's sincerity, lov'd him,
And learnt to call him father : so the years
Went on, till, when the orphan gain'd the age,
Of manhood, to the throne his uncle came.
The young man claim'd a fair inheritance,
His father's lands ; and ... mark what follows, prince !
At midnight he was seiz'd, and to his eyes
The brazen plate was held. ... He look'd around
His prison room for help, .. he only saw
The ruffian forms, who to the red-hot brass
Forced his poor eyes, and held the open lids,
Till the long agony consum'd the sense ;

And when their hold relax'd, it had been worth
The wealth of worlds if he could then have seen
Their ruffian faces! .. I am blind, young prince,
And I can tell how sweet a thing it is
To see the blessed light!
Must more be told?
What farther agonies he yet endur'd?
Or hast thou known the consummated crime,
And heard Cynetha's fate?
A painful glow
Inflam'd my cheek, and for my father's crime,
I felt the shame of guilt. The dark-brow'd man
Beheld the burning flush, the uneasy eye,
That knew not where to rest. Come! we will search
The slain! arising from his seat, he said.
I follow'd; to the field of fight we went,
And over steeds, and arms, and men, we held
Our way in silence. Here it was, quoth he,
The fiercest war was waged; lo! in what heaps
Man upon man fell slaughter'd! Then my heart
Smote me, and my knees shook; for I beheld
Where, on his conquer'd foemen, Hoel lay.

He paus'd, his heart was full, and on his tongue
The imperfect utterance died; a general gloom

Sadden'd the hall, and David's cheek grew pale.
Commanding first his nature, Madoc broke
The oppressive silence.
Then Cadwallon took
My hand, and, pointing to his dwelling, cried,
Prince, go and rest thee there, for thou hast need
Of rest;..the care of sepulture be mine.
Nor did I then comply, refusing rest,
Till I had seen in holy ground inearth'd
My poor lost brother. Wherefore, he exclaim'd,
(And I was aw'd by his severer eye)
Wouldst thou be pampering thy distemper'd mind?
Affliction is not sent in vain, young man,
From that good God, who chastens whom he loves!
Oh! there is healing in the bitter cup!
Go yonder, and before the unerring will
Bow, and have comfort! To the hut I went,
And there, beside the lonely mountain stream,
I veil'd my head, and brooded on the past.

He tarried long; I felt the hours pass by,
As in a dream of morning, when the mind,
Half to reality awaken'd, blends
With airy visions and vague phantasies
Her dim perception; till at lenth his step

Arous'd me, and he came. I question'd him,
Where is the body? hast thou bade the priests
Perform due masses for his soul's repose?

He answer'd me, The rain and dew of heaven
Will fall upon the turf that covers him,
And greener grass shall flourish on his grave.
But rouse thee, prince! there will be hours enough
For mournful memory; . . it befits thee now
Take counsel for thyself: . . the son of Owen
Lives not in safety here.
I bow'd my head,
Oppress'd by heavy thoughts: all wretchedness
The present; darkness on the future lay;
Fearful and gloomy both. I answer'd not.

Hath power seduced thy wishes? he pursu'd,
And wouldst thou seize upon thy father's throne?

Now God forbid! quoth I. Now God forbid!
Quoth he; . . but thou art dangerous, prince! and what
Shall shield thee from the jealous arm of power?
Think of Cynetha! . . the unsleeping eye
Of justice hath not clos'd upon his wrongs; . . .
At length the avenging arm is gone abroad, . .

One woe is past, .. woe after woe comes on, ..
There is no safety here, .. here thou must be
The victim or the murderer! Does thy heart
Shrink from the alternative? .. look round! .. behold
What shelter, .. whither wouldst thou fly for peace?
What if the asylum of the church were safe, ..
Were there no better purposes ordain'd
For that young arm, that heart of noble hopes?
Son of our kings, .. of old Cassibelan,
Great Caratach, immortal Arthur's line ...
Oh, shall the blood of that heroic race
Stagnate in cloister sloth? .. Or wouldst thou leave
Thy native isle, and beg in awkward phrase,
Some foreign sovereign's charitable grace, ..
The Saxon or the Frank, .. and earn his gold, ..
The hireling in a war whose cause thou know'st not,
Whose end concerns not thee?
I sate and gaz'd,
Following his eye with wonder, as he paced
Before me to and fro, and listening still,
Though now he paced in silence. But anon,
The old man's voice and step awaken'd us,
Each from his thought; I will come out, said he,
That I may sit beside the brook, and feel
The comfortable sun. As he came forth,

I could not choose but look upon his face :
Gently on him had gentle nature laid
The weight of years! all passions that disturb
Were past away ; the stronger lines of grief
Soften'd and settled, till they told of grief
By patient hope and piety subdued.
His eyes, which had their hue and brightness left,
Fix'd lifelessly, or objectless they roll'd,
Nor moved by sense, nor animate with thought.
On a smooth stone, beside the stream, he took
His wonted seat in the sunshine. Thou hast lost
A brother, prince, he cried, .. or the dish ear
Of age deceiv'd me. Peace be with his soul!
And may the curse that lies upon the house
Of Owen turn away! wilt thou come hither,
And let me feel thy face? .. I wonder'd at him ;
Yet, while his hand perus'd my lineaments,
Deep awe and reverence fill'd me. O my God,
Bless this young man! he cried ; a perilous state
Is his ; .. but let not thou his father's sins
Be visited on him!
I rais'd my eyes,
Enquiring, to Cadwallon : Nay, young prince,
Despise not thou the blind man's prayer! he cried ;
It might have given thy father's dying hour

A hope, that sure he needed!..for, know thou,
It is the victim of thy father's crime,
Who asks a blessing on thee!
At his feet
I fell, and clasp't his knees: he rais'd me up;..
Blind as I was, a mutilated wretch,
A thing that nature owns not, I surviv'd,
Loathing existence, and, with impious voice,
Accus'd the will of heaven, and groan'd for death.
Years past away: this universal blank
Became familiar, and my soul repos'd
On God, and I had comfort in my prayers.
But there were blessings for me yet in store:
Thy father knew not, when his bloody fear
All hope of an avenger had cut off,
How there existed then an unborn babe,
Child of my lawless love. Year after year
I liv'd, a lonely and forgotten wretch,
Before Cadwallon knew his father's fate,
Long years and years before I knew my son;
For never, till his mother's dying hour,
Learnt he his dangerous birth. He sought me then;
He woke my soul once more to human ties:..
I hope he hath not wean'd my heart from heaven,
Life is so precious now!...

Dear good old man!
And lives he still? Goervyl cried, in tears.
Madoc replied, I scarce can hope to find
A father's welcome at my distant home.
I left him full of days, and ripe for death;
And the last prayer Cynetha breath'd upon me
Went like a death-bed blessing to my heart!

When evening came, toward the echoing shore
I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth:
Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
But brighter lay the ocean-flood below,
The burnish'd silver sea, that heav'd and flash'd
Its restless rays, intolerably bright.
Prince, quoth Cadwallon, thou hast rode the wave
In triumph, when the invaders felt thine arm.
Oh what a nobler conquest might be won
There, .. upon that wide field! .. What meanest thou?
I cried. ... That yonder waters are not spread
A boundless waste, a bourn impassable! ..
That Man should rule the Elements, .. that there
Might manly courage, manly wisdom find
Some happy isle, some undiscover'd shore,
Some resting place for peace. .. Oh that my soul
Could seize the wings of Morning! soon would I

Behold that other world, where yonder sun
Speeds now, to dawn in glory!
As he spake,
Conviction came upon my startled mind,
Like lightning on the midnight traveller.
I caught his hand; . . Kinsman, and guide, and friend,
Yea, let us go together! Down we sate,
Full of the vision on the echoing shore.
One only object filled ear, eye, and thought:
We gaz'd upon the aweful world of waves,
And talk'd and dreamt of years that were to come.

IV.

Not with a heart unmov'd I left thy shores,
Dear native isle! oh ... not without a pang,
As thy fair uplands lessen'd on the view,
Cast back the long involuntary look!
The morning cheer'd our outset; gentle airs
Curl'd the blue deep, and bright the summer sun
Play'd o'er the summer ocean, when our barks
Began their way.
And they were gallant barks,
As ever through the raging billows rode!
And many a tempest's buffeting they bore.
Their sails all swelling with the eastern breeze,
Their tighten'd cordage clattering to the mast,
Steady they rode the main; the gale aloft
Sung in the shrouds, the sparkling waters hiss'd
Before, and froth'd, and whiten'd far behind.
Day after day, with one auspicious wind,

Right to the setting sun we held our way.
My hope had kindled every heart; they blest
The unvarying breeze, whose unabating strength
Still sped us onward; and they said that heaven
Favour'd the bold emprize.
How many a time,
Mounting the mast-tower-top, with eager ken
They gaz'd, and fancied, in the distant sky,
Their promis'd shore, beneath the evening cloud,
Or seen, low lying, through the haze of morn.
I, too, with eyes as anxious, watch'd the waves,
Though patient, and prepar'd for long delay;
For not on wild adventure had I rush'd,
With giddy speed, in some delirious fit
Of fancy; but, in many a tranquil hour,
Weigh'd well the attempt, till hope matur'd to faith.
Day after day, day after day, the same, . .
A weary waste of waters! still the breeze
Hung heavy in our sails, and we held on
One even course; a second week was gone,
And now another past, and still the same,
Waves beyond waves, the interminable sea!
What marvel, if at length the mariners
Grew sick with long expectance? I beheld
Dark looks of growing restlessness, I heard

Distrust's low murmuring; nor avail'd it long
To see and not perceive. Shame had awhile
Repress their fear, till, like a smother'd fire,
It burst, and spread with quick contagion round,
And strengthen'd as it spread. They spake in tones
Which might not be mistaken, .. they had done
What men dar'd do, ventur'd where never keel
Had cut the deep before; still all was sea,
The same unbounded ocean! .. to proceed
Were tempting heaven.
I heard, with feign'd surprise,
And, pointing then to where our fellow bark,
Gay with her fluttering streamers and full sails
Rode, as in triumph, o'er the element,
I ask'd them what their comrades there would deem
Of those so bold ashore, who, when a day,
Perchance an hour, might crown their glorious toil,
Shrunk then, and, coward-like, return'd to meet
Mockery and shame? true, they had ventur'd on
In seas unknown, beyond where ever man
Had plough'd the billows yet: more reason so
Why they should now, like him whose happy speed
Well nigh hath run the race, with higher hope
Press onward to the prize. But late they said,
Marking the favour of the steady gale,

That heaven was with us; heaven vouchsaf'd us still
Fair seas and favouring skies; nor need we pray
For other aid, the rest was in ourselves;
Nature had given it, when she gave to man
Courage and constancy.
They answer'd not,
Awhile obedient; but I saw with dread,
The silent sullenness of cold assent.
Then, with what fearful eagerness I gazed,
At earliest daybreak, o'er the distant deep!
How sick at heart with hope, when evening clos'd,
Gaz'd through the gathering shadows!.. but I saw
The sun still sink below the endless waves,
And still at morn, beneath the farthest sky,
Unbounded ocean heav'd. Day after day,
Before the steady gale we drove along,..
Day after day! The fourth week now had past;
Still all around was sea,.. the eternal sea!
So long that we had voyaged on so fast,
And still at morning where we were at night,
And where we were at morn, at nightfall still,
The centre of that drear circumference,
Progressive, yet no change!.. almost it seem'd
That we had past the mortal bounds of space,
And speed was toiling in infinity.

My days were days of fear, my hours of rest
Were like a tyrant's slumber. Sullen looks,
Eyes turn'd on me, and whispers meant to meet
My ear, and loud despondency, and talk
Of home, now never to be seen again, . .
I suffer'd these, dissembling as I could,
Till that avail'd no longer. Resolute
The men came round me: . . They had shewn enough
Of courage now, enough of constancy;
Still to pursue the desperate enterprize
Were impious madness! they had deem'd, indeed,
That heaven in favour gave the unchanging gale; . .
More reason now to think offended God,
When man's presumptuous folly strove to pass
The fated limits of the world, had sent
The winds, to waft us to the death we sought.
Their lives were dear, they bade me know, and they
Many, and I, the obstinate, but one.
With that, attending no reply, they hail'd
Our fellow bark, and told their fix'd resolve.
A shout of joy approv'd. Thus, desperate now,
I sought my solitary cabin; there,
Confus'd with vague tumultuous feelings, lay,
And, to remembrance and reflection lost,
Knew only I was wretched.

Thus entranced
Cadwallon found me; shame, and grief, and pride,
And baffled hope, and fruitless anger swell'd
Within me. All is over! I exclaim'd;
Yet not in me, my friend, hath time produced
These tardy doubts and shameful fickleness.
I have not fail'd, Cadwallon! Nay, he cried,
The coward fears which persecuted me
Have shown what thou hast suffer'd. We have yet
One hope. . . I pray'd them to proceed a day, . .
But one day more; . . this little have I gain'd,
And here will wait the issue; in yon bark
I am not needed, . . they are masters there.

One only day! . . The gale blew strong, the bark
Sped through the waters; but the silent hours,
Which make no pause, went by, and center'd still,
We saw the dreary vacancy of heaven
Close round our narrow view, when that brief term,
The last poor respite of our hopes expir'd.
They shorten'd sail and call'd with coward prayer,
For homeward winds. Why, what poor slaves are we
In bitterness I cried; the sport of chance;
Left to the mercy of the elements,
Or the more wayward will of such as these,
Blind tools and victims of their destiny!

Yea, Madoc! he replied, the elements
Master, indeed, the feeble powers of man!
Not to the shores of Cambria will thy ships
Win back their shameful way!.. or He, whose will
Unchains the winds, hath bade them minister
To aid us, when all human hope was gone,
Or we shall soon eternally repose
From life's long voyage.
As he spake, I saw
The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep;
And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
The vessel labour'd on the labouring sea.
The reef points rattled on the shivering sail;
At fits, the sudden gust howl'd ominous,
Anon, with unremitting fury raged;
High roll'd the mighty billows, and the blast
Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam.
Vain, now, were all the seamen's homeward hopes,
Vain all their skill!.. we drove before the storm.

'Tis pleasant, by the chearful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo Terror to delight us;.. but to hear

The roaring of the raging elements, . .
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not, . . to look round, and only see
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark, . . .
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endur'd the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner!

Onward we drove: with unabating force
The tempest raged; night added to the storm
New horrors, and the morn arose, o'erspread
With heavier clouds. The weary mariners
Call'd on Saint Cyric's aid, and I, too, placed
My hope on heaven, relaxing not the while
Our human efforts. Ye, who dwell at home,
Ye do not know the terrors of the main!
When the winds blow, ye walk along the shore,
And, as the curling billows leap and toss,
Fable that Ocean's mermaid Shepherdess
Drives her white flocks afield, and warns in time
The wary fisherman. Gwenhidwy warn'd us
When we had no retreat! my secret heart

Almost had fail'd me. . . Were the Elements
Confounded in perpetual conflict here,
Sea, Air, and Heaven? Or were we perishing
Where at their source the Floods, for ever thus,
Beneath the nearer influence of the Moon,
Labour'd in these mad workings? Did the Waters
Here on their outmost circle meet the Void,
The verge and brink of Chaos? or this Earth, . .
Was it indeed a living thing, . . its breath
The ebb and flow of Ocean? and had we
Reach'd the storm rampart of its Sanctuary,
The insuperable boundary, rais'd to guard
Its mysteries from the eye of man profane?

Three dreadful nights and days we drove along;
The fourth, the welcome rain came rattling down:
The wind had fallen, and through the broken cloud
Appear'd the bright dilating blue of heaven.
Embolden'd now, I call'd the mariners: . .
Vain were it, should we bend a homeward course,
Driven by the storm so far: they saw our barks,
For service of that long and perilous way,
Disabled, and our food belike to fail.
Silent they heard, reluctant in assent;
Anon, they shouted joyfully, . . I look'd

And saw a bird slow sailing overhead,
His long white pinions by the sunbeam edged,
As though with burnished silver; .. never yet
Heard I so sweet a music as his cry!

Yet three days more, and hope more eager now,
Sure of the signs of land, .. weed-shoals, and birds
Who flock'd the main, and gentle airs that breath'd,
Or seem'd to breathe, fresh fragrance from the shore.
On the last evening, a long shadowy line
Skirted the sea; .. how fast the night clos'd in!
I stood upon the deck, and watch'd till dawn.
But who can tell what feelings fill'd my heart,
When, like a cloud the distant land arose
Grey from the ocean, .. when we left the ship,
And cleft, with rapid oars, the shallow wave,
And stood triumphant on another world!

V.

Madoc had paus d awhile ; but every eye
Still watch'd his lips, and every voice was hush'd.
Soon as I leapt a-hore, pursues the Lord
Of Ocean, pros-rate on my face I fell,
Kiss'd the dear earth, and pray'd with thankful tears.
Hard by, a brook was flowing ; . . nev-r yet,
Ev-n from the gold tipt horn of victory,
With harp and song, amid my father's hall,
Pledged I so sweet a draught, as lying there,
Beside that streamlet's b.ink ! . . to feel the ground,
To quafi the cool clear wat-r, to inhale
The l reeze of land, while fears and dangers past
Recurr'd, and heighten'd joy, as summer storms
Make the fresh evening lovelier !
To the shore
The natives throng'd ; astonished, they beheld
Our winged barks, and gazed in wonderment

On the strange garb and bearded countenance,
And skin so white, in all unlike themselves.
I see with what enquiring eyes you ask
What men were they : of dark-brown colour, tinged
With sunny redness ; wild of eye ; their brows
So smooth, as never yet anxiety,
Nor busy thought, had made a furrow there ;
Beardless, and each to each of lineaments
So like, they seem'd but one great family.
Their loins were loosely cinctur'd, all beside
Bare to the sun and wind ; and thus their limbs,
Unmanacled, display'd the truest forms
Of strength and beauty : fearless, sure, they were,
And, while they eyed us, grasp'd their spears, as if,
Like Britain's injur'd but unconquer'd sons,
They, too, had known how perilous it was
To see an arm'd stranger set his foot
In their free country.
Soon the courteous guise
Of men, nor purporting nor fearing ill,
Won confidence ; their wild distrustful looks
Assum'd a milder meaning ; over one
I cast my mantle, on another's head
The velvet bonnet placed, and all was joy.
We now besought for food ; at once they read

Our gestures ; but I cast a hopeless eye
On mountains, thickets, woods, and marshy plains,
A waste of rank luxuriance all around.
Thus musing, to a lake I follow'd them,
Left, when the rivers to their summer course
Withdrew ; they scatter'd on its water drugs
Of such strange potency, that soon the shoals,
Coop'd there by Nature, prodigally kind,
Floated inebriate. As I gaz'd, a deer
Sprung from the bordering thicket ; the true shaft
Scarce with the distant victim's blood had stain'd
Its point, when instantly he dropt and died,
Such deadly juice imbued it ; yet on this
We made our meal unharm'd, and I perceiv'd
The wisest leech that ever in our world
Cull'd herbs of hidden virtue, was to these
Even as an infant.

Sorrowing we beheld
The night come on ; but soon did night display
More wonders than it veil'd : innumerous tribes
From the wood-cover swarm'd, and darkness made
Their beauties visible ; one while they stream'd
A bright blue radiance upon flowers that clos'd
Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day ;
Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,

Self-shrouded ; and anon, starring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire.
Our friendly hosts
Now led us to the hut, our that night's home,
A rude and spacious dwelling : twisted boughs,
And canes and withies form'd the walls and roof ;
And from the unhewn trunks which pillar'd it,
Low nets of interwoven reeds were hung.
With shouts of honour here they gather'd round me,
Ungarmented my limbs, and in a net,
With softest feathers lin'd, a pleasant couch,
They laid and left me.
To our ships return'd,
After soft sojourn here, we coasted on,
Insatiate of the wonders and the charms
Of earth, and air, and sea. Thy summer woods
Are lovely, O my mother isle ! the birch
Light bending on thy banks, thy elmy vales,
Thy venerable oaks ! .. but there, what forms
Of beauty cloth'd the inlands and the shore !
All these in stateliest growth, and, mixt with these
Dark spreading cedar, and the cypress tall,
Its pointed summit waving to the wind,
Like a long beacon flame ; and, loveliest
Amid a thousand strange and lovely shapes,

The lofty palm, that with its nuts supplied
Beverage and food; they edged the shore, and crown'd
The far-off mountain summits, their straight stems
Bare, without leaf or bough, erect and smooth,
Their tresses nodding like a crested helm,
The plumage of the grove.
Will ye believe
The wonders of the ocean? how its shoals
Sprung from the wave, like flashing light, .. took wing,
And, twinkling with a silver glitterance,
Flew through the air and sunshine? yet were they
To sight less wondrous than the tribe who swam,
Following, like fowlers, with uplifted eye,
Their falling quarry: . language cannot paint
Their splendid tints! though in blue ocean seen,
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
In all its rich variety of shades,
Suffus'd with glowing gold.
Heaven, too, had there
Its wonders: ... from a deep, black, heavy cloud,
What shall I say? .. a shoot, .. a trunk, .. an arm
Came down; yea! like a demon's arm, it seized
The waters: Ocean smok'd beneath its touch,
And rose, like dust before the whirlwind's force.

But we sail'd onward over tranquil seas,
Wafted by airs so exquisitely mild,
That even the very breath became an act
Of will, and sense, and pleasure! Not a cloud
With purple islanded the dark-blue deep.
By night, the quiet billows heav'd and glanced
Under the moon, .. that heavenly moon! so bright,
That many a midnight have I paced the deck,
Forgetful of the hours of due repose;
By day, the Sun, in his full majesty,
Went forth like God beholding his own works.

Once, when a chief was feasting us on shore,
A captive serv'd the food: I mark'd the youth,
For he had features of a gentler race;
And oftentimes his eye was fix'd on me,
With looks of more than wonder. We return'd,
At evening to our ships; at night, a voice
Came from the sea, the intelligible voice
Of earnest supplication: he had swam
To trust our mercy; up the side he sprung,
And look'd among the crew, and, singling me,
Fell at my feet. Such friendly tokenings
As our short commerce with the native tribes
Had taught, I proffer'd, and sincerity

Gave force and meaning to the half-learnt forms;-
For one we needed, who might speak for us,
And well I lik'd the youth, the open lines
Which character'd his face, the fearless heart,
Which gave at once, and won full confidence.
So that night at my feet Lincoya slept.

When I display'd whate'er might gratify,
Whate'er surprise, with most delight he view'd
Our arms, the iron helm, the pliant mail,
The buckler, strong to save; and then he shook
The lance, and grasp'd the sword, and turn'd to me
With vehement words and gestures, every limb
Working with one strong passion; and he placed
The falchion in my hand, and gave the shield,
And pointed south and west, that I should go,
To conquer and protect; anon, he wept
Aloud, and clasp'd my knees, and, falling, fain
He would have kiss'd my feet. Went we to shore?
Then would he labour restlessly, to show
A better place lay onward; and in the sand,
To south and west he drew the line of coast,
And figur'd how a mighty river there
Ran to the sea. The land bent westward soon,
And thus confirm'd, we voyaged on to seek

The river inlet, following at the will
Of our new friend: and we learnt after him,
Well pleas'd, and proud to teach, what this was call'd,
What that, with no unprofitable toil.
Nor light the joy I felt at hearing first
The pleasant accents of my native tongue,
Albeit in broken words, and tones uncouth,
Come from these foreign lips.
At length we came
Where the great river, amid shoals and banks
And islands, growth of its own gathering spoils,
Through many a branching channel, wide and full,
Rush'd to the main. The gale was strong; and safe,
Amid the uproar of conflicting tides,
Our gallant vessels rode. A stream as broad,
As turbid, when it leaves the Land of Hills,
Old Severn rolls; but banks so fair as these
Old Severn views not in his Land of Hills,
Nor even where his turbid waters swell
And sully the salt sea.
So we sail'd on
By shores, now cover'd with impervious woods,
Now stretching wide and low, a reedy waste,
And now through vales where earth profusely pour'd

Her treasures, gather'd from the first of days.
Sometimes a savage tribe would welcome us,
By wonder from their lethargy of life
Awaken'd; then again we voyaged on
Through tracts all desolate, for days and days,
League after league, one green and fertile mead,
That fed a thousand herds.
A different scene
Rose on our view, of mount on mountain pil'd,
Which when I see again in memory,
The giant Cader Idris by their bulk
Is dwarf'd, and Snowdon, with its eagle haunts,
Shrinks, and seems dwindled like a Saxon hill.

Here, with Cadwallon and a chosen band,
I left the ships. Lincoya guided us
A toilsome way among the heights; at dusk
We reach'd the village skirts; he bade us halt,
And rais'd his voice; the elders of the land
Came forth, and led us to an ample hut,
Which in the centre of their dwellings stood,..
The Stranger's House. They eyed us wondering,
Yet not for wonder ceas'd they to observe
Their hospitable rites; from hut to hut

They spread the tale that strangers were arriv'd,
Fatigued, and hungry, and athirst; anon,
Each from his means supplying us, came food
And beverage, such as cheers the weary man.

VI.

At morning their high priest, Ayayaca,
Came with our guide: the venerable man
With reverential awe accosted us,
For we, he ween'd, were children of a race
Mightier than they, and wiser, and by heaven
Belov'd and favour'd more: he came to give
Fit welcome, and he led us to the Queen.
The fate of war had reft her of her realm;
Yet with affection and habitual awe,
And old remembrances, which gave their love
A deeper and religious character,
Fallen as she was, and humbled as they were,
Her faithful people still, in all they could,
Obey'd Erillyab. She, too, in her mind
Those recollections cherish'd, and such thoughts
As, though no hope temper'd their bitterness,
Gave to her eye a spirit, and a strength

And pride to features, which perchance had borne,
Had they been fashion'd to a happier fate,
Meaning more gentle and more womanly,
Yet not more worthy of esteem and love.
She sate upon the threshold of her hut;
For in the palace where her sires had reign'd
The conqueror dwelt. Her son was at her side,
A boy now near to manhood; by the door,
Bare of its bark, the head and branches shorn,
Stood a young tree, with many a weapon hung,
Her husband's war-pole, and his monument.
There had his quiver moulder'd, his stone-axe
Had there grown green with moss, his bow-string there
Sung as it cut the wind.
She welcom'd us
With a proud sorrow in her mien; fresh fruits
Were spread before us, and her gestures said
That when he liv'd, whose hand was wont to wield
Those weapons, .. that in better days, .. that ere
She let the tresses of her widowhood
Grow wild, she could have given to guests like us,
A worthier welcome. Soon a man approach'd,
Hooded with sable, his half-naked limbs
Smear'd black; the people, at his sight, drew round,
The women wail'd and wept, the children turn'd
And hid their faces on their mothers knees.

He to the Queen addrest his speech, then look'd
Around the children, and laid hands on two,
Of different sexes, but of age alike,
Some six years each: they at his touch shriek'd out;
But then Lincoya rose, and to my feet
Led them, and told me that the conquerors claim'd
These innocents, for tribute; that the Priest
Would lay them on the altar of his god,
Tear out their little hearts in sacrifice,
Yea, with more cursed wickedness, himself
Feast on their flesh! .. I shudder'd, and my hand
Instinctively unsheath'd the holy sword.
He with most passionate and eloquent signs,
Eye-speaking earnestness, and quivering lips,
Besought me to preserve himself, and those
Who now fell suppliant round me, .. youths and maids,
Grey-headed men, and mothers with their babes.

I caught the little victims up, I kiss'd
Their innocent cheeks, I rais'd my eyes to heaven,
I call'd upon Almighty God, to hear
And bless the vow I made: in our own tongue
Was that sworn promise of protection pledg'd ..
Impetuous feeling made no pause for thought.
Heaven heard the vow; the suppliant multitude
Saw what was stirring in my breast; the Priest,

With eye inflam'd, and rapid answer, rais'd
His menacing hand; the tone, the bitter smile,
Interpreting his threat.
Meanwhile the Queen,
With watchful eye and steady countenance,
Had listen'd; now she rose, and to the Priest
Address'd her speech. Low was her voice and calm,
As one who spake with effort to subdue
Sorrow that struggled still; but while she spake,
Her features kindled to more majesty,
Her eye became more animate, her voice
Rose to the height of feeling; on her son
She call'd, and from her husband's monument
His battle-axe she took; and I could see,
That when she gave the boy his father's arms,
She call'd his father's spirit to look on,
And bless them to his vengeance.
Silently
The tribe stood listening as Erillyab spake;
The very priest was aw'd: once he essay'd
To answer; his tongue fail'd him, and his lip
Grew pale, and fell. He to his countrymen
Of rage and shame and wonder full, return'd,
Bearing no victims for their shrines accurst,
But tidings that the Hoamen had cast off

Their vassalage, rous'd to desperate revolt
By men, in hue and speech and garment strange,
Who, in their folly, dar'd defy the power
Of Aztlan.

When the king of Aztlan heard
The unlook'd-for tale, ere yet he rous'd his strength,
Or pitying our rash valour, or belike
Curious to see the man so bravely rash,
He sent to bid me to his court. Surpris'd,
I should have given to him no credulous faith,
But fearlessly Erillyab bade me trust
Her honourable foe. Unarm'd I went,
Lincoya with me, to exchange our speech,
So as he could, of safety first assur'd;
For to their damned idols he had been
A victim doom'd, and from the bloody rites
Flying, been carried captive far away.

From early morning, till the midnoon hour,
We travell'd in the mountains; then a plain
Open'd below, and rose upon the sight,
Like boundless ocean from a hill-top seen.
A beautiful and populous plain it was;
Fair woods were there, and fertilizing streams,
And pastures spreading wide, and villages

In fruitful groves embower'd, and stately towns,
And many a single dwelling specking it,
As though, for many a year, the land had been
The land of peace. Below us, where the base
Of the great mountains to the level slop'd,
A broad blue lake extended far and wide
Its waters, dark beneath the light of noon.
There Aztlan stood upon the farther shore;
Amid the shade of trees its dwellings rose,
Their level roofs with turrets set around,
And battlements all burnish'd white, which shone
Like silver in the sun-shine. I beheld
The imperial city, her far-circling walls,
Her garden groves, and stately palaces,
Her temples mountain size, her thousand roofs;
And when I saw her might and majesty,
My mind misgave me then.
We reach'd the shore;
A floating islet waited for me there,
The beautiful work of man. I set my foot
Upon green-growing herbs and flowers, and sate
Embower'd in odorous shrubs: four long light boats
Yok'd to the garden, with accordant song,
And dip and dash of oar in harmony,
Bore me across the lake.

Then in a car
Aloft by human bearers was I borne;
And through the city-gate, and through long lines
Of marshall'd multitudes, who throng'd the way,
We reach'd the palace court. Four priests were there;
Each held a burning censer in his hand,
And strew'd the precious gum as I drew nigh,
And held the steaming fragrance forth to me,
As I had been a god. They led me in,
Where, on his throne, the royal Azteca
Coanocotzin sate. Stranger, said he,
Welcome! and be this coming to thy weal!
A desperate warfare doth thy courage court;
But thou shalt see the people, and the power
Whom thy deluded zeal would call to arms;
So may the knowledge make thee timely wise.
The valiant love the valiant. Come with me!
So saying, he rose; we went together forth
To the Great Temple. 'Twas a huge square hill,
Or, rather, like a rock it seem'd, hewn out
And squar'd by patient labour. Never yet
Did our forefathers, o'er beloved chief
Fallen in his glory, heap a monument
Of that prodigious bulk, though every shield
Was laden for his grave, and every hand

Toil'd unremitting, at the willing work,
From morn till eve, all the long summer-day.

The ascent was lengthen'd with provoking art,
By steps which led but to a wearying path
Round the whole structure; then another flight,
Another road around, and thus a third,
And yet a fourth, before we reach'd the height.
Lo now, Coanocotzin cried, thou seest
The cities of this widely-peopled plain;
And, wert thou on yon farthest temple-top,
Yet as far onward wouldst thou see the land
Well husbanded, like this, and full of men.
They tell me that two floating palaces
Brought thee and all thy people; .. when I sound
The Tambour of the God, ten Cities hear
Its voice, and answer to the call, in arms.

In truth I felt my weakness, and the view
Had waken'd no unreasonable fear,
But that a nearer sight had stirr'd my blood;
For on the summit where we stood, four Towers
Were pil'd with human skulls, and all around
Long files of human heads were strung, to parch
And whiten in the sun. What then I felt

Was more than natural courage, . . 'twas a trust
In more than mortal strength, . . a faith in God, . .
Yea, inspiration from him ! I exclaim'd,
Not though ten Cities ten times told obey'd
The king of Aztlan's bidding, should I fear
The power of man !
Art thou, then, more than man ?
He answer'd ; and I saw his tawny cheek
Lose its life-colour, as the fear arose ;
Nor did I undeceive him from that fear,
For, sooth, I knew not how to answer him,
And therefore let it work. So not a word
Spake he, till we again had reach'd the court ;
And I, too, went in silent thoughtfulness :
But then when, save Lincoya, there was none,
To hear our speech, again did he renew
The query, . . Stranger ! art thou more than man,
That thou shouldst set the power of man at nought ?

Then I replied, Two floating Palaces
Bore me, and all my people, o'er the seas.
When we departed from our mother-land,
The Moon was newly born ; we saw her wex
And wane, and witness'd her new birth again ;
And all that while, alike by day and night,

We travell'd through the sea, and caught the winds,
And made them bear us forward. We must meet
In battle, if the Hoamen are not freed
From your accursed tribute, .. thou and I,
My people, and thy countless multitudes.
Your arrows shall fall from us, as the hail
Leaps on a rock, .. and when ye smite with swords,
Not blood, but fire, shall follow from the stroke.
Yet think not thou that we are more than men!
Our knowledge is our power, and God our strength,
God, whose almighty will created thee,
And me, and all that hath the breath of life.
He is our strength; .. for in his name I speak, ..
And when I tell thee that thou shalt not shed
The life of man in bloody sacrifice,
It is his holy bidding which I speak:
And if thou wilt not listen and obey,
When I shall meet thee in the battle field,
It is his holy cause for which I fight,
And I shall have his power to conquer thee!

And thinkest thou our Gods are feeble? cried
The king of Aztlan; dost thou deem they lack
Power to defend their altars, and to keep
The kingdom that they gave us strength to win?

The Gods of thirty nations have oppos'd
Their irresistible might, and they lie now
Conquer'd and caged and fetter'd at their feet.
That they who serve them are no coward race,
Let prove the ample realm they won in arms: ..
And I, their leader, am not of the sons
Of the feeble! As he spake, he reach'd a mace,
The trunk and knotted root of some young tree,
Such as old Albion, and his monster-brood,
From the oak-forest for their weapons pluck'd
When father Brute and Corineus set foot
On the White Island first. Lo this, quoth he,
My club! and he threw back his robe; and this
The arm that wields it! .. 'twas my father's once:
Erillyab's husband, King Tepollomi,
He felt its weight ... did I not show thee him?
He lights me at my evening banquet. There
In very deed, the dead Tepollomi
Stood up against the wall, by devilish art
Preserv'd; and from his black and shrivell'd hand
The steady lamp hung down.
My spirit rose
At that abomination; I exclaim'd,
Thou art of noble nature, and full fain
Would I in friendship plight my hand with thine;

But till that body in the grave be laid,
Till thy polluted altars be made pure,
There is no peace between us. May my God,
Who, though thou know'st him not, is also thine,
And, after death, will be thy dreadful Judge,
May it please him to visit thee, and shed
His mercy on thy soul! ... But if thy heart
Be harden'd to the proof, come when thou wilt!
I know thy power, and thou shalt then know mine.

VII.

Now then to meet the war! Erillyab's call
Rous'd all her people to revenge their wrongs;
And, at Lincoya's voice, the mountain tribes
Arose and broke their bondage. I, meantime,
Took council with Cadwallon and his sire,
And told them of the numbers we must meet,
And what advantage from the mountain straits
I thought, as in the Saxon wars, to win.
Thou saw'st their weapons, then Cadwallon said;
Are they like these rude works of ignorance,
Bone-headed shafts, and spears of wood, and shields
Strong only for such strife?
We had to cope
With wiser enemies, and abler arm'd.
What for the sword they wielded was a staff
Set thick with stones across; you would have judged
That uncouth shape was cumbrous; but a hand
Expert, and practis'd to its use, could drive

The heavy edge with deadly impulse down.
Their mail, if mail it may be call'd, was woven
Of vegetable down, like finest flax,
Bleach'd to the whiteness of the new-fallen snow;
To every bend and motion flexible,
Light as the warrior's summer-garb in peace;
Yet, in that lightest, softest, habergeon,
Harmless the sharp stone-arrow-head would hang.
Others, of higher office, were array'd
In feathery breast-plates of more gorgeous hue
Than the gay plumage of the mountain-cock,
Than the pheasant's glittering pride. But what were these,
Or what the thin gold hauberk, when oppos'd
To arms like ours in battle? What the mail
Of wood fire-harden'd, or the wooden helm,
Against the iron arrows of the South,
Against our northern spears, or battle axe,
Or good sword, wielded by a British hand?

Then, quoth Cadwallon, at the wooden helm,
Of these weak arms the weakest, let the sword
Hew, and the spear be thrust. The mountaineers,
So long inur'd to crouch beneath their yoke,
We will not trust in battle; from the heights
They, with their arrows, may annoy the foe;

And, when our closer strife has won the fray,
Then let them loose for havoc.
O my son!
Exclaim'd the blind old man, thou counsellest ill!
Blood will have blood, revenge beget revenge,
Evil must come of evil! We shall win,
Certes, a cheap and easy victory
In the first field; their arrows from our arms
Will fall, and on the hauberk and the helm
The stone-edge blunt and break; while thro' their limbs,
Naked, or vainly fenced, the griding steel
Shall sheer its mortal way. But what are we
Against a nation? Other hosts will rise
In endless warfare, with perpetual fights
Dwindling our all-too-few; or multitudes
Will wear and weary us, till we sink subdued
By the very toil of conquest. Ye are strong;
But he who puts his trust in mortal strength,
Leans on a broken reed! First prove your power;
Be in the battle terrible, but spare
The fallen, and follow not the flying foe;
Then may ye win a nobler victory,
So dealing with the captives as to fill
Their hearts with wonder, gratitude, and awe,
That love shall mingle with their fear, and fear

Stablish the love, else wavering: let them see,
That as more pure and gentle is your faith,
Yourselves are gentler, purer. Ye shall be
As gods among them, if ye thus obey
God's precepts.
Soon the mountain-tribes, in arms,
Rose at Lincoya's call; a numerous host,
More than in numbers, in the memory
Of long oppression, and revengeful hope,
A formidable foe. I station'd them
Where, at the entrance of the rocky straits,
Secure themselves, their arrows might command
The coming army. On the plain below
We took our stand, between the mountain base
And the green margin of the waters. Soon
Their long array came on. Oh what a pomp
And pride and pageantry of war was there!
Not half so gorgeous, for their May-day mirth
All wreath'd and ribbanded, our youths and maids,
As these stern Aztecas in war attire!
The golden glitterance, and the feather-mail,
More gay than glittering gold; and round the helm,
A coronal of high upstanding plumes,
Green as the spring grass in a sunny shower;
Or scarlet bright, as in the wintry wood

The cluster'd holly; or of purple tint, . .
Whereto shall that be liken'd? to what gem
Indiadem'd, . . what flower, . . what insect's wing?
With war-songs and wild music they came on,
We, the while, kneeling, rais'd with one accord
The hymn of supplication.

Front to front
And now the embattled armies stood: a band
Of priests, all sable-garmented, advanced;
They pil'd a heap of sedge before our host,
And warn'd us, . . Sons of Ocean! from the land
Of Aztlan, while ye may, depart in peace!
Before the fire shall be extinguish'd, hence!
Or, even as yon dry sedge amid the flame,
So ye shall be consum'd . . . The arid heap
They kindled, and the rapid flame ran up,
And blaz'd, and died away. Then from his bow,
With steady hand, their chosen archer loos'd,
The Arrow of the Omen. To its mark
The shaft of divination fled; it smote
Cadwallon's plated breast; the brittle point
Rebounded. He, contemptuous of their faith,
Stoopt for the shaft, and while with zealous speed
To the rescue they rush'd onward, snapping it
Asunder, cast the fragments back in scorn.

Fierce was their onset; never in the field
Encounter'd I with braver enemies.
Nor marvel ye, nor think it to their shame,
If soon they stagger'd, and gave way, and fled,
So many from so few; they saw their darts
Recoil, their lances shiver, and their swords
Fall ineffectual, blunted with the blow.
Think ye no shame of Aztlan that they fled,
When the bowmen of Deheubarth plied so well
Their shafts with fatal aim; through the thin gold,
Or feather mail, while Gwyneth's deep-driven spears
Pierced to the bone and vitals; when they saw
The falchion, flashing late so lightning like,
Quench'd in their own life-blood. Our mountaineers
Shower'd from the heights, meantime, an arrowy storm,
Themselves secure; and we who bore the brunt
Of battle, iron men, impassible,
Stood in our strength unbroken. Marvel not
If then the brave felt fear, already impress'd
That day by ominous thoughts, to fear akin;
For so it chanced, high heaven ordaining so,
The king, who should have led his people forth,
At the army head, as they began their march,
Was with sore sickness stricken; and the stroke
Came like the act and arm of very God,

So suddenly, and in that point of time.
A gallant man was he, who, in his stead,
That day commanded Aztlan; his long hair,
Tufted with many a cotton lock, proclaim'd
Of princely prowess many a feat atchiev'd,
In many a field of fame. Oft had he led
The Aztecas, with happy fortune, forth;
Yet could not now Yuhidthiton inspire
His host with hope: he, not the less, that day,
True to his old renown, and in the hour
Of rout and ruin, with collected mind,
Sounded his signals shrill, and in the voice
Of loud reproach, and anger, and brave shame,
Call'd on the people. . . But when nought avail'd,
Seizing the standard from the timid hand
Which held it in dismay, alone he turn'd,
For honourable death resolv'd, and praise
That would not die. At that the braver chiefs
Rallied, anew their signals rung around,
And Aztlan, seeing how we spar'd her flight,
Took heart, and roll'd the tide of battle back.
But when Cadwallon from the chieftain's grasp
Had cut the standard-staff away, and stunn'd
And stretch'd him at his mercy on the field;
Then fled the enemy in utter rout,

Broken, and quell'd at heart. One chief alone
Bestrode the body of Yuhidthiton;
Bareheaded did young Malinal bestride
His brother's body, wiping from his brow
With the shield-hand the blinding blood away,
And dealing frantickly, with broken sword,
Obstinate wrath, the last resisting foe.
Him, in his own despite, we seiz'd and sav'd.
Then, in the moment of our victory,
We purified our hands from blood, and knelt,
And pour'd to heaven the grateful prayer of praise,
And rais'd the choral psalm. Triumphant thus
To the hills we went our way; the mountaineers
With joy, and dissonant song, and antic dance;
The captives sullenly, deeming that they went
To meet the certain death of sacrifice,
Yet stern and undismay'd. We bade them know,
Ours was a law of mercy and of love;
We heal'd their wounds, and set the prisoners free.
Bear ye, quoth I, my bidding to your King!
Say to him, Did the Stranger speak to thee
The words of truth, and hath he prov'd his power?
Thus saith the Lord of Ocean, in the name
Of God, Almighty, Universal God,
Thy Judge and mine, whose battles I have fought,

Whose bidding I obey, whose will I speak;
Shed thou no more, in impious sacrifice,
The life of man; restore unto the grave
The dead Tepollomi; set this people free,
And peace shall be between us.

On the morrow
Came messengers from Aztlan, in reply.
Coanocotzin with sore malady
Hath, by the Gods, been stricken: will the Lord
Of Ocean visit his sick-bed?.. He told
Of wrath, and as he said, the vengeance came:
Let him bring healing now, and stablish peace.

VIII.

Again, and now with better hope, I sought
The city of the King: there went with me
Iolo, old Iolo, he who knows
The virtue of all herbs of mount or vale,
Or greenwood shade, or quiet brooklet's bed;
Whatever lore of science, or of song,
Sages and Bards of old have handed down.
Aztlan that day pour'd forth her swarming sons,
To wait my coming. Will he ask his God
To stay the wrathful hand? that was the cry,
The general cry, and will he save the King?
Coanocotzin too had nurst that thought,
And the strong hope upheld him: he put forth
His hand, and rais'd a quick and anxious eye,..
Is it not peace and mercy?.. thou art come
To pardon and to save!

I answer'd him,

That power, O King of Aztlan, is not mine!
Such help as human cunning can bestow,
Such human help I bring; but health and life
Are in the hand of God, who at his will
Gives or withdraws; and what he wills is best.
Then old Iolo took his arm, and felt
The symptom, and he bade him have good hope,
For life was strong within him. So it prov'd;
The drugs of subtle virtue did their work;
They quell'd the venom of the malady,
And from the frame expell'd it, .. that a sleep,
Fell on the king, a sweet and natural sleep,
And from its healing he awoke refresh'd,
Though weak, and joyful like a man who felt
The peril past away.

Ere long we spake
Of concord, and how best to knit the bonds
Of lasting friendship. When we won this land,
Coanocotzin said, these fertile vales
Were not, as now, with fruitful groves embower'd,
Nor rich with towns and populous villages,
Abounding, as thou seest, with life and joy:
Our fathers found bleak heath, and desert moor,
Wild woodland, and savannahs wide and waste,
Rude country of rude dwellers. From our arms

They to the mountain fastnesses retir'd,
And long with obstinate and harrassing war
Provok'd us, hoping not for victory,
Yet mad for vengeance: till Tepollomi
Fell by my father's hand; and with their king,
The strength and flower of all their youth cut off,
All in one desolating day, they took
The yoke upon their necks. What wouldst thou
That to these Hoamen I should now concede?
Lord of the Ocean, speak!
Let them be free!
Quoth I. I come not from my native isle
To wage the war of conquest, and cast out
Your people from the land which time and toil
Have rightly made their own. The World is wide:
There is enough for all. So they be freed
From that accurs'd tribute, and ye shed
The life of man no more in sacrifice, ..
In the most holy name of God I say,
Let there be peace between us!
Thou hast won
Their liberty, the King replied: henceforth,
Free as they are, if they provoke the war,
Reluctantly will Aztlan raise her arm.
Be thou the peace-preserver. To what else

Thou say'st, instructed by calamity,
I lend a humble ear; but to destroy
The worship of my fathers, or abate
Or change one point, lies not within the reach
And scope of kingly power. Speak thou hereon
With those whom we hold holy, with the sons
Of the Temple, they who commune with the Gods;
Awe them, for they awe me. So we resolv'd
That when the bones of King Tepollomi
Had had their funeral honours, they and I
Should by the green lake-side, before the King,
And in the presence of the people, hold
A solemn talk.
Then to the mountain huts,
The bearer of good tidings, I return'd,
Leading the honourable train who bore
The relics of the King; not parch'd and black,
As I had seen the unnatural corpse stand up,
In ghastly mockery of the attitude
And act of life; . . his bones had now been blanch'd
With decent reverence. Soon the mountaineers
Saw the white deer-skin shroud; the rumour spread;
They gather'd round, and follow'd in our train.
Before Erillyab's hut the bearers laid
Their burthen down. She, calm of countenance,

And with dry eye, albeit her hand, the while,
Shook like an agueish limb, unroll'd the shroud.
The multitude stood gazing silently,
The young and old alike, all aw'd and hush'd
Under the holy feeling,..and the hush
Was aweful; that huge multitude so still,
That we could hear distinct the mountain stream
Roll down its rocky channel far away.
And this was all; sole ceremony this,
The sight of death and silence,..till at length,
In the ready grave his bones were laid to rest.
'Twas in her hut and home, yea, underneath
The marriage bed, the bed of widowhood,
Her husband's grave was dug; on softest fur
The bones were laid, with fur were cover'd o'er,
Then heapt with bark and boughs, and, last of all,
Earth was to earth trod down.

And now the day,
Appointed for our talk of peace was come.
On the green margin of the lake we met,
Elders, and Priests, and Chiefs; the multitude
Around he circle of the council stood.
Then, in the midst, Coanocotzin rose,
And thus the King began: Pabas, and Chiefs
Of Aztlan, hither ye are come to learn

The law of peace. The Lord of Ocean saith,
The Tribes whom he hath gather'd underneath
The wings of his protection, shall be free;
And, in the name of his great God, he saith,
That ye shall never shed in sacrifice
The blood of man. Are ye content? that so
We may together here, in happy hour,
Bury the sword!
Hereat a Paba rose,
And answer'd for his brethren: ..He hath won
The Hoamen's freedom, that their blood no more
Shall on our altars flow; for this the Lord
Of Ocean fought, and Aztlan yielded it
In battle: but if we forego the rites
Of our forefathers, if we wrong the Gods,
Who give us timely sun and timely showers,
Their wrath will be upon us; they will shut
Their ears to prayer, and turn away the eyes
Which watch for our well-doing, and with-hold
The hands that scatter our prosperity.

Cynetha then arose; between his son
And me supported, rose the blind old man.
Ye wrong us, men of Aztlan, if ye deem
We bid ye wrong the Gods; accurst were he

Who would obey such bidding, .. more accurst
The wretch who should enjoin impiety !
It is the will of God which we make known,
Your God and ours. Know ye not Him, who laid
The deep foundations of the earth, and built
The arch of heaven, and kindled yonder sun,
And breath'd into the woods and waves and sky
The power of life ?
We know Him, they replied,
The great For-Ever One, the God of Gods,
Ipalnemoani, He by whom we live !
And we too, quoth Ayayaca, we know
And worship the Great Spirit, who in clouds
And storms, in mountain caves, and by the fall
Of waters, in the woodland solitude,
And in the night and silence of the sky,
Doth make his being felt. We also know,
And fear, and worship the Beloved One.

Our God, replied Cynetha, is the same,
The Universal Father. He to the first
Made his will known ; but when men multiplied,
The Evil Spirits darken'd them, and sin
And misery came into the world, and men
Forsook the way of truth, and gave to stocks

And stones the incommunicable name.
Yet with one chosen, one peculiar Race,
The knowledge of their Father and their God
Remain'd, from sire to son transmitted down.
While the bewilder'd Nations of the earth
Wander'd in fogs, and were in darkness lost,
The light abode with them; and when at times
They sinn'd and went astray, the Lord hath put
A voice into the mouths of holy men,
Raising up witnesses unto himself,
That so the saving knowledge of his name
Might never fail; nor the glad promise, given
To our first parent, that at length his sons,
From error, sin, and wretchedness redeem'd,
Should form one happy family of love.
Nor ever hath that light, howe'er bedimm'd,
Wholly been quench'd: still in the heart of man
A feeling and an instinct it exists,
His very nature's stamp and privilege,
Yea, of his life the life. I tell ye not,
O Aztecas! of things unknown before;
I do but waken up that living sense
That sleeps within ye! Do ye love the Gods
Who call for blood? Doth the poor sacrifice
Go with a willing step, to lay his life

Upon their altars? .. Good must come of good,
Evil of evil; if the fruit be death,
The poison springeth from the sap and root,
And the whole tree is deadly; if the rites
Be evil, they who claim them are not good,
Not to be worshipp'd then; for to obey
The evil will is evil. Aztecas!
From the For-Ever, the Beloved One,
The Universal Only God I speak,
Your God and mine, our Father and our Judge.
Hear ye his law, .. hear ye the perfect law
Of love, "Do ye to others, as ye would
That they should do to you!" He bids us meet
To praise his name, in thankfulness and joy;
He bids us, in our sorrow, pray to him,
The Comforter; love him, for he is good!
Fear him, for he is just! obey his will,
For who can bear his anger!

While he spake,
They stood with open mouth, and motionless sight,
Watching his countenance, as though the voice
Were of a God; for sure it seem'd that less
Than inspiration could not have infus'd
That eloquent passion in a blind man's face.

he ceas'd, all eyes at once were turn'd

Upon the Pabas, waiting their reply,
If that to that acknowledged argument
Reply could be devis'd; but they themselves,
Stricken by the truth, were silent; and they look'd
Toward their chief and mouth-piece, the High Priest
Tezozomoc; he too was pale and mute,
And when he gather'd up his strength to speak,
Speech fail'd him, his lip faulter'd, and his eye
Fell, utterly abash'd, and put to shame.
But in the Chiefs, and in the multitude,
And in the King of Aztlan, better thoughts
Were working; for the Spirit of the Lord
That day was moving in the heart of man.
Coanocotzin rose: Pabas, and Chiefs,
And men of Aztlan, ye have heard a talk
Of peace and love, and there is no reply.
Are ye content with what the Wise Man saith?
And will ye worship God in that good way
Which God himself ordains? If it be so,
Together here will we in happy hour,
Bury the sword.
Tezozomoc replied,
This thing is new, and in the land till now
Unheard: .. what marvel, therefore, if we find
No ready answer? Let our Lord the King
Do that which seemeth best.

Yuhidthiton,
Chief of the Chiefs of Aztlan, next arose.
Of all her numerous sons, could Aztlan boast
No mightier arm in battle, nor whose voice
To more attentive silence hush'd the hall
Of council. When the Wise Man spake, quoth he,
I ask'd of mine own heart if it were so,
And, as he said, the living instinct there
Answer'd, and own'd the truth. In happy hour,
O King of Aztlan, did the Ocean Lord
Through the great waters hither wend his way;
For sure he is the friend of God and man!

At that an uproar of assent arose
From the whole people, a tumultuous shout
Of universal joy and glad acclaim.
But when Coanocotzin rais'd his hand,
That he might speak, the clamour and the buzz
Ceas'd, and the multitude, in tiptoe hope,
Attent and still, await the final voice.
Then said the Sovereign, Hear, O Aztecas,
Your own united will! From this day forth
No life upon the altar shall be shed,
No blood shall flow in sacrifice; the rites
Shall all be pure, such as the blind old man,

Whom God hath taught, will teach. This ye have will'd;
And therefore it shall be!
The King hath said!
Like thunder the collected voice replied:
Let it be so!
Lord of the Ocean, then
Pursu'd the King of Aztlan, we will now
Lay the war-weapon in the grave, and join
In right-hand friendship. By our custom, blood
Should sanctify and bind the solemn act
But by what oath and ceremony thou
Shalt proffer, by the same will Aztlan swear.

Nor oath, nor ceremony, I replied,
O King, is needful. To his own good word
The good and honourable man will act.
Oaths will not curb the wicked. Here we stand
In the broad day-light; the For-Ever One,
The Every-Where beholds us. In his sight
We join our hands in peace: if e'er again
Should these right hands be rais'd in enmity,
Upon the offender will His judgement fall.
The grave was dug; Coanocotzin laid
His weapon in the earth; Erillyab' son,

Young Amalahta, for the Hoamen, laid
His hatchet there ; and there I laid the sword.

Here let me end. What follow'd was the work
Of peace, no theme of story ; how we fix'd
Our sojourn in the hills, and sow'd our fields,
And, day by day, saw all things prospering.
Thence have I sail'd, Goervyl, to announce
The tidings of my happy enterprise ;
There I return, to take thee to our home.
I love my native land ; with as true love
As ever yet did warm a British heart,
Love I the green fields of the beautiful Isle,
My father's heritage ! but far away,
Where Nature's booner hand has blest the earth,
My heritage hath fallen ; beyond the seas
Madoc hath found his home ; beyond the seas
A country for his children hath he chosen,
A land wherein their portion may be peace.

IX.

But while Aberfraw echoed to the sounds
Of merriment and music, Madoc's heart
Mourn'd for his brethren. Therefore, when no ear
Was nigh, he sought the King, and said to him,
To-morrow, I set forth for Mathraval;
For long I must not linger here, to pass
The easy hours in feast and revelry,
Forgetful of my people far away.
I go to tell the tidings of success,
And seek new comrades. What if it should chance
That, for this enterprise, our brethren,
Foregoing all their hopes and fortunes here,
Would join my banner? .. Let me send abroad
That summons, O my brother! so secure,
You may forgive the past, and once again
Will peace and concord bless our father's house.

Hereafter will be time enow for this,
The King replied; thy easy nature sees not,
How, if the traitors for thy banner send
Their bidding round, in open war against me
Their own would soon be spread. I charge thee, Madoc,
Neither to see nor aid these fugitives,
The shame of Owen's blood.
Sullen he spake,
And turn'd away; nor farther commune now
Did Madoc seek, nor had he more endur'd;
For bitter thoughts were rising in his heart,
And anguish, kindling anger. In such mood
He to his sister's chamber took his way.
She sate with Emma, with the gentle Queen;
For Emma had already learnt to love
The gentle maid. Goervyl saw what thoughts
Troubled her brother's brow. Madoc, she cried,
Thou hast been with the king, been rashly pleading
For Ririd and for Rodri!.. He repli'd,
I did but ask him little, .. did but say,
Belike our brethren would go forth with me,
To voluntary exile; then, methought,
His fear and jealousy might well have ceas'd,
And all be safe.
And did the King refuse?

Quoth Emma. I will plead for them, quoth she,
With dutiful warmth and zeal will plead for them;
And surely David will not say me nay.

O sister! cried Goervyl, tempt him not!
Sister, you know him not! alas, to touch
That perilous theme is, even in Madoc here,
A perilous folly ... Sister, tempt him not!
You do not know the King!
At that, a fear
Fled to the cheek of Emma, and her eye,
Quickening with wonder, turn'd toward the Prince,
As if expecting that his manly mind
Would mould Goervyl's meaning to a shape
Less fearful, would interpret and amend
The words she hop'd she did not hear aright.
Emma was young; she was a sacrifice
To that sad king-craft, which, in marriage-vows
Linking two hearts, unknowing each of each,
Perverts the ordinance of God, and makes
The holiest tie a mockery and a curse.
Her eye was patient, and she spake in tones
So sweet, and of so pensive gentleness,
That the heart heard them. Madoc! she exclaim'd,
Why dost thou hate the Saxons? O my brother,

If I have heard aright, the hour will come
When the Plantagenet shall wish herself
Among her nobler, happier countrymen,
From these unnatural enmities escap'd,
And from the curse which they will call from heaven.

Shame then suffus'd the Prince's countenance,
Mindful how, drunk in anger, he had given
His hatred loose. My sister Queen, quoth he,
Marvel not you that with my mother's milk
I suck'd that hatred in. Have they not been
The scourge and the devouring sword of God,
The curse and pestilence that he hath sent
To root us from the land? Alas, our crimes
Have drawn this fearful visitation down!
Our sun hath long been westering; and the night,
And darkness, and extinction are at hand.
We are a fallen people!.. From ourselves
The desolation and the ruin come!
In our own vitals doth the poison work...
The House that is divided in itself,
How shall it stand?..A blessing on you, Lady!
But in this wretched family the strife
Is rooted all too deep: it is an old
And canker'd wound,..an eating, killing sore,

For which there is no healing!.. If the King
Should ever speak his fear,.. and sure to you
All his most inward thoughts he will make known..
Counsel him then to let his brethren share
My enterprise, to send them forth with me
To everlasting exile. ..She hath told you
Too rudely of the King; I know him well;
He hath a stormy nature; and what germs
Of virtue would have budded in his heart,
Cold winds have check'd, and blighting seasons nipt,
Yet in his heart they live... A blessing on you,
That you may see their blossom and their fruit!

X.

And now went Madoc forth for Mathraval;
O'er Menai's ebbing tide, up mountain paths,
Beside grey mountain-stream, and lonely lake,
And through old Snowdon's forest solitude,
He held right on his solitary way.
Nor paus'd he in that rocky vale, where oft
Up the familiar path, with gladder pace,
His steed had hasten'd to the well-known door, ..
That valley, o'er whose crags, and sprinkled trees,
And winding stream, so oft his eye had lov'd
To linger, gazing, as the eve grew dim,
From Dolwyddelan's Tower; .. alas! therefrom,
As from his brother's monument, he turn'd
A loathing eye, and through the rocky vale
Sped on. From morn till noon, from noon till eve,
He travell'd on his way; and when at morn
Again the Ocean Chief bestrode his steed,

The heights of Snowdon on his backward glance
Hung like a cloud in heaven. O'er heath and hill
And barren height he rode ; and darker now,
In loftier majesty thy mountain seat,
Star-loving Idris, rose. Nor turn'd he now
Beside Kregennan, where his infant feet
Had trod Ednywain's hall ; nor loiter'd he
In the green vales of Powys, till he came
Where Warnway rolls his waters underneath
The walls of Mathraval, old Mathraval,
Cyveilioc's princely and paternal seat.

But Madoc rush'd not forward now to greet
The chief he lov'd, for from the hall was heard
The voice of harp and song. It was, that day,
The feast of victory at Mathraval ;
Around the Chieftain's board the warriors sate ;
The sword, and shield, and helmet, on the wall,
And round the pillars, were in peace hung up ;
And, as the flashes of the central fire,
At fits arose, a dance of wavy light
Play'd o'er the reddening steel. The Chiefs, who late
So well had wielded, in the play of war,
Those weapons, sate around the board, to quaff
The beverage of the brave, and hear their fame.

Cyveilioc stood before them, .. in his pride
Stood up the Poet-Prince of Mathraval;
His hands were on the harp, his eyes were clos'd,
His head, as if in reverence to receive
The inspiration, bent; anon, he rais'd
His glowing countenance, and brighter eye,
And swept, with passionate hand, the ringing harp.

Fill high the Hirlas Horn! to Grufydd bear
Its frothy beverage, .. from his crimson lance
The invader fled; .. fill high the gold-tipt Horn!
Heard ye in Maelor the step of war? ..
The hastening shout? .. the onset? .. Did ye hear
The clash and clang of arms? .. the battle-din,
Loud as the roar of Ocean, when the winds
At midnight are abroad? .. the yell of wounds? ..
The rage? .. the agony? ... give to him the Horn
Whose spear was broken, and whose buckler pierced
With many a shaft, yet not the less he fought
And conquer'd; .. therefore let Ednyved share
The generous draught; give him the long blue Horn!
Pour out again, and fill again the spoil
Of the wild bull, with silver wrought of yore;
Bear ye to Tudyr's hand the golden lip,
Eagle of battle! for Moreiddig fill

The honourable Hirlas! ..where are They?
Where are the noble Brethren? Wolves of war,
They kept their border well, they did their part,
Their fame is full, their lot is praise and song ...
A mournful song to me, a song of woe!..
Brave Brethren! for their honour brim the cup,
Which they shall quaff no more.

We drove away
The strangers from our land; profuse of life,
Our warriors rush'd to battle, and the Sun
Saw, from his noontide fields, their manly strife.
Pour thou the flowing mead! Cup-bearer, fill
The Hirlas! for hadst thou beheld the day
Of Llidom, thou hadst known how well the Chiefs
Deserve this honour now. Cyveilioc's shield
Were they in danger, when the Invader came;
Be praise and liberty their lot on earth,
And joy be theirs in heaven.

Here ceas'd the song.
Then from the threshold on the rush-strewn floor
Madoc advanced. Cyveilioc's eye was now
To present forms awake, but, even as still
He felt his harp-chords throb with dying sounds,
The heat and stir and passion had not yet
Subsided in his soul. Again he struck

The loud-ton'd harp. ... Pour from the silver vase,
And brim the honourable Horn, and bear
The draught of joy to Madoc, .. he who first
Explor'd the desert ways of Ocean, first,
Through the wide waste of sea and sky, held on
Undaunted, till upon another World,
The Lord and Conqueror of the Elements,
He set his foot triumphant! Fill for him
The Hirlas! fill the honourable Horn!
This is a happy hour, for Madoc treads
The hall of Mathraval; by every foe
Dreaded, by every friend belov'd the best,
Madoc, the Briton Prince, the Ocean Lord,
Who never for injustice rear'd his arm.
Give him the Hirlas Horn, fill, till the draught
Of joy shall quiver o'er the golden brim!
In happy hour the hero hath return'd!
In happy hour the friend, the brother treads
Cyveilioc's floor!
He sprung to greet his guest;
The cordial grasp of fellowship was given;
They gave the seat of honour, and they fill'd
For him the Hirlas Horn. ..So there was joy
In Mathraval. Cyveilioc and his Chiefs,
All eagerly, with wonder-waiting eyes,

Look to the Wanderer of the Waters' tale.
Nor mean the joy which kindled Madoc's brow,
Whenas he told of daring enterprise
Crown'd with deserv'd success. Intent they heard
Of all the blessings of that happier clime;
And when the adventurer spake of soon return,
Each on the other gaz'd, as if to say,
Methinks it were a goodly lot to dwell
In that fair land in peace.
Then said the Prince
Of Powys, Madoc, at an happy time
Thy feet have sought the house of Mathraval;
For on the morrow, in the eye of light,
Our bards will hold their congress. Seekest thou
Comrades to share success? proclaim abroad
Thine invitation there, and it shall spread
Far as our fathers ancient tongue is known.

The mantling mead went round at Mathraval;
That was a happy hour! Of other years
They talk'd, of common toils, and fields of war
Where they fought side by side; of Corwen's day
Of glory, and of comrades now no more:
Themes of delight, and grief which brought its joy.
Thus they beguil'd the pleasant hours, while night

Wain'd fast away; then late they laid them down,
Each on his bed of rushes, stretch'd around
The central fire:
The Sun was newly risen
When Madoc join'd his host, no longer now
Clad as the conquering chief of Maelor,
In princely arms, but in his nobler robe,
The sky-blue mantle of the bard, array'd.
So for the place of meeting they set forth;
And now they reach'd Melangell's lonely church.
Amid a grove of evergreens it stood,
A garden and a grove, where every grave
Was deck'd with flowers, or with unfading plants
O'ergrown, sad rue, and funeral rosemary.
Here Madoc paus'd. The morn is young, quoth he;
A little while to old remembrance given
Will not belate us. .. Many a year hath fled,
Cyveilioc, since you led me here, and told
The legend of the Saint. Come! .. be not loath!
We will not loiter long. .. So soon to mount
The bark, which will for ever bear me hence,
I would not willingly pass by one spot
That thus recals the thought of other times,
Without a pilgrim's visit.
Thus he spake,

And drew Cyveilioc through the church-yard porch,
To the rude image of Saint Monacel.
Dost thou remember, Owen, said the Prince,
When first I was thy guest in early youth,
That once, as we had wander'd here at eve,
You told, how here a poor and hunted hare
Ran to the Virgin's feet, and look'd to her
For life? ..I thought, when listening to the tale,
She had a merciful heart, and that her face
Must with a saintly gentleness have beam'd,
When beasts could read its virtue. Here we sate,
Upon the jutting root of this old yeugh...
Dear friend! so pleasant didst thou make those days,
That in my heart, long as my heart shall beat,
Minutest recollections still will live,
Still be the source of joy.
As Madoc spake,
His glancing eye fell on a monument,
Around whose base the rosemary droop'd down,
As yet not rooted well. Sculptur'd above,
A warrior lay; the shield was on his arm;
Madoc approach'd, and saw the blazonry,..
A sudden chill ran through him, as he read,
Here Yorwerth lies ... it was his brother's grave.

Cyveilioc took him by the hand: For this,
Madoc, was I so loath to enter here!
He sought the sanctuary, but close upon him
The murderers follow'd, and by yonder copse
The stroke of death was given. All I could
Was done; .. I saw him here consign'd to rest,
Daily due masses for his soul are sung,
And duly hath his grave been deck'd with flowers.

So saying, from the place of death he led
The silent prince. But lately, he pursued,
Llewelyn was my guest, thy favourite boy.
For thy sake and his own, it was my hope
That he would make his home at Mathraval:
He had not needed then a father's love.
But he, I know not on what enterprise,
Was brooding ever; and these secret thoughts
Led him away. God prosper the brave boy!
It were a happier day for this poor land
If e'er Llewelyn mount his rightful throne.

XI.

The place of meeting was a high hill-top,
Nor bower'd with trees, nor broken by the plough,
Remote from human dwellings, and the stir
Of human life, and open to the breath
And to the eye of Heaven. In days of yore,
There had the circling stones been planted; there,
From earliest ages, the primeval lore,
Thro' Bard to Bard, with reverence handed down.
They whom to wonder, or the love of song,
Or reverence of their father's ancient rites
Led thither, stood without the ring of stones.
Cyveilioc enter'd to the initiate Bards,
Himself, albeit his hands were stain'd with war,
Initiate; for the Order in the lapse
Of years, and in their nation's long decline,
From the first rigour of their purity
Somewhat had fallen. The Masters of the Song

In azure robes were rob'd, .. that one bright hue
To emblem unity, and peace, and truth,
Like Heaven, which o'er a world of wickedness
Spreads its eternal canopy serene.

The bards of Britain there, a noble band,
Within the Stones of Federation stood,
On the green turf, and under the blue sky,
Their heads in reverence bare, and bare of foot.
A deathless brotherhood! Cyveilioc there,
Lord of the Hirlas; Llywarc there was seen,
And old Cynddelw, to whose lofty song,
So many a time amidst his father's hall,
Resigning all his soul, had Madoc given
The flow of feeling loose. But Madoc's heart
Was full; old feelings and remembrances
And thoughts from which was no escape, arose:
He was not there to whose sweet lay, so oft,
With all a brother's fond delight, he lov'd
To listen, .. Hoel was not there! .. the hand
That once so well, amid the triple chords,
Mov'd in the rapid maze of harmony,
It had no motion now; the lips were dumb
Which knew all tones of passion; and that heart,
That warm, ebullient heart, was cold and still,

Upon its bed of clay. He look'd around,
And there was no familiar countenance,
None but Cynddelw's face, which he had learnt
In childhood, and old age had set his mark,
Making unsightly alteration there.
Another generation had sprung up,
And made him feel how fast the days of man
Flow by, how soon their number is told out.
He knew not then that Llywarc's lay should give
His future fame; his spirit on the past
Brooding, beheld, with no forefeeling joy,
The rising sons of song, who there essay'd
Their eaglet flight. But there among the youth,
In the green vesture of their earliest rank,
Or with the aspirants clad in motley garb,
Young Benvras stood; and, one whose favour'd race
Heaven with the hereditary power had blest,
The old Gwalchmai's not degenerate child;
And there another Einion; gifted youths,
The heirs of immortality on earth,
Whose after-strains, through many a distant age
Cambria shall boast, and love the songs that tell
The fame of Owen's house.

There, in the eye
Of light, and in the face of day, the rites

Began. Upon the Stone of Covenant
The sheathed sword was laid ; the Master then
Rais'd up his voice, and cried, Let them who seek
The high degree and sacred privilege
Of Bardic science, and of Cimbric lore,
Here to the Bards of Britain make their claim !
Thus having said, the Master bade the youths
Approach the place of peace, and merit there
The Bard's most honourable name : At that,
Heirs and transmittors of the ancient light,
The youths advanced ; they heard the Cimbric lore,
From earliest days preserv'd ; they struck their harps,
And each in due succession rais'd the song.

Last of the aspirants, as of greener years,
Young Caradoc advanced : his lip as yet
Scarce darken'd with its down, his flaxen locks
Wreath'd in contracting ringlets waving low ;
His large blue eyes were bright, and kindled now
With that same passion that inflam'd his cheek ;
Yet in his cheek there was the sickliness
Which thought and feeling leave, wearing away
The hue of youth. Inclining on his harp,
He, while his comrades in probation song
Approv'd their claim, stood hearkening, as it seem'd,

And yet like unintelligible sounds
He heard the symphony and voice attun'd;
Even in such feelings as, all undefin'd,
Come with the flow of waters to the soul,
Or with the motions of the moonlight sky.
But when his bidding came, he at the call
Arising from the dreamy mood, advanced,
Threw back his mantle, and began the lay.

Where are the sons of Gavran? where his tribe,
The faithful? following their beloved Chief,
They the Green Islands of the Ocean sought;
Nor human tongue hath told, nor human ear,
Since from the silver shores they went their way,
Hath heard their fortunes. In his crystal Ark,
Whither sail'd Merlin with his band of Bards,
Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore?
Belike his crystal Ark, instinct with life,
Obedient to the mighty Master, reach'd
The Land of the Departed; there, belike,
They in the clime of immortality,
Themselves immortal, drink the gales of bliss,
Which o'er Flathinnis breathe eternal spring,
Blending whatever odours make the gale
Of evening sweet, whatever melody

Charms the wood-traveller. In their high-roof'd halls
There, with the Chiefs of other days, feel they
The mingled joy pervade them? .. Or beneath
The mid-sea waters, did that crystal Ark
Down to the secret depths of Ocean plunge
Its fated crew? Dwell they in coral bowers
With Mermaid loves, teaching their paramours
The songs that stir the sea, or make the winds
Hush, and the waves be still? In fields of joy
Have they their home, where central fires maintain
Perpetual summer, where one emerald light
Though the green element for ever flows?

Twice have the sons of Britain left her shores,
As the fledg'd eaglets quit their native nest;
Twice over ocean have her fearless sons
For ever sail'd away. Again they launch
Their vessels to the deep. .. Who mounts the bark?
The Son of Owen, the beloved Prince,
Who never for injustice rear'd his arm.
Respect his enterprize, ye Ocean Waves!
Ye Winds of Heaven, waft Madoc on his way!
The Waves of Ocean, and the Winds o Heaven
Became his ministers, and Madoc found
The world he sought.

Who seeks the better land?
Who mounts the vessel for the world of peace?
He who hath felt the throb of pride, to hear
Our old illustrious annals; who was taught
To lisp the fame of Arthur, to revere
Great Caratach's unconquer'd soul, and call
That gallant chief his countryman, who led
The wrath of Britain, from her chalky shores
To drive the Roman robber. He who loves
His country, and who feels his country's shame,
Whose bones amid a land of servitude
Could never rest in peace; who, if he saw
His children slaves, would feel a pang in heaven,..
He mounts the bark, to seek for liberty.

Who seeks the better land? The wretched one,
Whose joys are blasted all, whose heart is sick,
Who hath no hope, to whom all change is gain,
To whom remember'd pleasures strike a pang
Which only guilt should know;..he mounts the bark!
The bard will mount the bark of banishment;
The harp of Cambria shall, in other lands,
Remind the Cambrian of his father's fame;..
The Bard will seek the land of liberty,
The world of peace...O Prince, receive the Bard!

He ceas'd the song. His cheek, now fever-flush'd,
Was turn'd to Madoc, and his asking eye
Linger'd on him in hope; nor linger'd long
The look expectant; forward sprung the Prince,
And stretch'd to Caradoc the right-hand pledge,
And for the comrade of his enterprize,
With joyful welcome, hail'd the joyful Bard.

Nor needed now the Searcher of the Sea
Announce his enterprize, by Caradoc
In song announced so well; from man to man
The busy murmur spread, while from the Stone
Of Covenant the sword was taken up,
And from the Circle of the Ceremony
The Bards went forth, their meeting now fulfill'd.
The multitude, unheeding all beside,
Of Madoc and his noble enterprize
Held stirring converse on their homeward way,
And spread abroad the tidings of the Land,
Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty and Peace.

XII.

So in the court of Powys pleasantly,
With hawk and hound afield, and harp in hall,
The days went by; till Madoc, for his heart
Was with Cadwallon, and in early spring
Must he set forth to join him over-sea,
Took his constrain'd farewell. To Dinevawr
He bent his way, whence many a time with Rhys
Had he gone forth to smite the Saxon foe.
The Son of Owen greets his father's friend
With reverential joy: nor did the Lord
Of Dinevawr with cold or deaden'd heart
Welcome the Prince he lov'd, though not with joy
Unmingled now, nor the proud consciousness
Which in the man of tried and approv'd worth
Could bid an equal hail. Henry had seen
The Lord of Dinevawr between his knees
Vow homage: yea, the Lord of Dinevawr

Had knelt in homage to that Saxon king,
Who set a price upon his father's head,
That Saxon, on whose soul his mother's blood
Cried out for vengeance. Madoc saw the shame
Which Rhys would fain have hidden, and, in grief
For the degenerate land, rejoiced at heart
That now another country was his home.

Musing on thoughts like these, did Madoc roam
Alone, along the Towy's winding shore.
The beavers in its bank had hollow'd out
Their social place of dwelling, and had damm'd
The summer-current, with their perfect art
Of instinct, erring not in means nor end.
But as the floods of spring had broken down
Their barrier, so it's breaches unrepair'd
Were left, and round the piles, which deeper driven
Still held their place, the eddying waters whirl'd.
Now in those habitations desolate
One sole survivor dwelt: him Madoc saw,
Labouring alone, beside his hermit house;
And in that mood of melancholy thought, . .
For in his boyhood he had lov'd to watch
Their social work, and for he knew that man
In bloody sport had well-nigh rooted out

The poor community, . . the ominous sight
Became a grief and burthen. Eve came on.
The dry leaves rustled to the wind, and fell
And floated on the stream ; there was no voice
Save of the mournful rooks, who overhead
Wing'd their long line ; for fragrance of sweet flowers,
Only the odour of the autumnal leaves ; . .
All sights and sounds of sadness. . . And the place
To that despondent mood was ministrant ; . .
Among the hills of Gwyneth, and its wilds
And mountain glens, perforce he cherish'd still
The hope of mountain liberty ; they braced
And knit the heart and arm of hardihood ; . .
But here, in these green meads, by these low slopes ;
And hanging groves, attemper'd to the scene,
His spirit yielded. As he loiter'd on,
There came toward him one in peasant garb,
And call'd his name ; . . he started at the sound,
For he had heeded not the man's approach ;
And now that sudden and familiar voice
Came on him, like a vision. So he stood
Gazing, and knew him not in the dim light,
Till he again cried, Madoc ! . . then he woke,
And knew the voice of Ririd, and sprang on,
And fell upon his neck, and wept for joy.
And sorrow.

O my brother! Ririd cried,
Long, very long it is since I have heard
The voice of kindness!.. Let me go with thee!
I am a wanderer in my father's land,..
Hoel he kill'd, and Yorwerth hath he slain;
Llewelyn hath not where to hide his head
In his own kingdom; Rodri is in chains...
Let me go with thee, Madoc, to some land
Where I may look upon the sun, nor dread
The light that may betray me; where at night
I may not, like a hunted beast, rouse up,
If the leaves rustle over me.
The Lord
Of Ocean struggled with his swelling heart.
Let me go with thee?..but thou didst not doubt
Thy brother...Let thee go?..with what a joy,
Ririd, would I collect the remnant left,
The wretched remnant now of Owen's house,
And mount the bark of willing banishment,
And leave the tyrant to his Saxon friends,
And to his Saxon yoke!.. I urged him thus,
Curbed down my angry spirit, and besought
Only that I might bid our brethren come,
And share my exile. And he spurn'd my prayer!..
Thou hast a gentle pleader at his court;

She may prevail ; till then abide thou here, . .
But not in this, the garb of fear and guilt.
Come thou to Dinevawr, . . assume thyself ; . .
The good old Rhys will bid thee welcome there,
And the Great Palace, like a sanctuary,
Is safe. If then Queen Emma's plea should fail,
My timely bidding hence shall summon thee,
When I shall spread the sail. . . Nay, hast thou learnt
Suspicion ; . . Rhys is noble, and no deed
Of treachery ever sullied his fair fame.

Madoc then led his brother to the hall
Of Rhys. I bring to thee a supplicant,
O King, he cried ; thou wert my father's friend !
And till our barks be ready in the spring,
I know that here the persecuted son
Of Owen will be safe.
A welcome guest !
The old warrior cried ; by his good father's soul,
He is a welcome guest at Dinevawr !
And rising as he spake, he pledged his hand
In hospitality. . . How now ! quoth he ;
This raiment ill beseems the princely son
Of Owen ! . . Ririd at his words was led
Apart ; they wash'd his feet, they gave to him

Fine linen, as beseem'd his royal race,
The tunic of soft texture woven well,
The broider'd girdle, the broad mantle edged
With fur and flowing low, the bonnet last,
Form'd of some forest martin's costly spoils.
The Lord of Dinevawr sate at the dice
With Madoc, when he saw him, thus array'd,
Returning to the hall. Aye! this is well!
The noble Chief exclaim'd; 'tis as of yore,
When in Aberfraw, at his father's board,
We sate together, after we had won
Peace and rejoicing, with our own right hands,
By Corwen, where, commixt with Saxon blood,
Along its rocky channel the dark Dee
Roll'd darker waters. .. Would that all his house
Had, in their day of trouble, thought of me,
And honour'd me like this! David respects
Deheubarth's strength, nor would respect it less,
When such protection leagu'd its cause with Heaven.

I had forgot his Messenger! quoth he,
Arising from the dice. Go, bid him here!
He came here this morning at an ill-starr'd hour,
To Madoc he pursued; my lazy grooms
Had let the hounds play havoc in my flock,

And my old blood was chaf'd. I'faith, the King
Hath chosen well his messenger: . . he saw
That, in that mood, I might have render'd him
A hot and hasty answer, and hath waited,
Belike to David's service and to mine,
My better leisure.

Now the Messenger
Enter'd the hall; Goagan of Powys-land,
He of Caer-Einion was it, who was charg'd
From Gwyneth to Deheubarth; a brave man,
Of copious speech. He told the royal son
Of Gryffidd, the descendant of the line
Of Rhys-ab-Tudyr mawr, that he came there
From David, son of Owen, of the stock
Of kingly Cynan. I am sent, said he,
With friendly greeting; and as I receive
Welcome and honour, so, in David's name,
Am I to thank the Lord of Dinevawr.

Tell on! quoth Rhys, the purport and the cause
Of this appeal?

Of late, some fugitives
Came from the South to Mona, whom the King
Receiv'd with generous welcome. Some there were
Who blam'd his royal goodness; for they said,

These were the subjects of a rival Prince,
Who, peradventure, would with no such bounty
Cherish a northern suppliant. This they urged,
I know not if from memory of old feuds,
Better forgotten, or in envy. Mov'd
Hereby, King David swore he would not rest
Till he had put the question to the proof,
Whether, with liberal honour, the Lord Rhys
Would greet his messenger; but none was found,
Of all who had instill'd that evil doubt,
Ready to bear this embassy: I heard it,
And did my person tender, . . for I knew
The nature of Lord Rhys of Dinevawr.

Well! quoth the Chief, Goagan of Powys-land,
This honourable welcome that thou seekest,
Wherein may it consist?
In giving me,
Goagan of Powys-land replied, a horse
Better than mine, to bear me home, a suit
Of seemly raiment, and ten marks in coin,
And raiment and two marks to him who leads
My horse's bridle.
For his sake, said Rhys,
Who sent thee, thou shalt have the noblest steed

In all my studs. . . I double thee the marks,
And give the raiment three-fold. More than this, . .
Say thou to David, that the guests who sit
At board with me, and drink of my own cup,
Are Madoc and Lord Ririd. Tell the King,
That thus it is Lord Rhys of Dinevawr,
Delighteth to do honour to the sons
Of Owen, of his old and honoured friend.

XIII.

Farewell, my brother, cried the Ocean Chief;
A little while farewell! as through the gate
Of Dinevawr he past, to pass again
That hospitable threshold never more.
And thou too, O thou good old man! true friend
Of Owen, and of Owen's house, farewell!
'Twill not be told me, Rhys, when thy grey hairs
Are to the grave gone down; but oftentimes
In the distant world I shall remember thee,
And think that, come thy summons when it may,
Thou wilt not leave a braver man behind. ...
Now God be with thee, Rhys!
The old Chief paus'd
A moment ere he answer'd, as for pain;
Then shaking his hoar head, I never yet
Gave thee this hand unwillingly before!
When for a guest I spread the board, my heart

Will think on him, whom ever with most joy
It leapt to welcome : should I ever lift
The spear against the Saxon, . . for old Rhys
Hath that within him yet, that could uplift
The Cimbric spear, . I then shall wish his aid,
Who oft has conquer'd with me : when I kneel
In prayer to Heaven, an old man's prayer shall beg
A blessing on thee !
Madoc answered not,
But grasp't his hand in silence, then sprang up
And spurr'd his courser on. A weary way,
Through forest and o'er fell, Prince Madoc rode.
And now he skirts the bay whose reckless waves
Roll o'er the plain of Gwaelod : fair fields,
And busy towns, and happy villages,
They overwhelm'd in one disastrous day ;
For they, by their eternal siege, had sapp'd
The bulwark of the land. while Seithenyn
Took of his charge no thought, till, in his sloth
And riotous cups surpris'd, he saw the sea
Roll like an army o'er the levell'd mound.
A supplicant in other courts, he mourn'd
His crime and ruin ; in another's court
The kingly harp of Garanhir was heard,
Wailing his kingdom wreck'd ; and many a Prince,

Warn'd by the visitation, sought and gain'd
A saintly crown, Tyneio, Merini,
Boda and Brenda and Aëlgyvarch,
Gwynon and Celynin and Gwynodyl.

To Bardsey was the Lord of Ocean bound;
Bardsey, the holy Islet, in whose soil
Did many a Chief and many a Saint repose,
His great progenitors. He mounts the skiff;
Her canvass swells before the breeze, the sea
Sings round her sparkling keel, and soon the Lord
Of Ocean treads the venerable shore.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed Sun, alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embath'd in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;

With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling: even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport thro' one day of existence more;
The solitary primrose on the bank,
Seem'd now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the Rocks, and Shores,
The Forest and the everlasting Hills,
Smil'd in that joyful sunshine, . . they partook
The universal blessing.

To this Isle,
Where his forefathers were consign'd to dust,
Did Madoc come for natural piety,
Ordering a solemn service for their souls.
Therefore for this the Church that day was dress'd;
For this the Abbot, in his alb array'd,
At the high altar stood; for this infus'd,
Sweet incense from the waving thuribule
Rose like a mist, and the grey brotherhood
Chaunted the solemn mass. And now on high
The mighty Mystery had been elevate,
And now around the graves the bretheren

In long array proceed: each in his hand,
Tall as the staff of some wayfaring man,
Bears the brown taper, with their daylight flames
Dimming the chearful day. Before the train
The Cross is borne, where, fashion'd to the life,
In shape, and size, and ghastly colouring,
The awful Image hangs. Next, in its shrine
Of gold and crystal, by the Abbot held,
The mighty Mystery came; on either hand
Three Priests uphold above, on silver wands,
The purple pall. With holy water next
A father went, therewith, from hyssop branch,
Sprinkling the graves; the while, with one accord,
The solemn psalm of mercy all inton'd.

Pure was the faith of Madoc, though his mind
To all this pomp and solemn circumstance
Yielded a willing homage. But the place
Was holy; .. the dead air, which underneath
Those arches never felt the healthy sun,
Nor the free motion of the elements,
Chilly and damp, infus'd associate awe:
The sacred odours of the incense still
Floated; the daylight and the taper-flames
Commingled, dimming each, and each bedimm'd;

And as the slow procession paced along,
Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,
The regular foot-fall sounded: swelling now,
Their voices in one chorus, loud and deep,
Rung o'er the echoing aisle; and when it ceas'd,
The silence of that huge and sacred pile
Came on the heart. What wonder if the Prince
Yielded his homage now? the influences
Of that sweet autumn day made every sense
Alive to every impulse,.. and beneath
The stones whereon he stood, his ancestors
Were mouldering, dust to dust. Father! quoth he,
When now the rites were ended,.. far away
It hath been Madoc's lot to pitch his tent
On other shores; there, in a foreign land,
Far from my fathers' burial place, must I
Be laid to rest; yet would I have my name
Be held with theirs in memory. I beseech you,
Have this a yearly rite for evermore,
As I will leave endowment for the same;
And let me be remember'd in the prayer.
The day shall be a holy day with me,
While I do live; they who come after me
Will hold it holy; it will be a bond
Of love and brotherhood, when all beside

Hath been dissolv'd ; and though wide ocean rolls
Between my people and their mother Isle,
This shall be their communion : They shall send,
Link'd in one sacred feeling at one hour,
In the same language, the same prayer to Heaven,
And each remembering each in piety,
Pray for the others welfare.

The old man
Partook that feeling, and some pious tears
Fell down his aged cheek. Kinsman and son,
It shall be so ! said he ; and thou shalt be
Remember'd in the prayer : nor then alone ;
But till my sinking sands be quite run out,
This feeble voice shall, from its solitude,
Go up for thee to Heaven !

And now the bell
Rung out its chearful summons ; to the hall,
In seemly order, pass the brotherhood :
The serving-men wait with the ready ewer ;
The place of honour to the Prince is given,
The Abbot's right-hand guest ; the viands smoke,
The horn of ale goes round ; and now, the cates
Remov'd, for days of festival reserv'd
Comes choicer beverage, clary, hippocras,

And meed mature, that to the goblet's brim
Sparkles, and sings, and smiles. It was a day
Of that allowable and temperate mirth
Which leaves a joy for memory. Madoc told
His tale; and thus, with question and reply
And cheerful intercourse, from noon till nones
The brethren sate; and when the quire was done,
Renew'd their converse, till the vesper bell.

And now the Porter called Prince Madoc out,
To speak with one, he said, who from the land
Had sought him, and requir'd his private ear.
Madoc in the moonlight met him: in his hand
The stripling held an oar, and on his back,
Like a broad shield, the coracle was hung.
Uncle! he cried, and, with a gush of tears,
Sprung to the glad embrace.

O my brave boy!
Llewelyn! my dear boy! with stifled voice,
And interrupted utterance, Madoc cried,
And many times he clasp't him to his breast,
And many times drew back and gaz'd upon him,
Wiping the tears away which dimm'd the sight,
And told him how his heart had yearn'd for him
As with a father's love, and bade him now

Forsake his lonely haunts and come with him,
And sail beyond the seas and share his fate.

No! by my God! the high-hearted youth replied,
It never shall be said Llewelyn left
His father's murderer on his father's throne!
I am the rightful king of this poor land. ..
Go thou, and wisely go! but I must stay,
That I may save my people. Tell me, Uncle,
The story of thy fortunes; I can hear it
Here in this lonely Isle, and at this hour,
Securely.

Nay, quoth Madoc, tell me first
Where are thy haunts and coverts, and what hope
Thou hast to bear thee up? Why goest thou not
To Mathraval? there would Cyveilioc give
A kinsman's welcome; or at Dinevawr,
The guest of honour shouldst thou be with Rhys;
And he, belike, from David might obtain
Some recompense, though poor.

What recompense?
Exclaim'd Llewelyn; what hath he to give,
But life for life? and what have I to claim
But vengeance, and my father Yorworth's throne?

If with aught short of that my soul could rest,
Would I not through the wide world follow thee,
Dear Uncle! and fare with thee, well or ill,
And show to thine old age the tenderness
My childhood found from thee!..What hopes I have
Let time display: Have thou no fear for me!
My bed is made within the ocean caves,
Of sea-weeds, bleach'd by many a sun and shower;
I know the mountain dens, and every hold
And fastness of the forest; and I know,...
What troubles him by day and in his dreams,...
There's many an honest heart in Gwyneth yet!
But tell me thine adventure; that will be
A joy to think of in long winter nights,
When stormy billows make my lullaby.

So, as they walk'd along the moonlight shore,
Did Madoc tell him all; and still he strove,
By dwelling on that noble end and aim,
That of his actions was the heart and life,
To win him to his wish. It touch'd the youth;
And when the Prince had ceas'd, he heav'd a sigh,
Long-drawn and deep, as if regret were there.
No, no! he cried, that must not be! lo yonder

My native mountains, and how beautiful
They rest in the moonlight! I was nurst among them;
They saw my sports in childhood, they have seen
My sorrows, they have sav'd me in the hour
Of danger; .. I have vow'd, that as they were
My cradle, they shall be my monument! ..
But we shall meet again, and thou wilt find me
When next thou visitest thy native Isle,
King in Aberfraw!
Never more, Llewelyn,
Madoc replied, shall I behold the shores
Of Britain, nor will ever tale of me
Reach the Green Isle again. With fearful care
I chuse my little company, and leave
No traces of our path, where Violence,
And bloody Zeal, and bloodier Avarice,
Might find their blasting way.
If it be so, ..
And rightly thou hast judged, the youth replied,
Thou wilt not know my fate; .. but this be sure,
It shall not be inglorious. I have in me
A hope from Heaven. .. Give me thy blessing, Uncle!

Llewelyn, kneeling on the sand, embraced

His knees, with lifted head and streaming eyes
Listening. He rose, and fell on Madoc's neck,
And clasp'd him, with a silent agony...
Then launch'd his coracle, and took his way,
A lonely traveller on the moonlight sea.

XIV.

Now hath Prince Madoc left the holy Isle,
And homeward to Aberfraw, through the wilds
Of Arvon, bent his course. A little way
He turn'd aside, by natural impulses
Mov'd, to behold Cadwallon's lonely hut.
That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
By a grey mountain-stream; just elevate
Above the winter torrents did it stand,
Upon a craggy bank; an orchard slope
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene,
In early summer, when those antic trees
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
But, save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
All else was desolate, and now all were
One sober hue; the narrow vale which wound
Among the hills, was grey with rocks, that peer'd

Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
Was loose with stones bestrewn, which, oftentimes
Sliding beneath the foot of straggling goat,
Clatter'd adown the steep, or huger crags,
Which, when the coming frost should loosen them,
Would thunder down. All things assorted well
With that grey mountain hue; the low stone lines,
Which scarcely seem'd to be the work of man,
The dwelling, rudely rear'd with stones unhewn,
The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees,
Grey with their fleecy moss and misseltoe,
The white-bark'd birch, now leafless, and the ash,
Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock,
Thro' which they forced their way. Adown the vale,
Broken by stones, and o'er a stoney bed,
Roll'd the loud mountain-stream.

When Madoc came,
A little child was sporting by the brook,
Floating the fallen leaves, that he might see them
Whirl in the eddy now, and now be driven
Down the descent, now on the smoother stream
Sail onward, far away. But when he heard
The horse's tramp, he rais'd his head, and watch'd
The Prince, who now dismounted and drew nigh.
The little boy still fix'd his eyes on him,

His bright blue eyes; the wind just mov'd the curls
That cluster'd round his brow; and so he stood,
His rosy cheeks still lifted up to gaze,
In innocent wonder. Madoc took his hand,
And now had ask'd his name, and if he dwelt
There in the hut, when from that cottage door
A woman came, who, seeing Madoc, stopt
With such a fear,...for she had cause for fear,...
As when a bird, returning to her nest,
Turns to a tree beside, if she behold
Some prying boy too near the dear retreat.
Howbeit, advancing soon, she now approach'd
The approaching Prince, and timidly enquir'd,
If, on his wayfare, he had lost the track,
That thither he had stray'd. Not so, replied
The gentle Prince; but having known this place,
And its old habitants, I came once more
To view the lonely hut among the hills.
Hath it been long your dwelling?
Some few years,
Here we have dwelt, quoth she, my child and I.
Will it please you enter, and partake such fare
As we can give? Still timidly she spake,
But gathering courage from the gentle mien
Of him with whom she convers'd. Madoc thank'd

Her friendly proffer, and toward the hut
They went, and in his arms he took the boy.
Who is his father? said the Prince, but wish'd
The word unutter'd; for thereat her cheek
Was flush'd with sudden heat, and manifest pain:
And she replied, He perish'd in the war.

They enter'd now her home; she spread the board,
Bringing fresh curds, and cheese like curd so white,
The orchard fruits, and what sweet beverage
Her bees, who now were slumbering in the hive,
Had toil'd to purvey all the summer long.
Three years, said Madoc, have gone by, since here
I found a timely welcome, overworn
With toil, and sorrow, and sickness: .. three long years!
'Twas when the battle had been waged hard by,
Upon the plain of Arvon.
She grew pale,
Suddenly pale; and seeing that he mark'd
The change, she told him, with a feeble voice,
That was the fatal fight which widow'd her.

O Christ! cried Madoc, 'tis a grief to think
How many a gallant Briton died that day,
In that accursed strife! I trod the field

When all was over, .. I beheld them heap'd ...
Aye, like ripe corn within the reaper's reach,
Strewn round the bloody spot where Hoel lay;
Brave as he was, himself cut down at last,
Oppress'd by numbers, gash'd with wounds, yet still
Clenching, in his dead hand, the broken sword! ..
But you are mov'd, .. you weep at what I tell.
Forgive me, that, renewing my own grief,
I should have waken'd yours! Did you then know
Prince Hoel?
She replied, Oh no! my lot
Was humble, and my loss a humble one;
Yet was it all to me! They say, quoth she, ...
And, as she spake, she struggled to bring forth,
With painful voice, the interrupted words, ...
They say Prince Hoel's body was not found;
But you, who saw him dead, perchance can tell
Where he was laid, and by what friendly hand.

Even where he fell, said Madoc, is his grave;
For he who buried him was one whose faith
Reck'd not of boughten prayers, nor passing bell;
There is a hawthorn grows beside the place,
A solitary tree, nipt by the winds,
That it doth seem a fitting monument

For one untimely slain. .. But wherefore dwell we
On this ungrateful theme ?

He took a harp
Which stood beside, and, passing o'er its chords,
Made music. At the touch the child drew nigh,
Pleas'd by the sounds, and leant on Madoc's knee,
And bade him play again : So Madoc play'd,
For he had skill in minstrelsy, and rais'd
His voice, and sung Prince Hoel's lay of love.

I have harness'd thee, my Steed of shining grey,
And thou shall bear me to the dear white walls.
I love the white walls by the verdant bank,
That glitter in the sun, where Bashfulness
Watches the silver sea-mew sail along.
I love that glittering dwelling, where we hear
The ever-sounding waves ; for there she dwells,
The shapely Maid, fair as the ocean spray,
Her cheek as lovely as the apple flower,
Or summer evening's glow. I pine for her ;
In crowded halls my spirit is with her ;
Through the long sleepless night I think on her ;
And happiness is gone, and health is lost,
And fled the flush of youth, and I am pale
As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.

I pine away for her. yet pity her,
That she should spurn a love so true as mine.

He ceas'd, and laid his hand upon the child, . .
And didst thou like the song? The child replied, . .
Oh yes! it is a song my mother loves,
And so I love it too. He stoopt, and kiss'd
The boy, who still was leaning on his knee,
Already grown familiar. I should like
To take thee with me, quoth the Ocean Lord,
Over the seas.
Thou art Prince Madoc, then! . . .
The mother cried, . . . thou art indeed the Prince!
That song . . . that look! . . . and at his feet she fell,
Panting. . . Oh take him, Madoc! save the child!
Thy brother Hoel's orphan!
Long it was
Ere that in either agitated heart
The tumult cou'd subside. One while the Prince
Gaz'd on the child, tracing intently there
His brother's lines; and now he caught him up,
And kiss'd his cheek, and gaz'd again, till all
Was dim and dizzy, . . then blest God, and vow'd
That he should never need a father's love.

At length, when copious tears had now reliev'd
Her burthen'd heart, and many a broken speech
In tears had died away, O Prince, she cried,
Long hath it been my dearest prayer to heaven,
That I might see thee once, and to thy love
Commit this friendless boy! For many a time
In phrase so fond did Hoel tell thy worth,
That it hath waken'd misery in me
To think, I could not as a sister claim
Thy love! and therefore was it that till now
Thou knew'st me not; for I intreated him,
That he would never let thy virtuous eye
Look on my guilt, and make me feel my shame.
Madoc, I did not dare to see thee then, . .
Thou wilt not scorn me now, . . for I have now
Forgiven myself; and, while I here perform'd
A mother's duties in this solitude,
Have felt myself forgiven.
With that she clasp'd
His hand, and bent her face on it, and wept.
Anon collecting, she pursued, . . My name
Is Llaian: by the chance of war I fell
Into his power, when all my family
Had been cut off, all in one hour of blood.
He sav'd me from the ruffian's hand, he sooth'd,

With tenderest care, my sorrow. .. You can tell
How gentle he could be, and how his eyes,
So full of life and kindliness, could win
All hearts to love him. Madoc, I was young;
I had no living friend; .. and when I gave
This infant to his arms, when with such joy
He view'd it o'er and o'er again, and press'd
A father's kiss upon its cheek, and turn'd
To me, and made me feel more deeply yet
A mother's deep delight, .. oh! I was proud
To think my child in after years should say,
Prince Hoel was his father!
Thus I dwelt,
In the white dwelling by the verdant bank, ..
Though not without my melancholy hours, ..
Happy. The joy it was when I beheld
His steed of shining grey come hastening on,
Across the yellow sand! .. Alas! ere long,
King Owen died. I need not tell thee, Madoc,
With what a deadly and forefeeling fear
I heard how Hoel seiz'd his father's throne,
Nor with what ominous woe I welcom'd him,
In that last little miserable hour
Ambition gave to love. I think his heart,
Brave as it was, misgave him. When I spake

Of David and my fears, he smil'd upon me;
But 'twas a smile that came not from the heart, . .
A most ill boding smile! . .O Madoc! Madoc!
You know not with what misery I saw
His parting steps, . . with what a dreadful hope
I watch'd for tidings! . . And at length it came, . .
Came like a thunderbolt! . . I sought the field:
O Madoc, there were many widows there,
But none with grief like mine! I look'd around;
I dragg'd aside the bodies of the dead,
To search for him, in vain; . . and then a hope
Seiz'd me, which it was agony to lose!

Night came. I did not heed the storm of night!
But for the sake of this dear babe, I sought
Shelter in this lone hut: 'twas desolate;
And when my reason had return'd, I thought,
That here the child of Hoel might be safe,
Till we could claim thy care. But thou, meantime,
Didst go to roam the ocean; so I learnt
To bound my wishes here. The carkanet,
The embroider'd girdle, and what other gauds
Were once my vain adornment, soon were changed
For things of profit, goats and bees, and this,
The tuneful solace of my solitude.

Madoc, the harp is as a friend to me;
I sing to it the songs which Hoel lov'd,
And Hoel's own sweet lays; it comforts me,
And gives me joy in grief.
Often I griev'd,
To think the son of Hoel should grow up
In this unworthy state of poverty;
Till Time, who softens all regrets, had worn
That vain regret away, and I became
Humbly resign'd to God's unerring will.
To him I look'd for healing, and he pour'd
His balm into my wounds. I never form'd
A prayer for more, .. and lo! the happiness
That he hath, of his mercy, sent me now!

XV.

On Madoc's docile courser Llaian sits,
Holding her joyful boy; the Chief beside
Paces afoot, and, like a gentle Squire,
Leads her loose bridle; from the saddle-bow
His shield and helmet hang, and with the lance,
Staff-like, he stay'd his steps. Before the sun
Had climb'd his southern eminence, they left
The mountain-feet; and hard by Bangor now,
Travelling the plain before them, they espy
A princely cavalcade, for so it seem'd,
Of knights, with hawk in hand, and hounds in leash,
Squires, pages, serving-men, and armed grooms,
And many a sumpter-beast and laden wain,
Far following in their rear. The bravery
Of glittering bauldricks, and of plumed crests,
Embroider'd surcoats, and emblazon'd shields,
And lances, whose long streamers play'd aloft,

Made a rare pageant, as with sound of trump,
Tambour and cittern, proudly they went on;
And ever, at the foot-fall of their steeds,
The tinkling horse-bells, in rude symphony,
Accorded with the joy.
What have we here?
Quoth Madoc then, to one who stood beside
The threshold of his osier-woven hut.
'Tis the great Saxon Prelate, he return'd,
Come hither for some end, I wis not what,
Only be sure no good! .. How stands the tide?
Said Madoc; can we pass? .. 'Tis even at flood,
The man made answer, and the Monastery
Will have no hospitality to spare
For one of Wales to-day. Be ye content
To guest with us.
He took the Prince's sword;
The daughter of the house brought water then,
And wash'd the stranger's feet; the board was spread,
And o'er the bowl they commun'd of the days
Ere ever Saxon set his hateful foot
Upon the beautiful Isle.
As so they sate,
The bells of the Cathedral rung abroad
Unusual summons. What is this? exclaim'd

Prince, Madoc; let us go!.. Forthwith they went,
He and his host, their way. They found the rites
Begun; the mitred Baldwin, in his hand
Holding a taper, at the altar stood.
Let him be cursed!.. were his words which first
Assail'd their ears,.. living and dead, in limb
And life, in soul and body, be he curst
Here and hereafter! Let him feel the curse
At every moment, and in every act,
By night and day, in waking and in sleep!
We cut him off from Christian fellowship;
Of Christian sacraments we deprive his soul;
Of Christian burial we deprive his corpse;
And when that carrion to the Fiends is left
In unprotected earth, thus let his soul
Be quench'd in hell!
He dash'd upon the floor
His taper down, and all the ministring Priests
Extinguish'd each his light, to consummate
That imprecation.
Whom is it ye curse,
Cried Madoc, with these horrors? They replied,
The contumacious Prince of Mathraval,
Cyveilioc.
What! quoth Madoc, and his eye

Grew terrible, . . . Who is he that sets his foot
In Gwyneth here, and with this hellish hate
Insults the blameless Lord of Mathraval? . . .
We wage no war with women nor with Priests;
But if there be a knight amid your train,
Who dare come boldly forth, and to my face
Say that Cyveilioc hath deserv'd this curse,
Lo! here stand I, Prince Madoc, who will make
That wretched man cry craven in the dust,
And eat his lying words!

Be temperate!
Quoth one of Baldwin's Priests, who, Briton born,
Had known Prince Madoc in his father's court;
It is our charge, throughout this Christian land
To call upon all Christian men to join
The armies of the Lord, and take the cross;
That so, in battle with the Infidels,
The palm of victory or of martyrdom,
Glorious alike, may be their recompense.
This holy badge, whether in godless scorn,
Or for the natural blindness of his heart,
Cyveilioc hath refus'd; thereby incurring
The pain, which, not of our own impulse, we
Inflict upon his soul, but at the will

Of our most holy Father, from whose word
Lies no appeal on earth.
'Tis well for thee,
Intemperate Prince! said Baldwin, that our blood
Flows with a calmer action than thine own!
Thy brother David hath put on the cross,
To our most pious warfare piously
Pledging his kingly sword. Do thou the like,
And for this better object lay aside
Thine other enterprize, which, lest it rob
Judea of one single Christian arm,
We do condemn as sinful. Follow thou
The banner of the church to Palestine;
So shalt thou expiate this rash offence,
Against the which we else should fulminate
Our ire, did we not see in charity,
And therefore rather pity than resent,
The rudeness of this barbarous land.
At that,
Scorn tempering wrath, yet anger sharpening scorn,
Madoc replied, Barbarians as we are,
Lord Prelate, we receiv'd the law of Christ
Many a long age before your pirate sires
Had left their forest dens: nor are we now

To learn that law from Norman or from Dane,
Saxon, Jute, Angle, or whatever name
Suit best your mongrel race! Ye think, perchance,
That, like your own poor woman-hearted King,
We too in Gwyneth are to take the yoke
Of Rome upon our necks; .. but you may tell
Your Pope, that when I sail upon the seas,
I shall not strike a topsail for the breath
Of all his maledictions!
Saying thus,
He turn'd away, lest farther speech might call
Farther reply, and kindle farther wrath,
More easy to avoid than to allay.
Therefore he left the church; and soon his mind
To gentler mood was won, by social talk,
And the sweet prattle of that blue-eyed boy,
Whom in his arms he fondled.
But when now
Evening had settled, to the door there came
One of the brethren of the Monastery,
Who call'd Prince Madoc forth. Apart they went,
And in the low suspicious voice of fear,
Though none was nigh, the Monk began. Be calm,
Prince Madoc, while I speak, and patiently
Hear to the end! Thou know'st that, in his life,

Becket did excommunicate thy sire . . . .
For his unlawful marriage ; but the King,
Feeling no sin in conscience, heeded not
The inefficient censure. Now, when Baldwin
Beheld his monument to-day impell'd,
As we do think, by anger against thee,
He swore that, even as Owen in his deeds
Disown'd the Church when living, even so
The Church disown'd him dead, and that his corpse
No longer should be suffer'd to pollute
The sanctuary. . . Be patient, I beseech,
And hear me out. Gerald at this, who felt
A natural horror, sought, . . as best he knew
The haughty Primate's temper, . . to dissuade
By politic argument, and chiefly urged
The quick and fiery nature of our nation, . .
How at the sight of such indignity,
They would arise in arms, and limb from limb
Tear piece meal him and all his company.
So far did this prevail, that he will now
Commit the deed in secret ; and, this night,
Thy father's body from its resting-place,
O Madoc ! shall be torn, and cast aside
In some unhallow'd pit, with foul disgrace
And contumelious wrong.

Say'st thou to-night?
Quoth Madoc. ... Aye, at midnight, he replied,
Shall this impiety be perpetrated.
Therefore hath Gerald, for the reverence
He bears to Owen's royal memory,
Sent thee the tidings. Now be temperate
In thy just anger, Prince! and shed no blood.
Thou know'st how dearly the Plantagenet
Atones for Becket's death; and be thou sure,
Though thou thyself shouldst sail beyond the storm,
That it would fall on Britain.
While he spake,
Madoc was still; the feeling work'd too deep
For speech, or visible sign. At length he cried,
What if amid their midnight sacrilege
I should appear among them?
It were well;
The Monk replied, if, at a sight like that,
Thou canst with-hold thy hand.
Oh, fear me not!
Good and true friend, said Madoc. I am calm,
And calm as thou beholdest me will prove
In word and action. Quick I am to feel
Light ills, .. perhaps o'er-hasty: summer gnats,
Finding my cheek ungnarded, may infix

Their skin-deep stings, to vex and irritate;
But if the wolf, or forest boar be nigh,
I am awake to danger. Even so
Bear I a mind of steel and adamant
Against all greater wrongs. My heart hath now
Receiv'd its impulse; and thou shalt behold
How in this strange and hideous circumstance
I shall find profit. ... Only, my true friend,
Let me have entrance.
At the western porch,
Between the complines and the matin-bell,
The Monk replied: there thou shalt find the door
Ready. Thy single person will suffice;
For Baldwin knows his danger, and the hour
Of guilt or fear convicts him, both alike
Opprobrious. Now, farewell!
Then Madoc took
His host aside, and in his private ear
Told him the purport, and wherein his help
Was needed. Night came on; the hearth was heapt,
The women went to rest. They twain, the while,
Sate at the board, and while the untasted bowl
Stood by them, watch'd the glass whose falling sands
Told out the weary hours. The hour is come;
Prince Madoc helm'd his head, and from his neck

He slung the bugle-horn ; they took their shields,
And lance in hand went out. And now arriv'd,
The bolts give back before them, and the gate
Rolls on its heavy hinge.
Beside the grave
Stood Baldwin and the Prior, who, albeit
Cambrian himself, in fear and awe obey'd
The lordly Primate's will. They stood and watch'd
The ministers perform the irreverent work.
And now with spade and mattock have they broken
Into the house of death, and now have they
From the stone coffin wrench'd the iron cramps,
When sudden interruption startled them,
And, clad in complete mail from head to foot,
They saw the Prince come on. Their tapers gleam'd
Upon his visage, as he wore his helm
Open ; and when in that pale countenance, . .
For the strong feeling blanch'd his cheek, . . they saw
His father's living lineaments, a fear
Like ague shook them. But anon that fit
Of scar'd imagination to the sense
Of other peril yielded, when they heard
Prince Madoc's dreadful voice. Stay! he exclaim'd,
For now they would have fled ; . . stir not a man, . .
Or if I once put breath into this horn,

All Wales will hear, as if dead Owen call'd
For vengeance from that grave. Stir not a man,
Or not a man shall live! The doors are watch'd,
And ye are at my mercy!
But at that,
Baldwin from the altar seiz'd the crucifix,
And held it forth to Madoc, and cried out,
He who strikes me, strikes Him! forbear, on pain
Of endless———
Peace! quoth Madoc, and profane not
The holy Cross, with those polluted hands
Of midnight sacrilege!.. Peace! I harm thee not,..
Be wise, and thou art safe...For thee, thou know'st,
Prior, that if thy treason were divulged,
David would hang thee on thy steeple top,
To feed the steeple daws. Obey, and live!
Go, bring fine linen, and a coffer meet
To bear these relics; and do ye, meanwhile,
Proceed upon your work.
They at his word
Rais'd the stone cover, and display'd the dead,
In royal grave-clothes habited, his arms
Cross'd on the breast, with precious gums and spice
Fragrant, and incorruptibly preserv'd.
At Madoc's bidding, round the corpse they wrap

The linen web, fold within fold involv'd;
They laid it in the coffer, and with cloth
At head and foot fill'd every interval,
And prest it down compact; they clos'd the lid,
And Madoc with his signet seal'd it thrice.
Then said he to his host, Bear thou, at dawn,
This treasure to the ships. My father's bones
Shall have their resting place, where mine one day
May moulder by their side. He shall be free
In death, who, living, did so well maintain
His and his country's freedom. As for ye,
For your own safety, ye, I ween, will keep
My secret safe. So saying, he went his way.

XVI.

Now hath the Lord of Ocean once again
Set feet in Mona. Llaian there receives
Sisterly greeting from the royal maid,
Who, while she tempers to the public eye
Her welcome, safely to the boy indulged
In fond endearments of instinctive love.
When the first flow of joy was overpast,
How went the equipment on, the Prince enquir'd.
Nay, brother, quoth Goervyl, ask thou that
Of Urien; .. it hath been his sole employ
Daily, from cock-crow until even-song,
That he hath laid aside all other thoughts,
Forgetful even of me! She said, and smil'd
Playful reproach upon the good old man,
Who, in such chiding as affection loves,
Dallying with terms of wrong, return'd rebuke.
There, Madoc, pointing to the shore, he cried,

There are they moor'd; six gallant barks, as trim
And worthy of the sea, as ever yet
Gave canvass to the gale. The mariners
Flock to thy banner, and the call hath rous'd
Many a brave spirit. Soon as Spring shall serve,
There need be no delay. I should depart
Without one wish that lingers, could we bear
Ririd from hence, and break poor Rodri's chains,
Thy lion-hearted brother; .. and that boy,
If he were with us, Madoc! that dear boy
Llewelyn!
Sister, said the Prince at that,
How sped the Queen?
Oh Madoc! she replied,
A hard and unrelenting heart hath he.
The gentle Emma told me she had fail'd,
And that was all she told; but in her eye
I could see sorrow struggling. She complains not,
And yet, I know, in bitterness laments
The hour which brought her as a victim here.

Then I will seek the Monarch, Madoc cried;
And forth he went. Cold welcome David gave,
Such as might chill a suppliant; but the Prince
Fearless began. I found at Dinevawr

Our brother Ririd, and he made his suit
That he might follow me, a banish'd man.
He waits thy answer at the court of Rhys.
Now I beseech thee, David, say to him
His father's hall is open!

Then the king
Replied, I told thee, Madoc, thy request
Displeas'd me heretofore; I warn'd thee, too,
To shun the rebel; yet my messenger
Tells me, the guests at Dinevawr, who sate
At board with Rhys, and drank of his own cup,
Were Madoc and Lord Ririd. . . Was this well,
This open disobedience to my will,
And my express command?

Madoc subdued
His rising wrath. If I should tell thee, Sire,
He answer'd, by what chance it so fell out,
I should of disobedience stand excus'd,
Had that been here a crime. Yet think again,
David, and let thy better mind prevail!
I am his surety here; he comes alone;
The strength of yonder armament is mine;
And when did I deceive thee? . . I did hope,
For natural love and public decency,
That ye would part in friendship . . . let that pass!

He may remain, and join me in the hour
Of embarkation. But for thine own sake,
Cast off these vile suspicions, and the fear
That makes its danger! Call to mind, my brother,
The rampart that we were to Owen's throne!
Are there no moments when the thoughts and loves
Of other days return? .. Let Rodri loose!
Restore him to his birth-right! .. Why wouldst thou
Hold him in chains, when benefits would bind
His noble spirit?

Leave me! cried the King;
Thou know'st the theme is hateful to my ear.
I have the mastery now, and idle words,
Madoc, shall never thrust me from the throne,
Which this right arm in battle hardly won:
There must he lie till Nature set him free,
And so deliver both. Trespass no more!

A little yet bear with me, Madoc cried.
I leave this land for ever; let me first
Behold my brother Rodri, lest he think
My summer love be withered, and in wrath
Remember me hereafter.

Leave me, Madoc!
Speedily, ere indulgence grow a fault,

Exclaim'd the Monarch. Do not tempt my wrath.
Thou know'st me!
Aye! the Ocean Prince replied,
I know thee, David, and I pity thee,
Thou poor, suspicious, miserable man!
Friend hast thou none, except thy country's foe,
That hateful Saxon, he whose bloody hand
Pluck'd out thy brethren's eyes; and for thy kin,
Them hast thou made thy perilous enemies.
What if the Lion Rodri were abroad?
What if Llewelyn's banner were display'd?
The sword of England could not save thee then.
Frown not, and menace not! for what am I,
That I should fear thine anger?.. And with that
He turn'd indignant from the wrathful King.

XVII.

Winter hath past away; the vernal storms
Have spent their rage, the ships are stor'd, and now
To-morrow they depart. That day a Boy,
Weary and foot sore, to Aberfraw came,
Who to Goervyl's chamber made his way,
And caught the hem of her garment, and exclaim'd,
A boon, .. a boon, .. dear Lady! Nor did he
Wait more reply than that encouragement,
Which her sweet eye and lovely smile bestow'd;
I am a poor, unhappy, orphan boy,
Born to fair promises and better hopes,
But now forlorn. Take me to be your page! ..
For blessed Mary's sake, refuse me not!
I have no friend on earth, nor hope but this.

The Boy was fair; and though his eyes were swoln,
And cheek defil'd with tears, and though his voice
Came choak'd by grief, yet to that earnest eye

And supplicating voice so musical,
It had not, sure, been easy to refuse
The boon he begg'd. I cannot grant thy suit,
Gorvyl cried, but I can aid it, boy! ..
Go ask of Madoc! .. and herself arose,
And led him where her brother on the shore
That day the last embarkment oversaw.
Mervyn then took his mantle by the skirt,
And knelt, and made his suit; she too began
To sue, but Madoc, smiling on the Maid,
Won by the virtue of the countenance
Which look'd for favour, lightly gave the yes.

Where wert thou, Caradoc, when that fair boy
Told his false tale? for hadst thou heard the voice,
The gentle voice, so musically sweet,
And seen that earnest eye, it would have heal'd
Thy wounded heart, and thou hadst voyaged on,
The happiest man that ever yet forsook
His native country! He, on board the bark,
Leant o'er the vessel-side, and there he stood
And gaz'd, almost unconscious that he gaz'd,
Toward yon distant mountains where she dwelt,
Seneha, his beloved. Caradoc,
Senena, thy beloved, is at hand!

Her golden locks are clipt, and her blue eye
Is wandering through the throng in search of thee,
For whose dear sake she hath forsaken all.
You deem her false, that her frail constancy
Shrunk from her father's anger, that she lives
Another's victim bride; but she hath fled
From that unnatural anger; hath escap'd
The unnatural union; she is on the shore,
Senena, blue-eyed Maid, a seemly boy,
To share thy fortunes, to reward thy love,
And to the land of peace to follow thee,
Over the ocean waves.

Now all is done.
Stores, beeves, and flocks, and water all aboard;
The dry East blows, and not a sign of change
Stains the clear firmament. The Sea-Lord sate
At the last banquet in his brother's court,
And heard the song: It told of Owen's fame,
When, with his Normen, and the assembled force
Of Guienne and Gascony, and Anjou's strength,
The Flemings aid, and England's chosen troops,
Along the ascent of Berwyn, many a day
The Saxon vainly on his mountain foes
Denounced his wrath; for Mona's dragon sons,
By wary patience baffled long his force,

Winning slow Famine to their aid, and help'd
By the angry elements, and sickness sent
From Heaven, and Fear, that of its vigour robb'd
The healthy arm; . . then in quick enterprize
Fell on his weary and dishearten'd host,
Till with defeat, and loss, and obloquy,
He fled with all his nations. Madoc gave
His spirit to the song; he felt the theme
In every pulse; the recollection came,
Reviv'd and heighten'd to intenser pain,
That in Aberfraw, in his father's hall,
He never more should share the feast, not hear
The echoing harp again! His heart was full;
And, yielding to its yearnings, in that mood
Of aweful feeling, he call'd forth the King,
And led him from the palace porch, and stretch'd
His hand toward the ocean, and exclaim'd,
To-morrow over yon wide waves I go;
To-morrow, never to return, I leave
My native land. O David, O my brother,
Turn not impatiently a reckless ear
To that affectionate and natural voice,
Which thou wilt hear no more! Release our brethren,
Recall the wanderers home, and link them to thee
By cordial confidence, by benefits

Which bless the benefactor. Be not thou
As is the black and melancholy yeugh,
That strikes into the grave its baleful roots,
And prospers on the dead! .. The Saxon King, ..
Think not I hate him now; .. an hour like this
Hath soften'd all my harsher feelings down;
Nor will I hate him for his sister's sake,
Thy gentle Queen, .. whom, that great God may bless,
And, blessing her, bless thee and our dear country,
Shall never be forgotten in my prayers; ..
But he is far away; and should there come
The evil hour upon thee, .. if thy kin,
Wearied by suffering, and driven desperate,
Should lift the sword, or young Llewelyn raise
His banner, and demand his father's throne, ..
Were it not trusting to a broken reed,
To lean on England's aid? .. I urge thee not
For answer now; but sometimes, O my brother!
Sometimes recall to mind my parting words,
As 'twere the death-bed counsel of the friend
Who lov'd thee best!
The affection of his voice,
So mild and solemn, soften'd David's heart;
He saw his brother's eyes, suffus'd with tears,
Shine in the moon-beam as he spake; the King

Remember'd his departure. and he felt
Feelings, which long from his disnatur'd breast
Ambition had expell'd: he could almost
Have followed their strong impulse. From the shore,
Madoc, with quick and agitated step,
Had sought his home; the monarch slow return'd,
Serious and slow, and laid him down that night
With painful recollections, and such thoughts
As might, if heaven had will'd it, have matur'd
To penitence and peace.
The day is come;
The adventurers, in Saint Cybi's holy fane,
Hear the last mass, and, all assoil'd of sin,
Partake the bread of Christian fellowship.
Then, as the Priest his benediction gave,
They knelt, in such an aweful stillness hush'd,
As with yet more oppression seem'd to load
The oppressed heart. At times, and half suppress,
Womanly sobs were heard, and manly cheeks
Were wet with silent tears. Now forth they go,
And at the portal of the Church unfurl
Prince Madoc's banner; at that sight, a shout
Burst from his followers, and the hills and rocks
Thrice echoed their acclaim.

There lie the ships,
Their sails all loose, their streamers rolling out
With sinuous flow and swell, like water snakes,
Curling aloft; the waves are gay with boats,
Pinnace, and barge, and coracle .. the sea
Swarms, like the shore, with life Oh what a sight
Of beauty for the unconcerned heart,
If heart there be which unconcern'd cou'd view
A sight like this! .. how yet more beautiful
For him, whose soul can feel and understand
The solemn import! Yonder they embark,
Youth, beauty valour, virtue, reverend age;
Some led by love of noble enterprize,
Others, who desperate of their country's weal,
Fly from the impending yoke; all warm alike
With confidence and high heroic hope,
And all in one fraternal bond conjoin'd
By reverence to their Chief, the best belov'd
That ever yet on hopeful enterprize
Led gallant army forth He, even now
Lord of himself, by faith in God, and love
To man, subdues the feeling of this hour,
The bitterest of his being.
At this time,
Pale, and with feverish eye, the King came up,

And led him somewhat from the throng apart,
Saying, I sent at day-break to release
Rodri from prison, meaning that with thee
He hould depart in peace; but he was gone!
That very night he had escap'd! .. Perchance,
As I do hope, .. it was thy doing, Madoc?
Is he aboard the fleet?
I would he were!
Madoc replied; with what a lighten'd heart
Then should I sail away! Ririd is there
Alone ... alas! that this was done so late!
Reproach me not! half sullenly the King,
Answering, exclaim'd; Madoc, reproach me not!
Thou know'st how hardly I attain'd the throne;
And is it strange that I should guard with fear
The precious prize? .. Now, .. when I would have taken
Thy counsel, .. be the evil on his head!
Blame me not now, my brother, lest sometimes
I call again to mind thy parting words
In sorrow!
God be with thee! Madoc cried;
And if, at times, the harshness of a heart,
Too prone to wrath, have wrong'd thee, let these tears
Efface all faults. I leave thee, O my brother,
With all a brother's feelings!

So he said,
And grasp'd, with trembling tenderness, his hand,
Then calm'd himself, and mov'd toward the boat.
Emma, though tears would have their way, and sighs
Would swell, suppressing still all words of woe,
Follow'd Goervyl to the extremest shore.
But then, as on the plank the maid set foot,
Did Emma, staying her by the hand, pluck out
The crucifix, which next her heart she wore,
In reverence to its relic, and she cried,
Yet, ere we part, change with me! dear Goervyl, ..
Dear sister, lov'd too well, or lost too soon, ..
I shall betake me often to my prayers,
Never in them, Goervyl, of thy name
Unmindful; .. thou too wilt remember me
Still in thine orisons; .. but God forefend
That ever misery should make thee find
This Cross thy only comforter!
She said,
And kiss'd the holy pledge, as each to each
Transferr'd the mutual gift. Nor could the Maid
Answer for agony, to that farewell;
She held Queen Emma to her breast, and close
She clasp'd her with a strong convulsive sob,
Silently. Madoc, too, in silence went,

But prest a kiss on Emma's lips, and left
His tears upon her cheek. With dizzy eyes
Gazing she stood, nor saw the boat push off, . .
The dashing of the oars awaken'd her;
She wipes her tears away, to view once more
Those dear familiar faces; . . they are dim
In the distance; never shall her waking eye
Behold them, till the hour of happiness,
When Death hath made her pure for perfect bliss!

Two hearts alone, of all that company,
Of all the thousands who beheld the scene,
Partook unmingled joy. Dumb with delight,
Young Hoel views the ships, and feels the boat
Rock on the heaving waves; and Illaian felt
Comfort, . . though sad, yet comfort, . . that for her
No eye was left to weep, nor heart to mourn.
Hark! 'tis the mariners, with voice attun'd
Timing their toil! and now, with gentle gales,
Slow from the holy haven they depart!

XVIII.

Now hath the evening settled; the broad Moon
Rolls through the rifted clouds. With gentle gales
Slowly they glide along, when they behold
A boat, with press of sail, and stress of oar,
Speed forward to the fleet; and now, arrived
Beside the Chieftain's vessel, one enquires
If Madoc be aboard? the answer given,
Swift he ascended up the lofty side.
With joyful wonder did the Ocean Lord
Again behold Llewelyn; but he gaz'd,
Doubtful, upon his comrade's countenance, . .
A meagre man, severe of brow, his eye
Stern. Thou dost view me, Madoc, he exclaim'd,
As 'twere a stranger's face. I marvel not!
The long afflictions of my prison-house
Have changed me.

Rodri! cried the Prince, and fell
Upon his neck ; .. last night, subdued at length
By my solicitations, did the King
Send to deliver thee, that thou shouldst share
My happy enterprize ; .. and thou art come,
Even to my wish!
Nay, Madoc, nay, not so!
He answered, with a stern and bitter smile ;
This gallant boy hath given me liberty,
And I will pay him with his father's throne :
Aye, by my father's soul! .. Last night we fled
The house of bondage, and in the sea-caves
By day we lurk'd securely. Here I come,
Only to see thee once before I die,
And say farewell, .. dear brother!
Would to God
This purpose could be changed! the Sea Lord cried ;
But thou art rous'd by wrongs, and who shall tame
That lion heart? .. This only, if your lot
Fall favourable, will I beseech of ye,
That to his Queen, the fair Plantagenet,
All honourable humanity ye show,
For her own virtue, and in gratitude,
As she hath pleaded for you, and hath urged
Her husband on your part, till it hath turn'd

His wrath upon herself. Oh! deal ye by her
As by your dearest sister in distress!
For even so dear is she to Madoc's heart:
And now, I know, she from Aberfraw's tower
Watcheth these spots upon the moonlight sea,
And weeps for my departure, and for me
Sends up her prayers to Heaven, nor thinks that now
I must make mine to man in her behalf!

Quoth Rodri, Rest assur'd for her. I swear,
By our dead mother, so to deal with her
As thou thyself wouldst dictate, as herself
Shall wish.
The tears fell fast from Madoc's eyes:
O Britain! O my country! he exclaim'd,
For ever thus by civil strife convuls'd,
Thy children's blood flowing to satisfy
Thy children's rage, how wilt thou still support
The struggle with the Saxon?
Rodri cried,
Our strife shall not be long. Mona will rise
With joy, to welcome me, her rightful Lord;
And woe be to the King, who rules by fear,
When danger comes against him!

Fear not thou
For Britain! quoth Llewelyn; for not yet
The country of our fathers shall resign
Her name among the nations. Though her Sun
Slope from his eminence, the voice of man
May yet arrest him on his downward way.
My dreams by day, my visions in the night,
Are of her welfare. I shall mount the throne, . .
Yes, Madoc! and the Bard of years to come,
Who harps of Arthur's and of Owen's deeds,
Shall with the Worthies of his country rank
Llewelyn's name. Dear Uncle, fare thee well! . .
And I almost could wish I had been born
Of humbler lot, that I might follow thee,
Companion of this noble enterprize.
Think of Llewelyn often, who will oft
Remember thee in love!
For the last time
He grapst his Uncle's hand, and Rodri gave
The last farewell; then went the twain their way.

So over ocean, through the moonlight waves,
Prince Madoc sail'd with all his company.
No nobler crew fill'd that heroic bark,

Which bore the first adventurers of the deep
To seek the Golden Fleece on barbarous shores:
Nor richlier fraught did that illustrious fleet
Home to the Happy Island hold its way,
When Amadis, with his prime chivalry,
He of all chivalry himself the flower,
Came from the rescue, proud of Roman spoils,
And Oriana, freed from Roman thrall.

Madoc in Aztlan.

MADOC.

THE SECOND PART.

I.

Now go your way, ye gallant company!
God and good Angels guard ye as ye go!
Blow fairly, Winds of Heaven! ye Ocean Waves,
Swell not in anger to that fated fleet!
For not of conquest greedy, nor of gold,
Seek they the distant world. .. Blow fairly, Winds!
Waft, Waves of Ocean, well your blessed load!

Fair blew the Winds, and safely did the Waves
Bear that beloved charge. It were a tale

Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,
Making him long to be a mariner,
That he might rove the main, if I should tell
How pleasantly, for many a summer-day,
Over the sunny sea, with wind at will,
Prince Madoc sail'd; and of those happy Isles,
Which had he seen ere that ordained storm
Drove southward his slope course, there he had pitch'd
His tent, and blest his lot that it had fallen
In land so fair; and human blood had reek'd
Daily on Aztlan's cursed altars still.
But other doom was his, more arduous toil
Yet to atchieve, worse danger to endure,
Worse evil to be quell'd, and higher good,
That passeth not away, educed from ill;
Whereof all unforeseeing, yet for all
Of ready heart, he over ocean sails,
Wafted by gentle winds o'er gentle waves,
As if the elements combin'd to serve
The perfect Prince, by God and man belov'd.
And now how joyfully he views the land,
Skirting, like morning clouds, the dusky sea;
With what a searching eye recals to mind
Foreland, and creek, and cape; how happy now
Up the great river bends at last his way!

No watchman had been station'd on the height
To seek his sails,.. for with Cadwallon's hope
Too much of doubt was blended, and of fear:
Yet thitherward, whene'er he walk'd abroad,
His face, as if instinctively, was turn'd;
And duly morn and eve, Lincoya there,
As if religion led his duteous feet,
Went up to gaze. He on a staff had scor'd
The promis'd moons and days; and many a time,
Counting again its often-told account,
So to beguile impatience, day by day
Smooth'd off with more delight the daily notch.
But now that the appointed time was nigh,
Did that perpetual presence of his hope
Haunt him, and mingle with his sleep, and mar
The natural rest, and trouble him by day,
That all his pleasure was at earliest light
To take his station, and at latest eve,
If he might see the sails, where far away
Through wide savannahs roll'd the silver stream.
Oh then, with what a sudden start his blood
Flow'd from its quicken'd spring, when far away
He spied the glittering topsails! for a while
Distrustful of that happy sight, till now
Slowly he sees them rise, and wind along,

Through wide savannahs, up the silver stream.
Then with a breathless speed he flies to spread
The joy; and with Cadwallon now descends,
And drives adown the tide the light canoe,
And mounts the vessel-side, and once again
Falls at the Ocean Lord's beloved feet.

First of the general weal did Madoc ask;
Cadwallon answered, All as yet is well,
And, by this seasonable aid secur'd,
Will well remain. .. Thy father? quoth the Prince.
Even so, replied Cadwallon, as that eye
Of hesitation augurs, .. fallen asleep.
The good old man remember'd thee in death,
And blest thee ere he died.
By this the shores
And heights were throng'd; from hill to hill, from rock
To rock, the shouts of welcome rung around.
Forward they press, to view the man belov'd,
Britons and Hoamen with one common joy
Hailing their common friend. Happy, that day,
Was he who heard his name from Madoc's voice;
Happy who met the greeting of his eye;
Yea, happy he who shar'd his general smile,
Amid the unacknowledged multitude.

Caermadoc, . . by that name Cadwallon's love
Call'd it, in memory of the absent Prince, . .
Stood in a mountain vale, by rocks and heights,
A natural bulwark, girt. A rocky stream
Which from the fells came down, there spread itself
Into a quiet lake, to compass which
Had been a two hours pleasurable toil;
And he who from a well strung bow could send
His shaft across, had needs a sinewy arm,
And might from many an archer far and near,
Have borne away the bell. Here had the Chief
Chosen his abiding place, for strength preferr'd,
Where vainly might an host in equal arms
Attempt the difficult entrance; and for all
Which could delight the eye and heart of man;
Whate'er of beauty or of usefulness
Heart could desire, or eye behold, being here.
What he had found an idle wilderness
Now gave rich increase to the husbandman,
For Heaven had blest their labour. Flourishing
He left the happy vale; and now he saw
More fields reclaim'd, more habitations rear'd,
More harvests rising round. The reptile race,
And every beast of rapine, had retir'd
From man's asserted empire; and the sound

Of axe and dashing oar, and fisher's net,
And song beguiling toil, and pastoral pipe,
Were heard, where late the solitary hills
Gave only to the mountain cataract
Their wild response.
Here, Urien, cried the Prince,
These craggy heights and overhanging groves
Will make thee think of Gwyneth. And this hut,
Rejoin'd Cadwallon, with its roof of reeds,
Goervyl. is our palace : it was rear'd
With lighter labour than Aberfraw's towers ;
Yet, Lady, safer are its wattled sides
Than Mona's kingly walls... Like Gwyneth, said he ?
Oh no ! we neighbour nearer to the Sun,
And with a more benignant eye the Lord
Of Light beholds us here.
So thus did they
Cheerfully welcome to their new abode
These, who albeit aweary of their way,
And glad to reach at length the place of rest,
Felt their hearts overburthen'd, and their eyes
Ready to overflow. Yet not the less
The buzz of busy joy was heard around,
Where every dwelling had its guest, and all
Gave the long eve to hospitable mirth.

II.

But when the Lord of Ocean from the stir
And tumult was retir'd, Cadwallon then
Thus render'd his account.
When we had quell'd
The strength of Aztlan, we should have thrown down
Her altars, cast her Idols to the fire,
And on the ruins of her fanes accurst
Planted the Cross triumphant. Vain it is
To sow the seed, where noxious weeds and briars
Must choke it in the growth.
Yet I had hope
The purer influence of exampled good
Might to the saving knowledge of the truth
Lead this bedarken'd race; and when thy ship
Fell down the stream, to distant Britain bound,
All promis'd well. The Strangers' God had prov'd
Mightier in war, and Aztlan could not chuse

But see, nor, seeing, could she fail to love,
The freedom of his service. Few were now
The offerings at her altars, few the youths
And virgins to the temple-toils devote.
Therefore the Priests combin'd to save their craft;
And soon the rumour ran of evil signs
And tokens; in the temple had been heard
Wailings and loud lament; the eternal fire
Gave dismally a dim and doubtful flame;
And from the censer, which at morn should steam
Sweet odours to the sun, a fetid cloud,
Black and portentous, rose. And now no Priest
Approach'd our dwelling. Even the friendly Prince
Yuhidthiton, was at Caermadoc now
Rarely a guest; and if that tried good will
Which once he bore us, did at times appear,
A sullen gloom, and silence like remorse,
Follow'd the imagin'd crime.
But I the while
Reck'd not the brooding of the storm; for now
My father to the grave was hastening down.
Patiently did the pious man endure,
In faith anticipating blessedness,
Already more than man, in those sad hours
When man is meanest. I sate by his side,

And pray'd with him, and talk'd with him of death,
And life to come. O Madoc! those were hours
Which, even in anguish, gave my soul a joy:
I think of them in solitude, and feel
The comfort of my faith.
But when that time
Of bitterness was past, and I return'd
To daily duties, no suspicious sign
Betoken'd ill; the Priests among us came
As heretofore, and I their intercourse
Encouraged as I could, suspecting nought,
Nor conscious of the subtle-minded men
I dealt with, how inveterate in revenge,
How patient in deceit. Lincoya first
Forewarn'd me of the danger. He, thou know'st,
Had from the death of sacrifice escap'd,
And as a slave among a distant tribe,
When seeing us, he felt a hope, that we,
Lords, as he deem'd us, of the Elements,
Might pity his oppressed countrymen,
And free them from their bondage. Didst thou hear
How from yon devilish altars he was sav'd?
For in the eternal chain his fate and ours
Were link'd together then.

The Prince replied,
I did but hear a broken tale. Tell on!

Among the Gods of yon unhappy race,
Tezcalipoca as the chief they rank,
Or with the chief coequal; maker he,
And master of created things esteem'd.
He sits upon a throne of trophied skulls,
Hideous and huge; a shield is on his arm,
And with his black right hand he lifts, as though
In wrath, the menacing spear. His festival,
Of all this wicked nation's wicked rites,
With most solemnity and circumstance,
And pomp of hellish piety, is held.
From all whom evil fortune hath subdu'd
To their inhuman thraldom, they select
Him whom they judge, for comely countenance,
And shapely form, and all good natural gifts,
Worthiest to be the victim; and for this
Was young Lincoya chosen, being in truth,
The flower of all his nation. For twelve months,
Their custom is, that this appointed youth
Be as the Idol's living image held.
Garb'd, therefore, like the Demon Deity,

Whene'er he goes abroad, an antic train,
With music and with dance, attend his way;
The crowd before him fall, and worship him;
And those infernal Priests, who guard him then
To be their victim and their feast at last,
At morning and at evening incense him,
And mock him with knee-reverence. Twenty days
Before the bloody festival arrive,
As 'twere to make the wretch in love with life,
Four maids, the loveliest of the land, are given
In spousals. With Lincoya all these rites
Duly were kept; and at the stated time,
Four maids, the loveliest of the land, were his.
Of these was one, whom, even at that hour,
He learnt to love, so excellently good
Was she; and she lov'd him and pitied him.
She is the daughter of an aged Priest;
I oftentimes have seen her; and, in truth,
Compar'd with Britain's maids, so beautiful,
Or with the dark-eyed daughters of the South,
She would be lovely still. Her cotton vest
Falls to the knee, and leaves her olive arms
Bare in their beauty; loose, luxuriant, long,
Flow the black tresses of her glossy hair;
Mild is her eye's jet lustre; and her voice!..

A soul that harbour'd evil never breath'd
Such winning tones.
Thou know'st how manfully
These tribes, as if insensible to pain,
Welcome their death in battle, or in bonds
Defy their torturers. To Lincoya's mind
Long preparation now had made his fate
Familiar; and he says, the thought of death
Broke not his sleep, nor mingled with his dreams,
Till Coatel was his. But then it woke; ..
It hung, .. it prest upon him like a weight
On one who scarce can struggle with the waves;
And when her soul was full of tenderness,
That thought recurring to her, she would rest
Her cheek on his, and weep.
The day drew nigh;
And now the eve of sacrifice was come...
What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up? ..
She gather'd herbs, which, like our poppy, bear
The seed of sleep, and with the temple food
Mingled their power; herself partook the food,
So best to lull suspicion; and the youth,
Instructed well, when all were laid aleep,
Fled far away.

After our conquering arms
Had freed the Hoamen from their wretched yoke,
Lincoya needed but his Coatel
To fill his sum of earthly happiness.
Her to the temple had her father's vow
Awhile devoted, and some moons were still
To pass away, ere yet she might become
A sojourner with us, Lincoya's wife,
When from the Paba's wiles his watchful mind
Foreboded ill. He bade me take good heed,
And fear the sudden kindness of a foe.
I started at his words; .. these artful men,
Hostile at heart, as well we knew they were,
These were lip-lavish of their friendship now,
And courted confidence, while our tried friend
Yuhidthiton, estranged, a seldom guest,
Sullen and joyless, seem'd to bear at heart
Something that rankled there. These things were strange.
The omens, too, had ceased; .. we heard no more
Of twilight voices, nor the unholy cloud
Steam'd from the morning incense. Why was this?

Young Malinal had from the hour of peace
Been our indweller, studious to attain
Our language and our arts. To him I told

These doubts, assur'd of his true love and truth;
For he had learnt to understand and feel
Our only faith, had tended, like a son,
Cynetha's drooping age, and shar'd with me
His dying benediction. He, thus long
Intent on better things, had been estranged
From Aztlan and her councils; but at this
He judged it for her welfare, and for ours,
Now to resume his rank; . . belike his voice
Might yet be heard, or, if the worst befel,
His timely warning save us from the snare.

But in their secret councils Malinal
No longer bore a part; the Chiefs and King
Yielding blind reverence to the Pabas now,
Deluded or dismay'd. He sent to say
Some treachery was design'd, and bade me charge
His brother with the crime. On that same day
Lincoya came from Aztlan; he had found
Coatel labouring with a wretchedness
She did not seek to hide; and when the youth
Reveal'd his fear, he saw her tawny cheek
Whiten, and round his neck she clung and wept.
She told him something dreadful was at hand,
She knew not what: That, at the dead midnight,

Coanocotzin at Mexitli's shrine
Had stood with all his nobles ; human blood
Had then been offered up, and secret vows
Vow'd with mysterious horror : That but late,
When to her father of the days to come
She spake, and of Lincoya, and her lot
Among the strangers, he had frown'd, and strove
Beneath dissembled anger to conceal
Oppressive grief. She knew not what to fear,
But something dreadful surely was at hand,
And she was wretched.

When I heard these things,
Yuhidthiton and the Priest Helhua
Were in our dwellings. Them I called apart...
There should be peace between us, I began ;
Why is it otherwise ?

The Priest replied,
Is there not peace, Cadwallon ? seek we not
More frequent and more friendly intercourse,
Even we, the servants of our Country-Gods,
Whose worship ye have changed, and for whose sake
We were, and would have been your enemies ?
But as those Gods have otherwise ordain'd,
Do we obey. Why, therefore, is this doubt ?

The Power who led us hither, I replied,
Over the world of waters, who hath sav'd,
And who will save his people, warns me now.
Then on Yuhidthiton I fixed my eye.
Danger is near! I cried; I know it near!
It comes from Aztlan.
His disorder'd cheek,
And the forced and steady boldness of his eye,
Which in defiance met the look it fear'd,
Confess'd the crime. I saw his inward shame;
Yet with a pride like angry innocence
Did he make answer, I am in your hands,
And you believe me treacherous!.. Kill me now!

Not so, Yuhidthiton! not so! quoth I;
You were the Strangers friend, and yet again
That wisdom may return. We are not changed;..
Lovers of peace, we know, when danger comes,
To make the evil on the guilty head
Fall heavily and sure! with our good arms,
And our good cause, and that Almighty One,
We are enough, had we no other aid,
We of Caermadoc here, to put to shame
Aztlan, with all her strength, and all her wiles.

But even now is Madoc on the seas;
He leads our brethren here; and should he find
That Aztlan hath been false,..oh! hope not then,
By force or fraud, to baffle or elude
Inevitable vengeance! While ye may,
Look to your choice; for we are friends or foes,
Even to your own desert.
So saying, I left
The astonish'd men, whose unprovided minds
Fail'd them; nor did they aim at answer more,
But homeward went their way. Nor knew I then,..
For this was but a thing of yesterday,..
How near the help I boasted. Now, I trust,
Thy coming shall discomfit all their wiles.

III.

Not yet at rest, my Sister! quoth the Prince,
As at her dwelling-door he saw the Maid
Sit gazing on that lovely moonlight scene: . .
To bed, Goervyl! Dearest, what hast thou
To keep thee wakeful here, at this late hour,
When even I shall bid a truce to thought,
And lay me down in peace? . . Good night, Goervyl!
Dear sister mine, . . my own dear mother's child!

She rose, and, bending on with lifted arms,
Met the fond kiss, obedient then withdrew.
Yet could not he so lightly as he ween'd
Lay wakeful thoughts aside; for he foresaw
Long strife, and hard adventure to atchieve,
And forms of danger vague disturb'd his dreams.

Early at morn the colonists arose;
Some pitch the tent-pole, and pin down the lines
That stretch the o'er-awning canvas; to the wood
Others, with saw and axe and bill, for stakes
And undergrowth to weave the wicker walls;
These to the ships, with whom Cadwallon sends
The Elk and Bison, broken to the yoke.

Ere noon, Erillyab and her son arrived,
To greet the Chief. She wore no longer now
The lank loose locks of careless widowhood;
Her braided tresses round her brow were bound,
Bedeck'd with tufts of grey and silvery plumes
Pluck'd from the eagle's pennons. She, with eye
And countenance which spake no feign'd delight,
Welcom'd her great deliverer. But her son
Had Nature character'd so legibly,
That when his tongue told fair, his face bewray'd
The lurking falsehood; sullen, slow of speech,
Savage, down-looking, dark, that at his words
Of welcome, Madoc in his heart conceiv'd
Instinctive enmity.

In a happy hour
Did the Great Spirit, said Erillyab,
Give bidding to the Winds to speed thee here!

For this I made my prayer; and when He sent
For the Beloved Teacher, to restore him
Eyesight and youth, of him I then besought,
As he had been thy friend and ours on earth,
That he would intercede. . . Brother, we know
That the Great Spirit loves thee; He hath blest
Thy going and thy coming, and thy friends
Have prosper'd for thy sake; and now when first
The Powers of Evil do begin to work,
Lo! thou art here! . . Brother, we have obey'd
Thy will, and the Beloved Teacher's words
Have been our law; but now the Evil Ones
Cry out for blood, and say they are athirst,
And threaten vengeance. I have brought the Priest,
To whom they spake in darkness; . . thou art wise,
And the Great Spirit will enlighten thee; . .
We know not what to answer. . . Tell thy tale,
Neolin!

Hereat did Madoc fix upon him
A searching eye; but he, no whit abash'd,
Began with firm effrontery his speech.
The Feast of the Departed is at hand,
And I, in preparation, on the Field
Of the Spirit past the night. It came to me
In darkness, after midnight, when the moon

Was gone, and all the stars were blotted out;
It gather'd round me, with a noise of storms,
And enter'd into me, and I could feel
It was the Snake-God roll'd and writh'd within;
And I too, with the inward agony,
Roll'd like a snake, and writh'd. Give! give! he cried:
I thirst! . . His voice was in me, and it burnt
Like fire, and all my flesh and bones were shaken;
Till, with a throe which seem'd to rend my joints
Asunder, he past forth, and I was left
Speechless and motionless, gasping for breath.

Then Madoc, turning to Ayayaca,
Enquir'd, who is the man? . . The good old Priest
Replied, he hath attended from his youth
The Snake-God's temple, and receiv'd for him
All offerings, and perform'd all sacrifice,
Till the Beloved Teacher made us leave
The wicked way.
Hear me! quoth Neolin,
With antic gesture and loud vehemence;
Before this generation, and before
These antient forests, . . yea, before yon lake
Was hollow'd out, or one snow-feather fell

On yonder mountain-top, now never bare, . .
Before these things I was, . . where, or from whence;
I know not, . . who can tell? But then I was,
And in the shadow of the Spirit stood;
And I beheld the Spirit, and in him
Saw all things, even as they were to be;
And I held commune with him, not of words,
But thought with thought. Then was it given me
That I should chuse my station when my hour
Of mortal birth was come, . . hunter, or chief,
Or to be mightiest in the work of war,
Or in the shadow of the Spirit live;
And he in me. According to my choice,
For ever overshadow'd by his power,
I walk among mankind. At times I feel not
The burthen of his presence; then am I
Like other men; but when the season comes,
Or if I seek the visitation, then
He fills me, and my soul is carried on,
And then do I forelive the race of men,
So that the things that will be, are to me
Past.

Amalahta lifted then his eyes
A moment; . . It is true, he cried; we know

He is a gifted man, and wise beyond
The reach of mortal powers. Ayayaca
Hath also heard the warning.
As I slept,
Replied the aged Priest, upon the Field
Of the Spirit, a loud voice awaken'd me,
Crying, I thirst! Give, .. give! or I will take!
And then I heard a hiss, as if a snake
Were threatening at my side. .. But saw you nothing?
Quoth Madoc. .. Nothing; for the night was dark.
And felt you nothing? said the Ocean Prince.
He answer'd, Nothing; only sudden fear. ..
No inward struggle, like possession? .. None.
I thought of the Beloved Teacher's words,
And crost myself, and then he had no power.

Thou hast slept heretofore upon the Field,
Said Madoc; didst thou never witness voice,
Or ominous sound? Ayayaca replied,
Certes the Field is holy! it receives
All the year long, the operative power
Which falleth from the sky, or from below
Pervades the earth; no harvest groweth there,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb is left to spring:

But there the virtue of the elements
Is gather'd, till the circle of the months
Be full; then, when the Priest, by mystic rites,
Long vigils, and long abstinence prepar'd,
Goeth there, to pass the appointed night alone,
The whole collected influence enters him.
Doubt not but I have felt strange impulses
On that mysterious field, and in my dreams
Been visited; and have heard sounds in the air,
I knew not what;... but words articulate
Never till now. It was the Wicked One!
He wanted blood.

Who says the Wicked One?
It was our Father's God! cried Neolin.
Son of the Ocean, why should we forsake
The worship of our fathers? Ye obey
The White-Man's Maker; but to us was given
A different skin, and speech, and land, and law.
The Snake God understands the Red-Man's prayer,
And knows his wants, and loves him. Shame be to us,
That since the Stranger here set foot among us,
We have let his lips be dry!

Enough! replied
Madoc, who at Cadwallon's look repress
His answering anger. We will hold a talk

Of this hereafter. Be ye sure, mean time,
That the Great Spirit will from Evil Powers
Protect his people. This, too, be ye sure,
That every deed of darkness shall be brought
To light, . . and woe be to the lying lips!

IV.

Soon as the coming of the fleet was known,
Had Queen Erillyab sent her hunters forth.
They from the forest now arrive, with store
Of venison; fires are built before the tents,
Where Llaian and Goervyl for their guests
Prepare the feast; and now the ready board
With grateful odour steams. But while they sate
At meat, did Amalahta many a time
Lift his slow eye askance, and eagerly
Gaze on Goervyl's beauty; for whate'er
In man he might have thought deform'd or strange
Seem'd beautiful in her, .. her golden curls,
Bright eyes of heavenly blue, and that clear skin,
Blooming with health and youth and happiness.
He, lightly yielding to the impulse, bent
His head aside, and to Erillyab spake.

Mother, said he, tell them to give to me
That woman for my wife, that we may be
Brethren and friends. She, in the same low tone,
Rebuk'd him, in her heart too well aware
How far unworthy he. Abash'd thereby,
As he not yet had wholly shaken off
Habitual reverence, he sate sullenly,
Brooding in silence his imagin'd wiles,
By sight of beauty made more apt for ill;
For he himself being evil, good in him
Work'd evil.

And now Madoc, pouring forth
The ripe metheglin, to Erillyab gave
The horn of silver brim. Taste, Queen and friend,
Said he, what from our father-land we bring,
The old beloved beverage. Sparingly
Drink, for it hath a strength to stir the brain,
And trouble reason, if intemperate lips
Abuse its potency. She took the horn,
And sipt with wary wisdom. . . Canst thou teach us
The art of this rare beverage? quoth the Queen,
Or is the gift reserv'd for ye alone,
By the Great Spirit, who hath favour'd ye
In all things above us? . . The Chief replied,
All that we know of useful and of good

Ye also shall be taught, that we may be
One people.
While he spake, Erillyab past
The horn to Amalahta. Sparingly!
Madoc exclaim'd; but when the savage felt
The luscious flavour, and the poignant life,
He heeded nought beyond the immediate joy.
Deep did he drink, and still with clenching hands
Struggled, when from his lips unsatisfied,
Erillyab pluck'd the cup, with sharp reproof,
Chiding his stubborn wilfulness. Ere long
The generous liquor flush'd him: he could feel
His blood play faster, and the joyful dance
Of animal life within him. Bolder grown,
He at Goervyl lifts no longer now
The secret glance, but gloats with greedy eye;
Till, at the long and loathsome look abash'd,
She rose, and nearer to her brother drew,
On light pretence of speech, being half in fear.
But he, regardless of Erillyab now,
To Madoc cried aloud, Thou art a King,
And I a King!.. Give me thy sister there,
To be my wife, and then we will be friends,
And reign together.
Let me answer him,

Madoc! Cadwallon cried. I better know
Their language, and will set aside all hope,
Yet not incense the savage... A great thing,
Prince Amalahta, hast thou ask'd! said he;
Nor is it in Lord Madoc's power to give
Or to withhold; for marriage is with us
The holiest ordinance of God, whereon
The bliss or bale of human life depends...
Love must be won by love, and heart to heart
Link'd in mysterious sympathy, before
We pledge the marriage vow; and some there are,
Who hold, that, ere we enter into life,
Soul hath with soul been mated, each for each
Especially ordain'd. Prince Madoc's will
Avails not, therefore, where this secret bond
Hath not been fram'd in Heaven.
The skilful speech
Which, with wild faith and reason, thus confirm'd,
Yet temper'd, the denial, for a while
Silenced him, and he sate in moody dreams
O snares and violence. Soon a drunken thirst,
And longing for the luscious beverage,
Drove those dark thoughts aside. More drink! quoth he.
Give me the drink!.. Madoc again repeats
His warning, and again with look and voice

Erillyab chides; but he, of all restraint
Impatient, cries aloud, Am I a child?
Give! give! or I will take!.. Perchance ye think
I and my God alike cry out in vain!
But ye shall find us true!
Give him the horn!
Cadwallon answer'd; there will come upon him
Folly and sleep, and then an after pain,
Which may bring wisdom with it, if he learn
Therefrom to heed our warning... As thou say'st,
No child art thou!.. the choice is in thy hand;..
Drink, if thou wilt, and suffer, and in pain
Remember us.
He clench'd the horn, and swill'd
The sweet intoxication copious down.
So bad grew worse. The potent draught provok'd
Fierce pride and savage insolence. Aye! now
It seems that I have taught ye who I am!
The inebriate wretch exclaim'd. This land is mine,
Not hers; the kingdom and the power are mine!
I am the master!
Hath it made thee mad?
Erillyab cried... Ask thou the Snake-God that!
Quoth he; ask Neolin and Aztlan that!
Hear me, thou Son of the Waters! wilt thou have me

For friend or foè? . . Give me that woman there,
And store me with this blessed beverage,
And thou shalt dwell in my domains, . . or else,
Blood, blood! the Snake God calls for blood; the Gods
Of Aztlan and the people call for blood,
They call on me, and I will give them blood,
Till they have had their fill.
Meanwhile the Queen,
In wonder and amazement heard, and grief;
Watching the fiendish workings of his face,
And turning to the Prince at times, as if
She look'd to him for comfort. Give him drink,
To be at peace! quoth Madoc. The good mead
Did its good office soon; his dizzy eyes
Roll'd with a sleepy swim; the joyous thrill
Died away; and, as every limb relax'd,
Down sunk his heavy head, and down he fell.
Then said the prince, We must rejoice in this,
O Queen and friend, that, evil though it be,
Evil is brought to light; he hath divulged,
In this mad mood, what else had been conceal'd
By guilty cunning. Set a watch upon him
And on Priest Neolin; they plot against us;
Your fall and mine alike do they conspire,
Being leagued with Aztlan to destroy us both.

Thy son will not remember that his lips
Have let the treason pass. Be wary, then,
And we shall catch the crafty in the pit
Which they have dug for us.
Erillyab cast
A look of anger, made intense by grief,
On Amalahta... Cursed be the hour
Wherein I gave thee birth! she cried; that pain
Was light to what thy base and brutal nature
Hath sent into my soul... But take thou heed!
I have borne many a woe and many a loss,..
My father's realm, the husband of my youth,
My hope in thee!.. all motherly love is gone,..
Sufferance well nigh worn out.
When she had ceas'd,
Still the deep feeling fill'd her, and her eye
Dwelt on him, still in thought. Brother! she cried,
As Madoc would have sooth'd her, doubt not me!
Mine is no feeble heart. Abundantly
Did the Great Spirit overpay all woes,
And this the heaviest, when he sent thee here,
The friend and the deliverer. Evil tongues
May scatter lies; bad spirits and bad men
May league against thy life; but go thou on,
Brother! He loves thee, and will be thy shield.

NOTES.

NOTES

ON

THE FIRST PART.

Silent and thoughtful, and apart from all,
Stood Madoc.—I. p. 4.

Long after these lines had been written, I was pleased at finding the same feeling expressed in a very singular specimen of metrical auto-biography:

A Nao, despregando as velas
Ja se aproveita do vento;
E de evidente alegria
Os Portuguezes ja cheios
Sobre o conves estam todos;
Na terra se vam revendo
Igrejas, Palacios, Quintas,
De que tem conhecimento,
Daqui, dalli apontando
Vam ledamente co dedo.
Todos fallando demostram
Seus jubilos manifestos;

Mas o Vieira occupado
Vai de hum notavel silencio.
Seu excessivo alvoroço
Tumultuante, que dentro
No peito sente, lhe causa
De sobresalto os effeitos.
Quanto mais elle chegando
Vai ao suspirado termo,
Mais se lhe augmenta o gostoso
Susto no doce projecto.

Vieira Lusitano.

Mona, the dark Island.—I p. 4.

Ynys Dowyll, the dark island.

Aberfraw.—I. p. 5.

The palace of Gwynedd, or North Wales. Rhodri Mawr, about the year 873, fixed the seat of government here, which had formerly been at Dyganwy, but latterly at Caer Seiont in Arvon, near the present town of Caernarvon. "It is strange," says Warrington, "that he should desert a country where every mountain was a natural fortress, and, in times of such difficulty and danger, should make choice of a residence so exposed and defenceless." But this very danger may have been his motive. The Danes, who could make no impression upon England against the great Alfred, had turned their arms upon Wales; Mona was the part most open to their ravages, and it may have been an act as well of policy as of courage in the king to fix his abode there. He fell there, at length, in battle against the Saxons. A barn now stands upon the site

of the palace, in which there are stones that, by their better workmanship, appear to have belonged to the original building.

Richly would the king
Gift the red hand that rid him of that fear.—I. p. 6.

"It was the manner of those days, that the murtherer only, and he that gave the death's wound should fly, which was called in Welsh *Llawrudd*, which is a red hand, because he had blounded his hands. The accessories and abettors to the murtherers were never hearkened after." GWYDIR *History*.

David! King Owen's son . . . my father's son . . .
He wed the Saxon . . . the Plantagenet!—I. p. 8.

This marriage was in fact one of the means whereby Henry succeeded for a time in breaking the independant spirit of the Welsh. David immediately sent a thousand men to serve under his brother-in-law and liege lord in Normandy, and shortly after attended the parliament at Oxford upon his summons.

He is the headstrong slave
Of passions unsubdued.—I. p. 11.

Caradoc represents Davydd as a prince greatly disliked on account of his cruelty and and untractable spirit, killing and putting out the eyes of those who were not subservient to his will, *after the manner of the English!* Cambrian Biography.

The guests were seated at the festal board.—II. p. 12.

The order of the royal hall was established by law.

"The men to whom the right of a seat in the hall belongs

are fourteen, of whom four shall sit in the lower, and ten in the upper part of the hall. The king is the first, he shall sit at the pillar, and next him the chancellor; and after him the guest, and then the heir apparent, and then the master of the hawks. The foot-bearer shall sit by the dish opposite the king, and the mead-maker at the pillar behind him. The priest of the household shall be at another pillar, who shall bless the meat, and chaunt the pater noster. The crier shall strike the pillar above the king's head. Next him shall be the judge of the palace, and next to him the musician, to whom the right of the seat belongs. The smith of the palace shall be at the bottom before the knees of the priest. The master of the palace shall sit in the lower hall with his left hand towards the door, with the serving-men whom he shall chuse, and the rest shall be at the other side of the door, and at his other hand the musician of the household. The master of the horse shall sit at the pillar opposite the king, and the master of the hounds at the pillar opposite the priest of the household."—*Laws of Hoel Dha'*.

Keiriog, ..and Berwyn's ofter-strife.—Il. p. 14.

"1165. The king gathered another armie of chosen men through all his dominions, as England, Normandy, Anjow, Gascoine, and Gwyen, sending for succours from Flanders and Brytain, and then returned towards North Wales, minding utterlie to destroy all that had life in the land; and coming to Croes Oswalt, called Oswald's-tree, incamped there. On the contrarie side, Prince Owen and his brother Cadwalader, with all the power of North Wales; and the Lord Rees, with the power of South Wales; and Owen Cyveilioc and the

sonnes of Madoc ap Meredyth, with the power of Powys, and the two sonnes of Madoc ap Ednerth, with the people betwixt Wye and Seavern, gathered themselves togither and came to Corwen in Edeyrneon, purposing to defend their country. But the king understanding that they were nigh, being wonderfull desirous of battell, came to the river Ceireoc, and caused the woods to be hewn down. Whereupon a number of the Welshmen understanding the passage, unknowen to their captains met with the king's ward, where were placed the picked men of all the armie, and there began a hote skirmish, where diverse worthie men were slaine on either side; but in the end the king wanne the passage, and came to the mountaine of Berwyn, where he laid in campe certaine days, and so both the armies stood in awe each of other; for the king kept the open plains, and was affraid to be intrapped in straits; but the Welshmen watched for the advantage of the place, and kept the king so straitlie, that neither forage nor victuall might come to his camp, neither durst anie soldiour stir abroad. And to augment their miseries there fell such raine, that the king's men could scant stand upon their feete upon those slipperie hilles. In the end, the king was compelled to return home without his purpose, and that with great loss of men and munition, besides his charges. Therefore in a great choler he caused the pledges eies, whom he had received long before that to be put out; which were Rees and Cawdwalhon the sonnes of Owen, and Cynwric and Meredith the sonnes of Rees, and other."—POWELL.

The fool that day who in his masque attire
Sported before King Henry.—II. p. 14.

"Brienston in Dorsetshire was held in grand sergeanty by

a pretty odd jocular tenure; viz. by finding a man to go before the king's army for forty days when he should make war in Scotland, (some records say in Wales,) bareheaded and barefooted, in his shirt and linen drawers, holding in one hand a bow without a string, in the other an arrow without feathers."—Gibson's *Camden*.

Though I knew
The rebel's worth.—II. p. 15.

There is a good testimony to Hoel's military talents in the old history of Cambria, by Powell. "At this time Cadel, Meredyth, and Rees, the sons of Gruffyth ap Rees, ap Theodor, did lead their powers against the castle of Gwys; which after they saw they could not win, they sent for Howel the sonne of Owen, prince of North Wales, to their succour, who for his prowesse in the field, and his discretion in consultation, was counted the flo.re of chivalrie; whose presence also was thought only sufficient to overthrowe anie hold."

Seest thou never
Those eyeless spectres by thy bridal bed.—II. p 15.

Henry in his attempt upon Wales, 1165, "did justice on the sons of Rhys, and also on the sons and daughters of other noblemen that were his accomplices very rigorously; causing the eyes of the young striplings to be pecked out of their heads, and their noses to be cut off or slit; and the cares of the young gentlewomen to be stuffed. But yet I find in other authors that in this journey King Henry did not greatly prevail against his enemies, but rather lost many of his men of war, both horsemen and footmen; for by his severe proceeding against them, he rather

made them more eager to seek revenge, than quieted them in any tumult."—HOLINSHED. Among these unhappy hostages were some sons of Owen Gwynedh.

I hate the Saxon.—II. p. 16.

Of this name Saxon, which the Welsh still use, Higden gives an odd etymology. "Men of that cowntree ben more lyghter and stronger on the see than other scommers or theeves of the see, and pursue theyr enemyes full harde, bothe by water and by londe, and ben called Saxones, of Saxum, that is, a stone, for they ben as hard as stones, and uneasy to fare with."—*Polycronycon*, 1. 26.

The page who chafed his feet.—II. p. 16.

"The foot bearer shall hold the feet of the king in his lap, from the time when he reclines * at the board till he goes to rest, and he shall chafe them with a towel; and during all that time he shall watch that no hurt happen to the king. He shall eat of the same dish from which the king takes his meat, having his back turned toward the fire. He shall light the first candle before the king at his meal."—*Laws of Hoel Dha.*

The officer proclaim'd the sovereign will.—II. p. 18.

The crier to command silence was one of the royal household; first he performed this service by his voice, then by

* *Accubuerit* is the word in Wotton's version. It is evident that the king must have lain at his meal, after the Roman fashion, or this pedifer could not have chafed his feet.

striking with the rod of his office the pillars above the king's head. A fine was due to him for every disturbance in the court.

The Chief of Bards
Then rais'd the ancient lay.—II. p. 18.

The lines which follow represent the Bardic system, as laid down in the *Triads of Bardism*.

"12. There are three Circles of Existence: the Circle of Infinity, where there is nothing but God, of living or dead, and none but God can traverse it; the Circle of Inchoation, where all things are by Nature derived from Death, .. this Circle hath been traversed by man; and the Circle of Happiness, where all things spring from Life, .. this man shall traverse in Heaven.

"13. Animated Beings have three States of Existence: that of Inchoation in the Great Deep, or Lowest point of Existence; that of Liberty in the State of Humanity; and that of Love, which is Happiness, in Heaven.

"14. All animated Beings are subject to three Necessities; Beginning in the Great Deep; Progression in the Circle of Inchoation; and Plenitude in the Circle of Happiness. Without these things nothing can possibly exist but God.

"15. Three things are necessary in the Circle of Inchoation; the least of all animation, and thence Beginning; the materials of all things, and thence Increase, which cannot take place in any other state; the formation of all things out of the dead mass, and thence Discriminate Individuality.

"16. Three things cannot but exist towards all animated Beings from the nature of Divine Justice: Co-sufferance in the

Circle of Inchoation, because without that none could attain to the perfect knowledge of any thing; Co-participation in the Divine love; and Co-ultimity from the nature of God's Power, and its attributes of Justice and Mercy.

"17. There are three necessary occasions of Inchoation: to collect the materials and properties of every nature; to collect the knowledge of every thing; and to collect power towards subduing the Adverse and the Devastative, and for the divestation of Evil. Without this traversing every mode of animated existence, no state of animation, or of any thing in nature, can attain to Plenitude."

Till Evil shall be known,
And being known as Evil, cease to be.—II. p. 18.

"By the knowledge of three things will all Evil and Death be diminished and subdued; their nature, their cause, and their operation. This knowledge will be obtained in the Circle of Happiness."—*Triads of Bardism. Tr.* 35.

Death, the Enlarger.—II. p. 18.

Angau, the Welsh word for Death, signifies Enlargement.

The eternal newness of eternal joy.—II. p. 18.

Nefoedd, the Welsh word for Heaven, signifies Renovation.

"The three Excellences of changing the mode of Existence in the Circle of Happiness: Acquisition of Knowledge; beautiful Variety; and Repose, from not being able to endure uniform Infinity and uninterrupted Eternity.

"Three things none but God can do: endure the Eternities of the Circle of Infinity; participate of every state of

Existence without changing; and reform and renovate every thing without the loss of it.

"The three Plenitudes of Happiness: Participation of every nature, with a plenitude of One predominant; conformity to every cast of genius and character, possessing superior excellence in One; the Love of all Beings and Existences, but chiefly concentred in One object, which is God: and in the predominant One of each of these will the Plenitude of Happiness consist."—*Triads of Bardism*, 40. 58. 45.

——— *he struck the harp*
To Owen's fame.—II. p. 19.

"I will extol the generous Hero, descended from the race of Roderic, the bulwark of his country, a Prince eminent for his good qualities, the glory of Britain: Owen, the brave and expert in arms, that neither hoardeth nor coveteth riches.

"Three fleets arrived, vessels of the main, three powerful fleets of the first rate, furiously to attack him on the sudden: one from Iwerddon *, the other full of well armed Lochlynians, making a grand appearance on the floods, the third from the transmarine Normans, which was attended with an immense though succesless toil.

"The dragon of Mona's sons were so brave in action, that there was a great tumult on their furious attack; and before the prince himself there was vast confusion, havoc, conflict, honourable death, bloody battle, horrible consternation, and upon Tal Mavra a thousand banners: there was an outrageous carnage, and the rage of spears and hasty signs of violent

* Ireland.

indignation. Blood raised the tide of the Menai, and the crimson of human gore stained the brine. There were glittering cuirasses, and the agony of gashing wounds, and the mangled warriors prostrate before the chief, distinguished by his crimson lance. Loegria was put into confusion; The contest and confusion was great, and the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in an hundred languages to give him his merited praise."—*Panegyric upon Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, by* GWALCHMAI *the son of Melir, in the year* 1157. EVANS's *Specimens of Welsh Poetry.*

Dinevawr.—III. p. 21.

Dinas Vawr, the Great Palace, the residence of the Princes of Deheubarth, or South-Wales. This also was erected by Rhodri Mawr.

Hoel seiz'd the throne.—III. p. 21.

I have taken some liberties here with the history. Hoel kept possession of the throne nearly two years; he then went to Ireland to claim the property of his mother Pyvog, the daughter of an Irish chieftain; in the mean time David seized the government. Hoel raised all the force he could to recover the crown, but after a severe conflict was wounded and defeated. He returned to Ireland with the remains of his army, which probably consisted chiefly of Irishmen, and there died of his wounds. *Cambrian Biography.*

——— *hast thou known the consummated crime,*
And heard Cyuetha's fate?—III. p. 26.

The history of Cynetha and his brothers is very honestly related in the *Penturchin.*

Cadwallonis erat primævus jure Cynetha ;
Proh pudor ! hunc oculis patruus privavit Octavus
Testiculisque simul, fundum dum raptat avitum :
Hunc ab irato suspensus rege Johanne,
Et Leolinus, cum primarunt lumine fratres.

This curious summary of Welsh history still remains unprinted.

As thy fair uplands lessen'd on the view.—IV. p. 34.

"Two of the names of Britain were derived from its hills. *Clas Merddin*, the high lands in the sea, and *Clas Meiddin*, the hilly lands or fields."—E. WILLIAMS's *Poems.*

Seen low lying in the haze of morn.—IV. p. 35.

What sailors call Cape Fly-away.

St. Cyric.—IV. p. 41.

The Saint to whom sailors addrest themselves. The St. Elmo of the Welsh.

It was usual for all, even females, who went from North Wales in pilgrimage to St. David's, to pass the dangerous strands and sail over the rough bays in slight coracles, without any one to guide or assist them; so firmly were they convinced that that Saint and St. Cyric, the ruler of the waves, would protect them."—E. WILLIAMS's *Poems.*

Gwenhydwy.—IV. p. 41.

"A Mermaid. The white foamy waves are called her sheep; the ninth wave her ram. The Welsh have two proverbs concerning her; Take the Mermaid's advice and save thyself; Take shelter when you see the Mermaid driving her flocks ashore."—E. WILLIAMS.

Where at their source the floods for ever thus,
Beneath the nearer influence of the Moon,
Labour'd in these mad workings.—IV. p. 42.

Everyche flood aryseth more in Oceean than in the grete see, that is for the hole togyder is myghtyer and stronger than ony partye by hymself. Or for the hole Oceean is grete and large, and receyved more workynge of the mone than ony partye by hymselfe that is smaller and lasse."—*Polycronycon*, L. 1. c. 9.

Did the Waters
Here in their outmost circle meet the Void.—IV. p. 42.

"The see of Oceean beclyppeth all the erthe abowte as a garlonde, and by tymes cometh and goth, ebbying and flowynge, and flodeth in sees and casteth them up, and wyndes blowen therein."—*Polycronycon*, L. 1. c. 9.

Or this Earth,
Was it indeed a living thing.—IV. p. 42.

"Physici autumant mundum animal esse, eumque ex variis elementorum corporibus conglobatum, moveri spiritu, regi mente. Quæ utraque diffusa per membra omnia, æternæ molis vigorem exerceant. Sicut ergo in corporibus nostris

commertia sunt spiritalia, ita in profundis Oceani nares quasdam mundi constitutas, per quas emissi anhelitus, vel reducti, modo effient maria quomodo revocent."—*Solinus*, cap. 36.

"I suppose the waters," says Pietro Martire, "to be driven about the globe of the earth by the incessant moving and impulsion of the heavens, and not to be swallowed up and cast out again by the breathing of Demogorgon, as some have imagined, because they see the seas, by increase and decrease, to flow and reflow."—*Dec.* 3. *c.* 6.

——*gentle airs that breath'd,*
Or seem'd to breathe, fresh fragrance from the shore.—IV. p. 43.

"Our first notice of the approach of land was the fragrant and aromatic smell of the continent of South America, or of the Islands in its vicinity, which we sensibly perceived as a squall came from that quarter."—M'Kinnin's *Tour through the British West Indies.*

Dogs always are sensible when land is near, before it can be seen.

Low nets of interwoven reeds.—V. p. 47.

"And forasmuch as I have made mention of their houses, it shall not be greatly from my purpose to describe in what manner they are builded: They are made round, like bells or round pavilions. Their frame is raysed of exceeding high trees, set close together, and fast rampaired in the ground, so standing aslope, and bending inward, that the toppes of the trees joyne together, and beare one against another, having also within the house certain strong and short proppes, or posts,

which susteyne the trees from falling. They cover them with the leaves of date trees and other trees strongly compact and hardened, wherewith they make them close from winde and weather. At the short posts, or proppes, within the house, they tie ropes of the cotton of gossampine trees, or other ropes made of certain long and rough roots, much like unto the shrubbe called *Spartum*, whereof in old time they used to make bands for vines, and gables and ropes for shippes. These they tie overthwart the house from post to post; on these they lay as it were certain matresses made of the cotton of gossampine trees, which grow plentifully in these Islandes. This cotton the Spanyards call *Algodon*, and the Italians *Bombasine*, and thus they sleepe in hanging beddes."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

Will ye believe
The wonders of the Ocean, how its shoals
Sprung from the wave.—V. p. 48.

I have somewhere seen an anecdote of a sailor's mother, who believed all the strange lies which he told her for his amusement, but never could be persuaded to believe there could be in existence such a thing as a flying fish. A Spanish author, who wrote before the voyage of Columbus, describes these fish as having been seen on the coast of Flanders. "Hay alli unos pescados que vuelan sobre el agua; algunos dellos atravesaban volando por encima de las galeras, e ann algunos dellos caian dentro."—*Coronica de D. Pero Nino.*

A still earlier author mentions such a sight in the Straits as a miracle. "As they sailed from Algeziras, a fish came flying through the air, and fell upon the deck of the Infantes Galley, with which they had some fresh food that day; and

because I, who write this history, have never seen nor heard of any like thing, I here recount it, because it appears to me a thing marvellous, and in my judgement out of the course of nature."—Gomes Eannes.

"At Barbadoes the negroes, after the example of the Charaibs, take the flying fish very successfully in the dark; they spread their nets before a light, and disturb the water at a small distance; the fish, rising eagerly, fly towards the light, and are intercepted by the nets."—M'Kinnen.—These flying fishes, says the writer of Sir Thomas Koe's Voyage, are like men professing two trades, and thrive at neither.

Language cannot paint
Their splendid tints.—V. p. 48.

Atkins, with some feeling, describes the Dolphin as a *glorious coloured* fish. A laboured description of its beauty would not have conveyed so lively a sense of admiration. He adds, quite as naturally, that it is of dry taste, but makes good broth. *Voyage to Guinea in his Majesty's Ships the Swallow and Weymouth.*

Herbert has given this fish a very extraordinary character, upon the authority of the ancients.

"The Dolphin is no bigger than a Salmon, it glitters in the ocean with a variety of beautiful colours; has few scales; from its swiftness and spirit metonymically sirnamed the Prince and Arrow of the Sea; celebrated by many learned Pens in sundry Epithets; *Philanthropoi*, for affecting men, and *Monogamoi*, for their turtle constancy; generated they be of sperme, nourisht like men, imbrace, join, and go 10 months great. *In faciem versi dulces celebrant hymenæos Delphines*,

similes hominis complexibus hærent: A careful Husband over his gravid associate, detesting incest, abhorring bigamy, tenderly affecting Parents, whom when 300 years old they feed and defend against hungry fishes; and when dead (to avoid the Shark and like marine Tyrants) carry them ashore, and there (if *Aristotle*, *Ælyan*, and *Pliny* erre not) inhume and bedew their Sepulchres: they were glad of our company, as it were affecting the sight and society of men, many hundred miles in an eager and unwearied pursuit, frisking about us; and as a Poet observed,

Undique dant saltus, multaque aspergine rorant,
Emurguntque iterum, redeuntque sub æquora rursus,
Inque chori ludunt speciem, lascivaque jactant
Corpore, et acceptum patulis mare naribus efflant."

HERBERT's *Travels.*

The Stranger's House.—V. p. 52.

"There is in every village of the Susquehannah Indians a vacant dwelling called the Stranger's House. When a traveller arrives within hearing of a village, he stops and halloos, for it is deemed uncivil to enter abruptly. Two old men lead him to the house, and then go round to the inhabitants, telling them a stranger is arrived fatigued and hungry. They send them all they can spare, bring tobacco after they are refreshed, and then ask questions whence they come and whither they go."—FRANKLIN.

——— *a race*
Mightier than they and wiser, and by Heaven
Below'd and favour'd more.—VI. p. 54.

"They are easily persuaded that the God that made Englishmen is a greater God than theirs, because he hath so richly endowed the English above themselves. But when they hear that about 1600 years ago England and the inhabitants thereof were like unto themselves, and since have received from God clothes, books, &c. they are greatly affected with a secret hope concerning themselves."—*A Key into the Language of America, by* ROGER WILLIAMS, 1643.

Her husband's war pole.—VI. p. 55.

"The war pole is a small peeled tree painted red, the top and boughs cut off short. It is fixed in the ground opposite the door of the dead warrior, and all his implements of war are hung on the short boughs of it till they rot."—ADAIR.

This author, who knew the manners of the North American Indians well, though he formed a most wild theory to account for them, describes the rites of mourning. "The widow, through the long term of her weeds, is compelled to refrain from all public company and diversions, at the penalty of an adultress, and likewise to go with flowing hair, without the privilege of oil to anoint it. The nearest kinsmen of the deceased husband keep a very watchful eye over her conduct in this respect. The place of interment is also calculated to wake the widow's grief, for he is entombed in the house under her bed; and if he was a war-leader, she is obliged, for the first moon, to sit in the day time under his mourning war pole, which is decked with all his martial trophies, and must be

heard to cry with bewailing notes. But none of them are fond of that months supposed religious duty, it chills, or sweats and wastes them so exceedingly, for they are allowed no shade or shelter."

Battlements that shone
Like silver in the sunshine.—VI. p. 59.

So dazzlingly white were the houses at Zempoalla, that one of the Spaniards galloped back to Cortes to tell him the walls were of silver. BERNAL DIAZ, 30.

Torquemada also says, "that the temple and palace courts at Mexico were so highly polished, that they actually shone like burnished gold or silver in the Sun."—T. I. p. 251.

I have described Aztlan like the cities which the Spaniards found in New Spain. How large and how magnificent they were may be learnt from the True History of the Conquest of Mexico, by Bernal Diaz. This delightful work has been rendered into English by Mr. Keating, and if the reader has not seen it, he may thank me for recommending it to his notice.

Gomara's description of Zempoallan will show, that cities as splendid in their appearance as Aztlan did exist among the native Americans.

"They descried Zempoallan, which stoode a myle distant from them, all beset with fayre Orchardes and Gardens, verye pleasaunte to beholde: they used alwayes to water them with sluices when they pleased. There proceeded out of the Towne many persons to behold and receyve so strange a people unto them. They came with smiling countenance, and presented unto them divers kinde of floures and suadry fruites

which none of our menne had heretofore seene. These people came without feare among the ordinance; with this pompe, triumph, and joy they were received into the Citie, which seemed a beautifull Garden; for the trees were so greene and high that scarcely the houses appeared.

"Sixe Horsemen, which hadde gone before the army to discover, returned backe as Cortez was entering into the Citie, saying, that they had seene a great house and court, and that the walles were garnished with silver. Cortez commanded them to proceed on, willing them not to shew any token of wonder of any thing that they should see. All the streetes were replenished with people, whiche stoode gaping and wondering at the horses and straungers. And passing through a great market place, they saw, on their right hand, a great walled house made of lyme and stone, with loupe holes and towers, whited with playster that shined lyke silver, being so well burnished and the sunne glistering upon it, and that was the thing that the Spaniards thought had beene walles of silver. I doe believe that with the imagination and great desire which they had of golde and silver, all that shined they deemed to be of the same metall."—*Conquest of the Weast India.*

Cortes himself says of Cholulla, that he counted above four hundred temple towers in that city; and the city of Iztapalapa, he says, contained from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants. —*Carta de Relucion*, 16, 20.

A floating islet.—Vl. p. 59.

Islets of this kind, with dwelling huts upon them, were common upon the Lake of Mexico. They were moved at

pleasure from bay to bay, as the inhabitants wanted sunshine or shelter.—CLAVIGERO.

Each held a burning censer in his hand.—VI. p. 60.

Tendilli, says the old translator of Gomara, according to their usance, did his reverence to the Captaine, burning frankincense, and little strawes touched in blood of his own bodie. And at Chiauiztlan, the Lord toke a little chafyngdishe in his hande, and cast into it a certaine gum, whyche savoured in sweete smel much like unto frankincense; and with a censer he smoked Cortez, with the ceremonye they use in theyr salutations to theyr Gods and nobilitie. So also the Tlascallan Embassadors burnt copal before Cortes, having thrice made obeicence, and they touched the ground with their hands, and kissed the earth.

The nexte day, in the morning, the Spaniards came to Chololla, and there came out near ten thousand Indians to receyve him, with their Captaynes, in good order. Many of them presented unto him bread, foules, and roses; and every Captayne, as he approached, welcomed Cortes, and then stood aside, that the rest, in order, mighte come unto him; and when he came entering into the citie, all the other citizens receyved him, marvelling to see such men and horses.

After all this came out all the religious menne, as Priests and Ministers to the idols, who were many and straunge to beholde, and all were clothed in white, lyke unto surplices, and hemmed with common threede; some brought instruments of musicke like unto Cornettes, others brought instruments made of bones; other an instrument like a ketel covered with skin; some brought chafing-dishes of coals, with

perfumes; others brought idols covered; and, finally, they al came singing in their language, which was a terrible noyse, and drew neere Cortes and his company, sensing them with sweete smelles in their sensers. With this pomp and solemnitie, which truely was great, they brought him into the cittie. —*Conquest of the Weast India.*

Gage's account of Mexico, which he pretends to have collected on the spot, is copied verbatim from this old translation, even, in some places, to the literal error of using the hard *c* instead of *z*, which the *ç* with the *cedilla* represents.

The Great Temple: 'twas a huge square hill.—VI. p. 60.

The great Cu of Mexico, for thus these mounds were called, had 114 steps to the summit; that of Tezcuco, 115; of Cholula, 120. Gold and jewels, and the different seeds of the country, and human blood were thrown in the foundations. The Spaniards found great treasures when they raised the Cu at Mexico, to make room for a Church to Santiago.—Bernal Diaz.

The lines which follow describe its structure, as related by Clavigero and by the Spanish Conquerors. The Tower of Babel is usually painted with the same kind of circuitous ascent.

The Tambour of the Gods.—VI. p. 61.

Gumilla (c. 36) describes a prodigious drum used as a signal to assemble the people in time of danger, by some of the Orinoco tribes, especially by the Caverres, to whom the invention is ascribed. It is a hollowed piece of wood, in thickness about an inch, in girth as much as two men can clasp,

in length about eleven or twelve feet. This is suspended by a withe at each end from a sort of gallows. On the upper surface are three apertures like those in a fiddle, and in the bottom of the instrument, immediately under the middle of the middle aperture, which is shaped like a half-moon, a flint about two pounds in weight is fastened with gum. This is said to be necessary to the sound. Both ends of this long tube are carefully closed, and it is beaten on the middle aperture with a pellet which is covered with a sort of gum called Currucay. Gumilla positively affirms, and on his own knowledge, that its sound may be heard four leagues round. This is scarcely possible. I doubt whether the loudest gong can be heard four miles, and it is not possible that wood can be made as sonorous as metal.

Ten Cities hear its voice.—VI. p. 61.

"There, in the great Cu, they had an exceeding large drum; and when they beat it, the sound was such, and so dismal, that it was like an instrument of hell, and was heard for more than two leagues round. They said that the cover of that drum was made of the skin of huge serpents."—Bernal Diaz.

After Cortes had been defeated, he always heard this drum when they were offering up the reeking hearts of his men. The account in Bernal Diaz, of their midnight sacrifice, performed by torch-light, and in the sight of the Spanish army, is truly terrific.

Four Towers
Were pil'd with human skulls.—VI. p. 61.

These skull-built temples are delineated in Picart's great work; I suppose he copied them from De Bry. They are described by all the historians of Mexico. Human heads have often been thus employed. Tavernier and Hanway had seen pyramids of them in Persia erected as trophies. The *Casa dos Ossos* at Evora, gave me an idea of what these Mexican temples must have been. It is built of skulls and thigh-bones in alternate layers, and two whole bodies, dried and shrivelled, are hung up against the walls, like armour in an old baron's hall.

He lights me at my evening banquet.—VI. p. 64.

The king of Chalco having treacherously taken and slain two sons of the King of Tetzcuco, had their bodies dried, and placed as Candelabras in his palace, to hold the lights.—TORQUEMADA, i. 151.

This same king wore round his neck a chain of human hearts set in gold—the hearts of the bravest men whom he had slain, or taken and sacrificed.—*Ditto*, 152.

The more usual custom was to stuff the skin of the royal, or noble prisoner, and suspend it as a trophy in the palace, or the house of the Priest. Gomara's account of this custom is a dreadful picture of the most barbarous superstition which ever yet disgraced mankind. "On the last day of the first month, a hundred slaves were sacrificed: this done, they pluckt off the skinnes of a certaine number of them, the which skinnes so many ancient persons put, incontinent, upon their naked bodies, al fresh and bloudy as they were

fleane from the dead carcases. And being open in the backe parte and shoulders, they used to lace them, in such sort that they came fitte upona the bodies of those that ware them; and being in this order attired, they came to daunce among many others. In Mexico the King himself did put on one of these skianes, being of a principall captive, and daunced among the other disguised persons, to exalte and honour the feast; and an infinite number followed him, to behold his terrible gesture; although some hold opinion, that they followed him to contemplate his greate devotion. After the sacrifice ended, the owner of the slaves did carry their bodies home to their houses, to make of their fleshe a solemne feaste to all their friendes, leaving their heads and hartes to the Priestes, as their dutie and offering: and the skinnes were filled with cotton, wool, or strawe, to be hung in the temple and king's palayce for a memorie."—*Conquest of the West India.*

After the Inga Yupangui had successfully defended Cuzco against the Chancas, he had all of them who were slain skinned, and their skins stuffed and placed in various attitudes, some beating tambours, others blowing flutes, &c. in a large building which he erected as a monument for those who had fallen in defending the city.—HERRERA, 5. 3. 12.

Oh, what a pomp,
And pride, and pageantry of war.—VII. p. 69.

Gomara thus describes the Tlascallan army: "They were trimme felowes, and well armed, according to their use, although they were paynted so, that their faces shewed like divels, with great tuffes of feathers, and triumphed gallantry.

They had also slinges, staves, speares, swordes, bowes, and arrowes, skulles, splintes, gantlettes all of wood, gilte, or else covered with feathers, or leather; their corselets were made of cotton woole, their targettes and bucklers, gallant and strong, made of woode covered with leather, and trimmed with laton and feathers; theyr swordes were staves, with an edge of flint stone cunningly joyned into the staffe, which would cutte very well, and make a sore woande. Their instruments of warre were hunters' hornes, and drummes, called attabals, made like a caldron, and covered with vellum."—*Conquest of the Weast India.*

In the inventory of the treasure which Grijalva brought from his expedition are, a whole harness of furniture for an armed man, of gold thin beaten; another whole armour of wood, with leaves of gold, garnished with little black stones; four pieces of armour of wood, made for the knees, and covered with golden leaf. And among the presents designed for the King, were five targets of feathers and silver, and 24 of feathers and gold, set with pearls, both curious and gallant to behold.

They pil'd a heap of sedge before our host.—VII. p. 70.

When the Spaniards discovered Campeche, the Indians heaped up a pile of dry sedge, and ranged themselves in troops. Ten Priests then came from a temple with censers and copal, wherewith they incensed the strangers; and then told them by signs, to depart, before that pile, which they were about to kindle should be burnt out. The pile was immediately lighted; the Priests withdrew without another word or motion, and the people began to whistle and sound

their shells. The Spaniards were weak, and many of them wounded, and they prudently retired in peace.—Bernal Diaz, 3.

At the sacring of the Popes, when the new-elected Pope passeth (as the manner is) before St. Gregory's chapel, the Master of the Ceremonies goeth before him, bearing two dry reeds, at the end of the one a burning wax-candle tied, and at the end of the other a handfull of flax, the which he setteth on fire, saying with a loud voice, *Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi.*—*Camerarius.*

The Arrow of the Omen.—VII. p. 70.

The Tlaxcaltecas had two arrows, which they regarded with great reverence, and used to augur the event of a battle. Two of their bravest Chiefs were to shoot them at the enemy, and recover them or die. If the arrow struck and wounded, it was held an omen that the fight would be prosperous; but if they neither struck, nor drew blood, the army retired.—*Torquemada*, i. 34.

This is more particularly noticed by Gomara. "In the warres the Tlascallans use their standerde to be carried behynde the army; but when the battyle is to be fought, they place the standerde where all the hoste may see it; and he that commeth not incontinent to hys ancient, payeth a penaltie. Their standerde hath two crosse-bow arrowes set thereon, whiche they esteeme as the relikes of their ancestors. Thys standerde two olde soldiers, and valiant menne, being of the chiefest Captaynes, have the charge to carrie; in the which standerde, an abusion of southsaying, eyther of losse or victory, is noted. In this order they shote one of these arrowes

against the first enemies that they meete; and if with that arrowe they do eyther kill or hurte, it is a token that they shall have the victorie; and if it neyther kill nor hurte, then they assuredly believe that they shall lose the field."—*Conquest of the West India.*

The bowmen of Deheubarth...

Gwyneth's spears.—VII. p. 71.

"Sunt autem his in partibus (Ardudwy) lanceæ longissimæ: sicut enim arcu prevalet Sudwallia, sic lanceis prævalet Venedotia, adeo ut ictum hic lancea cominus datum ferrea loricæ tricatura minime sustineat."—*Giraldus Cambrensis.*

Thus also Trevisa, in his lame rhymes:

The south hete Demecia,
And the other Venedotia;
The first shoteth and arrowes beres,
That other dealeth all with spere.

Polycronicon.

The white deer-skin shroud.—VIII. p. 78.

"The Indians use the same ceremonies to the bones of their dead, as if they were covered with their former skin, flesh, and ligaments. It is but a few days since I saw some return with the bones of nine of their people, who had been two months before killed by the enemy. They were tied in white deer-skins separately, and when carried by the door of one of the houses of their family, they were laid down opposite to it, till the female relations convened, with flowing hair, and wept over them about half an hour. Then they carried

them home to their friendly magazines of mortality, weeps over them again, and then buried them with the usual solemnities. The Chieftains carried twelve short sticks, tied together in the form of a quadrangle, so that each square consisted of three. The sticks were only peeled, without any painting; but there were swan feathers tied to each corner. They called that frame the White Circle, and placed it over the door while the women were weeping over the bones."—ADAIR.

On softest fur the bones were laid.—VIII. p. 79.

When the body is in the grave, they take care to cover it in such a manner, that the earth does not touch it. It lies as in a little cave, lined with skins, much neater, and better adorned, than their cabins.—CHARLEVOIX.

Adair was present at one of their funerals. "They laid the corpse in his tomb in a sitting posture, with his feet towards the east, his head anointed with bear's oil, and his face painted red; but not streaked with black, because that is a constant emblem of war and death. He was drest in his finest apparel, having his gun and pouch, and trusty hickory bow, with a young panther's skin full of arrows, along side of him, and every other useful thing he had been possessed of, that when he rises again they may serve him in that track of land which pleased him best before he went to take his long sleep. His tomb was firm and clean inside; they covered it with thick logs so as to bear several tiers of cypress bark, and such a quantity of clay, as would confine the putrid smell, and be on a level with the rest of the floor. They often sleep over these tombs; which, with the loud wailing of the women

at the dusk of the evening, and dawn of the day, on benches close by the tombs, must awake the memory of their relations very often; and if they were killed by an enemy, it helps to irritate, and set on such revengeful tempers to retaliate blood for blood."

'Twas in her hut and home, yea, underneath
The marriage bed, the bed of widowhood,
Her husband's grave was dug.—VIII. p. 79.

The Mosqueto Indians, when they die, are buried in their houses, and the very spot they lay over when alive, and have their hatchet, harpoon lances, with mushelaw, and other necessaries, buried with them; but if the defunct leaves behind him a gun, some friend preserves that from the earth, that would soon damnify the powder, and so render it unserviceable in that strange journey. His boat, or *dorea*, they cut in pieces, and lay over his grave, with all the rest of his household goods if he hath any more. If the deceased leave behind him no children, brothers, or parents, the cousins, or other his relations, cut up, or destroy his plantations, least any living should, as they esteem it, rob the dead."—*The Mosqueto Indian and his Golden River*, by M. W. Linton, and Osborn's *Collection*.

Pabas.—VIII. p. 79.

Papa is the word which Bernal Diaz uses when he speaks of the Mexican Priests; and in this he is followed by Purchas. The appellation in Torquemada is Quaquil. I am not certain that Bernal Diaz did not mean to call them *Popes*, and that Purchas has not mistaken his meaning. An easy

alteration made it more suitable for English verse, than the more accurate word would have been.

I perceive by Herrera (3. 2. 15.) that the word is Mexican, and that the Devil was the author of it, in imitation of the Church.

Ipalnemoani, by whom we live.—VIII. p 81.

The Mexicans had some idea, though a very imperfect one, of a supreme, absolute, and independent being. They represented him in no external form, because they believed him to be invisible; and they named him only by the common appellation of God, or in their language *Teotl;* a word resembling still more in its meaning than in its pronunciation, the Θεος of the Greeks. But they applied to him certain epithets, which were highly expressive of the grandeur and power which they conceived him to possess; *Ipalnemoani,* "He by whom we live:" and *Tloque Nahuaque,* "He who has all in himself."—CLAVIGERO.

Torquemada has a very characteristic remark upon these appellations: "Although," says he, "these blinded men went astray in the knowledge of God, and adored the Devil in his stead, they did not err in the names which they gave him, those being truly and properly his own; the Devil using this cunning with them, that they should apply to him these, which, by nature and divine right, are God's; his most holy Majesty permitting this on account of the enormity and shamefulness of their depraved customs, and the multitude of their iniquities."—L. vi. c. 8.

The Great Spirit, who in mountain caves,
And by the fall of waters
Doth make his being felt.—VIII. p. 81.

"About thirty miles below the falls of St. Anthony, is a remarkable cave, of an amazing depth. The Indians term it Wakon-teebe; that is, the dwelling of the Great Spirit. The entrance into it is about ten feet wide; the arch within is near fifteen feet high, and about thirty feet broad. The bottom of it consists of fine clean sand. About twenty feet from the entrance begins a lake, the water of which is transparent, and extends to an unsearchable distance; for the darkness of the cave prevents all attempts to acquire a knowledge of it. I threw a small pebble towards the interior parts of it with my utmost strength; I could hear that it fell into the water, and notwithstanding it was of so small a size, it caused an astonishing and horrible noise, that reverberated through all those gloomy regions. I found in this cave many Indian hieroglyphics, which appeared very ancient, for time had nearly covered them with moss. They were cut in a rude manner upon the inside of the walls, which were composed of a stone so extremely soft, that it might easily be penetrated with a knife: A stone everywhere to be found near the Mississipi. The cave is only accessible by ascending a narrow steep passage that lies near the brink of the river."—CARVER.

"The Prince had no sooner gained the point that overlooks this wonderful cascade, (the falls of St. Anthony) than he began with an audible voice to address the Great Spirit, one of whose places of residence he supposed this to be. He told him he had come a long way to pay his adorations to him, and now would make him the best offerings in his power. He accor-

dingly first threw his pipe into the stream; then the roll that contained his tobacco; after these, the bracelets he wore on his arms and wrists; next, an ornament that encircled his neck, composed of beads and wires; and at last the ear-rings from his ears; in short, he presented to his God every part of his dress that was valuable; during this he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared to be much agitated.

"All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear untroubled waters; nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together with my pipe in honour of the Great Spirit."—CARVER.

The Spirit of the Lord

That day was moving in the heart of man.—VIII. p. 84.

There is a passage in Bede which will illustrate the different feelings whereby barbarians are induced to accept a new religion.

"Edwin of Northumbria had summoned his chiefs and counsellors to advise with him concerning his intended conversion. The first person who delivered his opinion was Coifi, the Chief Priest of the Idols. 'For this which is preached to us,' said he, 'do you, O King, see to it, what it may be. I will freely confess to you what I have learnt, that the religion which we have held till now has no virtue in it. No one of your subjects has devoted himself to the worship of our Gods more earnestly than I, and yet many there are who have

received greater bounties and greater favours from your hand, and have prospered better in all their undertakings and desires. Now, if our Gods could have done any thing, they would rather have assisted me than them.' To this another of the nobles added, 'The present life of man upon earth, when compared with the future, has appeared to me, O King, like as when you and your Chiefs and servants have been seated at your supper, in winter time, the hearth blazing in the centre, and the viands smoking, while without it is storm, or rain, or snow, and a sparrow flies through the hall, entering at one door and passing out at another; while he is within, in that little minute he does not feel the weather, but after that instant of calm, he returns again to winter as from winter he came, and is gone. Such and so transitory is the life of man, and of what follows it or what preceded it we are altogether ignorant. Wherefore, if this new doctrine should bring any thing more certain, it well deserves to be followed." —*Lib.* 2. *c.* 13.

John Wesley has preserved a very interesting dialogue between himself and the Chicasaws.

"*Q.* Do you believe there is One above who is over all things? Paustoobee answered, We believe there are four Beloved Things above, the Clouds, the Sun, the Clear Sky, and He that lives in the Clear Sky.

"*Q.* Do you believe there is but one that lives in the Clear Sky?

"*A.* We believe there are Two with him; Three in all.

"*Q.* Do you think He made the Sun and the other Beloved Things?

"*A.* We cannot tell. Who hath seen?

"*Q.* Do you think He made you?

"*A.* We think He made all men at first.

"*Q.* How did He make them at first?

"*A.* Out of the ground.

"*Q.* Do you believe He loves you?

"*A.* I do not know. I cannot see him.

"*Q.* But has He not often saved your life?

"*A.* He has. Many bullets have gone on this side, and many on that side, but he would never let them hurt me. And many bullets have gone into these young men, and yet they are alive.

"*Q.* Then cannot He save you from your enemies now?

"*A.* Yes, but we know not if he will. We have now so many enemies round about us, that I think of nothing but death; and if I am to die, I shall die, and I will die like a man. But if He will have me to live, I shall live. Though I had ever so many enemies, He can destroy them all.

"*Q.* How do you know that?

"*A.* From what I have seen. When our enemies came against us before, then the Beloved Clouds came for us; and often much rain and sometimes hail has come upon them, and that in a very hot day. And I saw when many French and Choctaws and other nations came against one of our towns, and the ground made a noise under them, and the Beloved Ones in the air behind them, and they were afraid, and went away, and left their meat and their drink, and their guns. I tell no lie, all these saw it too.

"*Q.* Have you heard such noises at other times?

"*A.* Yes, often; before and after almost every battle.

"*Q.* What sort of noises were they?

"*A.* Like the noise of drums and guns and shouting.

"*Q* Have you heard any such lately?

"*A.* Yes; four days after our last battle with the French.

"*Q.* Then you heard nothing before it?

"*A.* The night before I dreamed I heard many drums up there, and many trumpets there, and much stamping of feet and shouting. Till then I thought we should all die; but then I thought the Beloved Ones were come to help us. And the next day I heard above a hundred guns go off before the fight began, and I said, when the Sun is there the Beloved Ones will help us, and we shall conquer our enemies; and we did so.

"*Q.* Do you often think and talk of the Beloved Ones?

"*A.* We think of them always wherever we are. We talk of them and to them, at home and abroad, in peace and in war, before and after we fight, and indeed whenever and wherever we meet together.

"*Q.* Where do you think your souls go after death?

"*A.* We believe the souls of red men walk up and down near the place where they died, or where their bodies lie, for we have often heard cries and noises near the place where any prisoners had been burnt.

"*Q.* Where do the souls of white men go after death?

"*A.* We cannot tell; we have not seen.

"*Q.* Our belief is that the souls of bad men only walk up and down: but the souls of good men go up.

"*A.* I believe so too; but I told you the talk of the nation.

"*Mr. Andrews.* They said at the burying they knew what

you was doing. You was speaking to the Beloved Ones above to take up the soul of the young woman.

"*Q.* We have a book that tells us many things of the Beloved Ones above; would you be glad to know them?

"*A.* We have no time now but to fight. If we should ever be at peace, we should be glad to know.

"*Q.* Do you expect ever to know what the white men know?

"*Mr. Andrews.* They told Mr. O. they believe the time will come when the red and white men will be one.

"*Q.* What do the French teach you?

"*A.* The French Black Kings (the Priests) never go out. We see you go about: we like that; that is good.

"*Q.* How came your nation by the knowle.'ge they have?

"*A.* As soon as ever the ground was sound and fit to stand upon, it came to us, and has been with us ever since. But we are young men, our old men know more; but all of them do not know. There are but a few whom the Beloved One chuses from a child, and is in them, and takes care of them and teaches them. They know these things, and our old men practice, therefore they know: but I do not practice, therefore I know little."—WESLEY's *Journal*, No. I. 39.

Dolwyddelan.—X. p 93.

"Dolwyddelan is situated in a rocky valley which is sprinkled with stunted trees, and watered by the Lleder. The boundaries are rude and barren mountains, and among others, the great bending mountain Seabod, often conspicuous from most distant places. The castle is placed on a high rock, precipitous on one side, and insulated: it consists of two square

towers, one 40 feet by 25, the other 32 by 20; each had formerly three floors. The materials of this fortress are the shattery stone of the country; yet well squared, the masonry good, and the mortar hard; the castle yard lay between the towers."—PENNANT's *Snowdon*.

The rudeness and barrenness of the surrounding mountains I can well testify, having been bewildered and benighted upon them.

"In the beginning of Edward the fourth his reign Dolwyddelan was inhabited by Howell ap Evan ap Rheys Gethin, a base son, captain of the country, and an outlaw. Against this man David ap Jenkin rose and contended with him for the sovereignty of the country, and being superior to him in the end, he drew a draught for him, and took him in his bed at Penanonen with his concubine, performing by craft what he could not by force; for after many bickerings between Howell and David David being too weak was fayne to fly the country and to goe to Ireland, where he was a yeare or thereabouts; in the end he returned, in a summer time, having himself and all his followers clad in green; which being come into the country he dispersed here and there among his friends, lurking by day and walking by night, for fear of his adversaries; and such of the country as happened to have a sight of him and of his followers, said they were fayries, and so ran away."—GWYDIR *History*.

Nor turn'd he now
Beside Kregennan, where his infant feet
Had trod Ednowain's hall.—X. p 94.

At some distance beyond the two pools called Llynian Cra-

genan, in the neighbourhood of Cader Idris near the river Kregennan, I saw the remains of Llys Bradwen, the Court or Palace of Ednowain, chief of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, either in the reign of Gruffydd ap Cynan, or soon after. The relics are about thirty yards square: the entrance about seven feet wide, with a large upright stone on each side, by way of door-case; the walls with large stones, uncemented by any mortar: in short, the structure of this palace shows the very low state of architecture in those times; it may be parallelled only by the artless fabric of a cattle house."—PENNANT'S *Snowdon*.

The Hirlas.—X. p. 95.

Mr Owen, to whose indefatigable industry Cymbric literature is so much indebted, has favoured me with a literal version of this remarkable poem.

When the dawn uprose a shout was given;
Foes were sending a luckless destiny.
Mangled with ruddy wounds our men, after heavy toil,
were seen scattered about the wall of the Vale of Maelor.
I chased away the strangers inured to contention,
dauntless in the conflict, with red stained weapons.
Who insults the brave let him beware his presence!
the result of molesting him is a source of affliction.

Pour out thou Cup-bearer, thus yielding pleasure,
the Horn in the hand of Rhys, in the hall of the director of bounty,
the hall of Owen, that has ever been maintained on spoil,

the feasting of a thousand thou mayest hear; open are the gates.
Cup-bearer! I am sad and silent: Has he not left me?
Reach thou the horn for mutual drinking;
Full of sorrow am I for the leader of the hue of the ninth wave*;
long and blue its characteristic, gold its cover:
so bring it forth with *Bragod*, a liquor of exalted pledge,
into the hand of the froward Gwgan, to requite his deed.
The whelps of Goronwy are mighty in the path of wrath,
aptly-springing whelps, confident their feet,
men who claim a reward in every difficulty;
men in the shout greatly valued, of mighty deliverance.
The shepherd of Havren (*Severn*) it elates the soul to hear them
sounding the Horns of mead that greatly rouse desire.

Pour out thou the Horn covered with a yellow top,
honourably drunk with over frothing mead;
and if thou seekest life to one year's close,
diminish not its respect, since it is not meet;
And bear to Grufydd, the crimson-lanced foe,
wine with pellucid glass around it;
the dragon of Arwstli, safeguard of the borders,
the dragon of Owen, the generous, of the race of Cynvyn,
a dragon from his beginning and never scared by a conflict
of triumphant slaughter, or afflicting chase.
Men of combat departed for the acquirement of fame,
armed sons of the banquet with gleaming weapons;

* The ninth wave is an expression much used by the Welsh Poets. It occurs in the Hoienau of Myrddin. "I will prophecy before the ninth wave."—*Arch.* p. 135. So in the eulogy on Eva. "Eva, of the hue of the spraying foam before the ninth wave." *Arch.* p. 217.

they requited well their mead, like Belyn's men of yore;
fairly did they toil while a single man was left.

Pour out thou the Horn, for it is my purpose
that its potent sway may incite a sprightly conversation,
in the right hand of our leader of devastation,
gleaming beneath the broad light shield;
in the hand of Ednyved, the lion of his land irreproachable;
all-dexterous in the push of spears, shivered away his shield.
The tumult hurries on the two fearless of nature;
they would break as a whirlwind over a fair retreat,
with opposing fronts in the combat of battle,
where the face of the gold-bespangled shield they would quickly
break.
Thoroughly stained their shafts after head-cleaving blows,
Thoroughly active in defending the glory bounded Garthran;
and there was heard in Maelor a great and sudden outcry,
with horrid scream of men in agony of wounds,
and thronging round the carnage they interwove their paths.
as it was in Bangor round the fire of spears,
when two sovereigns over horns made discord,
when there was the banquet of Morac Morvran.

Pour thou out the Horn, for I am contemplating
where they defend both their mead and their country.
Selyc the undaunted, of the station of Gwygyr,
look to it, who insults him of eagle heart!
and Madoc's only son, the generous Tudyr of high renown,
and the claim of the wolf, a slayer with gleaming shafts.
Two heroic ones, two lions in their onset.

two of cruel energy, the two sons of Ynyr;
two unrestrained in the day of battle their onward course,
of irresistible progress and of matchless feat.
The stroke of the fierce lions fiercely cut though warriors
of battle leading forms, red their ashen thrusters
of violence, bending in pursuit with ruthless glory.
The shivering of their two shields may be likened
to the loud voiced wind, over the green-sea brink
checking the incessant waves; so seemed the scene of Talarth.

Pour out thou Cup-bearer, seek not death,
the Horn with honour in festivals,
the long blue bugle of high privilege, with ancient silver
that covers it, with opposite lips,
and bear to Tudyr, eagle of conflicts,
a prime beverage of the blushing wine.
If there come not in of mead the best of all
the liquor from the bowl, thy head is forfeit,
to the hand of Moreiddig the encourager of songs;
may they become old in fame before their cold depositure!
Brothers blameless! of highly soaring minds,
of dauntless vigour earning your deserts,
warriors who for me have atchieved services,
not old with unsightliness, but old in dexterity,
toilers, impellers, leaders that are wolves
of the cruel foremost rank, with gory limbs.
Brave captains of the men of Mocnant, a Powysian land,
both possess the prowess of the brave;
the deliverers in every need, ruddy are their weapons,
securely they would keep their bounds from tumult,

praise is their meed, they who are so blest.—
Cry of death was it? be the two to me then changed!
Oh my Christ! how sad am I from these wounds!
By the loss of Moreiddig greatly is his absence felt.

Pour thou out the Horn, for they do not sigh for me!
the Hirlas, cheeringly in the hand of Morgant,
a man who deserves the homage of peculiar praise.
Like poison to the happy is the track of his spear,
a matter accursed is the abiding his blade,
smooth its two sides, keen its edges.
Pour out thou Cup-bearer, from a silver vessel
the solemn festive boon with due respect.
On the plain of great Gwestun I saw the raw throbbing.
To baffle Goronwy were a task for a hundred men;
the warriors a mutual purpose did accomplish there,
supporters of the battle, heedless of life.
The exalted chief did meet the dispersed ones of slaughter,
a governor was slain, burnt was a fort on the flood mark of the sea;
a magnanimous prisoner they fetched away,
Mairyc son of Grufydd, the theme of prophetic song:
Were they not all bathed in sweat when they returned,
for full of sunshine were the extended hill and dale?

Pour thou out the Horn to the mutually toiling ones,
the whelps of Owen with connected spears in united leap;
they would pour abroad in a noted spot
a store where the glittering irons go rebounding;
Madoc and Meiler, men nurtured in depredation,

for iniquity the stemming opponents,
the instructors for tumult of a shield-bearing host,
and froward conductors of subjects trained for conflicts.
It is heard how from the feast of mead went the Chief of Catraeth;
upright their purpose with keen-edged weapons;
the train of Mynyddoc, for their being consigned to sleep
obtained their recording, leaders of a wretched fray!
None achieved what my warriors did in the hard toil of Maelor,—
the release of a prisoner belongs to the harmonious eulogy.

Pour out thou Cupbearer sweet mead distilled
of spear-impelling spirit in the sweating toil,
from bugle horns proudly overlaid with gold
to requite the pledge of their lives.
Of the various distresses that chieftains endure
no one knows but God and he who speaks.
A man who will not pay, will not pledge, will abide no law,
Daniel the auxiliary chief, so fair of loyalty.
Cup-bearer, great the deed that claims to be honoured,
of men refraining not from death if they find not hospitality.
Cup-bearer, a choicest treat of mead must be served us together,
an ardent fire bright, a light of ardently bright tapers.
Cup-bearer, thou mightest have seen a house of wrath in Lledwn land,
a sullenly subjected prey that shall be highly praised.
Cup-bearer, I cannot be continued here: nor avoid a separation;
Be it in Paradise that we be received;

with the Supreme of Kings long be our abode,
where there is to be seen the secure course of truth.

The passage in the poem would have stood very differently had I seen this literal version before it was printed. I had written from the faithless paraphrase of Evans, in which every thing characteristic or beautiful is lost.

Few persons who read this song can possibly doubt its authenticity. Those who chose to consider the Welsh poems as spurious had never examined them. Their groundless and impudent incredulity, however, has been of service to literature, as it occasioned Mr. Turner to write his Vindication, which settled the question for ever.

Saint Monacel.—X. p. 100.

"In Pennant-Melangle church was the tomb of St. Monacella, who protecting a hare from the pursuit of Brocwell Yscythbrog, Prince of Powis, he gave her land to found a religious house, of which she became first Abbess. Her hard bed is shewn in the cleft of a neighbouring rock, her tomb was in a little chapel, now the vestry, and her Image is still to be seen in the church-yard, where is also that of Edward, eldest son of Owen Gwynedh, who was set aside from the succession on account of a broken nose, and flying here for safety, was slain not far off, at a place called *Bwlch Croes Iorwerth*. On his shield is inscribed, *Hic jacet Edward.*"—GOUGH's *Camden*.

I had procured drawings of these monuments, designing to have had them engraved in this place; but on examination it appears that Mr. Gough has certainly been mistaken concern-

ing one, if not concerning both. What he supposed to be the Image of St Monacel is evidently only the monumental stone of some female of distinction, the figure being recumbent, with the hands joined, and the feet resting upon some animal.

The place of meeting was a high hill top.—XI. p. 102.

The Bardic meetings, or *Gorseddau*, were held in the open air, on a conspicuous place, while the sun was above the horizon; for they were to perform every thing *in the eye of light, and in the face of the sun*. The place was set apart by forming a Circle of Stones, with a large stone in the middle, beside which the presiding Bard stood. This was termed *Cylch Cyngruir*, or the Circle of Federation, and the middle stone *Maen Llog*, the Stone of Covenant.

Mr. Owen's very curious introduction to his translation of Llywarc Hen has supplied me with materials for the account of the *Gorsedd*, introduced in the poem. That it might be as accurate as possible, he himself and Edward Williams the Bard did me the favour of examining it. To their knowledge, and to that of Mr. Turner, the Historian of the Anglo-Saxons, and to the liberality and friendliness with which they have ever been willing to assist me therewith, I am greatly and variously indebted.

The Bard at these meetings wore the distinguishing dress of his order; a robe of sky blue, as an emblem of truth, being unicoloured, and also as a type, that, amid the storms of the moral world he must assume the serenity of the unclouded sky. The dress of the *Ovydd*, the third order, or first into which the candidate could be admitted, was green. The *Awenyddion*, the Disciples, wore a variegated dress of blue,

green, and white, the three Bardic colours, white being the dress of the Druids, who were the second order. The Bards stood within the Circle, bareheaded and barefooted, and the ceremony opened by sheathing a sword and laying it on the Stone of Covenant. The Bardic traditions were then recited.

Himself, albeit his hands were stain'd with blood,
Initiate; for the Order in the lapse
Of years, and in their nation's long decline,
From the first rigour of their purity
Something had fallen —XI. p. 102.

"By the principles of the Order a Bard was never to bear arms, nor in any other manner to become a party in any dispute, either political or religious; nor was a naked weapon ever to be held in his presence, for under the title of *Bardd Ynys Prydain*, Bard of the Isle of Britain, he was recognized as the sacred Herald of Peace. He could pass unmolested from one country to another, where his character was known; and whenever he appeared in his unicoloured robe, attention was given to him on all occasions; if it was even between armies in the heat of action, both parties would instantly desist." OWEN'S *Llywarc Hen.*

Six of the elder Bards are enumerated in the Triads as having borne arms in violation of their Order; but in these latter days the perversion was become more frequent. Meiler, the Bard of Grufydd ab Cynan, distinguished himself in war; Cynddelw, *Brydydd Mawr*, the Great Bard, was eminent for his valour; and Gwalchmai boasts in one of his poems that he had defended the Marches against the Saxons. WARRINGTON.

The Bard's most honourable name.—XI. p. 105.

No people seem to have understood the poetical character so well as the Welsh: witness their Triads.

"The three primary requisites of poetical Genius; an eye that can see Nature, a heart that can feel Nature, and a resolution that dares follow Nature.

"The three foundations of Genius; the gift of God, man's exertion, and the events of life.

"The three indispensables of Genius; understanding, feeling, and perseverance.

"The three things which constitute a poet; genius, knowledge and impulse.

"The three things that enrich Genius; contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory."—E. WILLIAMS's *Poems*. OWEN's *Llywarc Hen*.

Cimbric lore.—XI. p. 105.

"The Welsh have always called themselves *Cymry*, of which the strictly literal meaning is Aborigines. There can be no doubt that it is the same word as the Cimbri of the ancients; they call their language *Cymraeg*, the Primitive Tongue."—E. WILLIAMS's *Poems*.

Where are the sons of Gavran, where his tribe
The faithful?—XI p. 106.

"Gavran, the son of Aeddan Vradog ab Dyvnwal Hen, a chieftain of distinguished celebrity in the latter part of the fifth century. Gavran, Cadwallon, and Gwenddolau were the heads of the three faithful tribes of Britain. The family of Gavran obtained that title by accompanying him to sea to

discover some Islands, which by a traditionary memorial, were known by the name of *Gwerddonau Llion*, or the Green Islands of the Ocean. This expedition was not heard of afterwards, and the situation of those Islands became lost to the Britons. This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys with the twelve Bards, and the expedition of Madoc, were called the three losses by disappearance."—*Cambrian Biography.*

Of these Islands, or Green Spots of the Floods, there are some singular superstitions. They are the abode of the *Tylwyth Teg*, or the Fair Family, the souls of the virtuous Druids, who, not having been Christians, cannot enter the Christian heaven, but enjoy this heaven of their own. They however discover a love of mischief, neither becoming happy Spirits, nor consistent with their original character; for they love to visit the earth, and, seizing a man, enquire whether he will travel above wind, mid wind, or below wind; above wind is a giddy and terrible passage, below wind is through bush and brake, the middle is a safe course. But the spell of security is, to catch hold of the grass, for these Beings have not power to destroy a blade of grass. In their better moods they come over and carry the Welsh in their boats. He who visits these Islands imagines on his return that he has been absent only a few hours, when, in truth, whole centuries have passed away.

If you take a turf from St. David's church yard, and stand upon it on the sea shore, you behold these Islands. A man once, who had thus obtained sight of them, immediately put to sea to find them; but they disappeared, and his search was in vain. He returned, looked at them again from the enchanted turf, again set sail, and failed again. The third time

he took the turf into his vessel, and stood upon it till he reached them.

"The inhabitants of Arran More, the largest of the south isles of Arran, on the coast of Galway, are persuaded that in a clear day they can see *Hy Brasail*, the Enchanted Island, from the coast, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish."—*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis.* BEAUFORD'S *ancient Topography of Ireland.*

General Vallancey relates a different history of this superstition. "The old Irish," he says, "say, that great part of Ireland was swallowed up by the sea, and that the sunken part often rises, and is frequently to be seen on the horizon from the Northern coast. On the North-west of the Island they call this enchanted country *Tir Hudi*, or the City of Hud, believing that the City stands there which once possessed all the riches of the world, and that its key lies buried under some druidical monument. When Mr. Burton, in 1765, went in search of the Ogham monument, called Conane's Tomb, on Callan mountain, the people could not be convinced that the search was made after an inscription, but insisted that he was seeking after an Enchanted Key that lay buried with the Hero, and which, when found, would restore the Enchanted City to its former splendour, and convert the moory heights of Callan mountain into rich and fruitful plains. They expect great riches whenever this city is discovered."

This Enchanted country is called *O Breasil*, or *O Brasil*, which according to General Vallancey's interpretation, signifies the Royal Island. He says it is evidently the lost city of Arabian story, visited by their fabulous prophet Houd, . . the City and Paradise of Irem! He compares this tradition with

the remarks of Whitehurst on the Giant's Causeway, and suspects that it refers to the lost Atlantis, which Whitehurst thinks perhaps existed there.

Is that very extraordinary phenomenon, known in Sicily by the name of Morgaine le Fay's works, ever witnessed on the coast of Ireland? If so, the superstition is explained by an actual apparition.—I had not when this note was written seen Mr. Latham's account of a similar phenomenon at Hastings, (Phil. Trans. 1798) which compleatly establishes what I had here conjectured. Mr. Nicholson, in his remarks on it, says the same thing has been seen from Broadstairs, and that these appearances are much more frequent and general than has usually been supposed.

In his crystal Ark
Whither sail'd Merlin with his band of Bards,
Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore?—XI. p. 106.

The name of Merlin has been so canonized by Ariosto and our diviner Spenser, that it would have been a heresy in poetry to have altered it to its genuine orthography.

Merddin was the Bard of Emrys Wledig, the Ambrosius of Saxon history, by whose command he erected Stonehenge, in memory of the Plot of the Long Knives, when, by the treachery of Gwrtheyrn, or Vortigern, and the Saxons, three hundred British chiefs were massacred. He built it on the site of a former Circle. The structure itself affords proof that it cannot have been raised much earlier, inasmuch as it deviates from the original principle of Bardic Circles, where no appearance of art was to be admitted. Those of Avebury, Stanton Drew, Keswick, &c. exemplify this It is called by

the Welsh *Gwaith Emrys*, the Work of Ambrosius. Drayton's reproach, therefore, is ill founded,

Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story,
Thou hast forget their names, who reared thee for their glory.

The Welsh traditions say that Merddin made a House of Glass, in which he went to sea, accompanied by the Nine Cylveirdd Bards, and was never heard of more. This was one of the Three Disappearances from the Isle of Britain. Merddin is also one of the Three principal Christian Bards of Britain; Merddin Wyllt and Taliesin are the other two.—*Cambrian Biography.*

A diving House of Glass is also introduced in the Spanish Romance of Alexander, written about the middle of the 13th century, by Joan Lorenzo Segura de Astorga.

Unas facianas suelen les gentes retraer,
Non yaz en escrito, è es grave de creer;
Si es verdat o non, yo non he y que veer,
Pero no lo quiero en olvido poner.

Dicen que por saber que facen los pescados,
Como viven los chicos entre los mas granados,
Fizo cuba de vidrio con puntes bien cerrados,
Metios en elia dentro con dos de sus criados.

Estos furon catados de todos los meiores,
Por tal que non oviessen dona los traedores,
Ca que el o que ellos avrien aguardadores,
Non farien à sus guisas los malos revoltores.

Fu de bona betume la cuba aguisada,
Fu con bonas cadenas bien presa è calzada,
Fu con priegos firmes à las naves pregada,
Que fonder non se podiesse è estodiesse colgada.

Mando que quinse dias le dexassen hy durar,
Las naves con todesto pensassen de tost andar,
Assas podrie en esto saber e mesurar.
Metria en escrito los secretos del mar.

La cuba fue fecha en quel Rey acia,
A los unos pesaba, à los otros placia:
Bien cuidaban algunos que nunca ende saldria,
Mas destaiado era que en mar non moriria.

Andabal bon Rey en su casa cerrada,
Veia grant corazon en angosta dosada;
Veia toda la mar de pescados poblada,
No es bestia nel siegle que non fus y trobada.

Non viue en el mundo nenguna creatura
Que non cria la mar semejante figura;
Traen enemizades entre si por natura,
Los fuertes a los flacos dankes mala ventura.

Estonce vio el Rey en aquellas andadas
Como echan los unos a los otros celadas;
Dicen que ende furon presas è sosacadas,
Furon desent aca por el siegle usadas.

Tanto se acogien al Rey los pescados
Como si los ovies el Rey por subiugados,
Venien fasta la cuba todos cabezcolgados,
Tremian todos antel como mozos moiados.

Juraba Alexandre per lo su diestro llado,
Que nunca fura domes meior acompannado;
De los pueblos del mar tovose por pagado,
Contaba que avie grant emperio ganado.

Otra faciana vio en essos pobladores,
Vio que los maiores comien à los menores,
Los chicos à los grandes tenienos por sennores,
Maltraen los mas fuertes à los que son menores.

Diz el Rey, soberbia es en todólos lugares,
Forcia es enna tierra è dentro ennos mares:
Las aves esso mismo non se catan por pares,
Dios confunda tal vicio que tien tantos lugares.

Nacio entre los angelos è fiso muchos caer,
Arramólos Dios per la tierra, e dioles grant poder,
La mesnada non puede su derecho aver,
Ascondio la cabeça, non osaba parecer.

Quien mas puede mas face, non de bien, mas de mal,
Quien mas à aver mas quier, è morre por ganal;
Non veeria de su grado nenguno so igual:
Mal peccado, nenguno no es à Dios leal.

Las aves e las bestias, los omès, los pescados.
Todos son entre si a bandos derramados;
De vicio è de soberbia son todos entregados,
Los flacos de los fuertes andan desafiados.

Se como sabel Rey bien todesto osmar,
Quisiesse assimismo à derechas iulgar,
Bien debie un poco su lengua refrenar,
Que en tant fieras grandias non quisiesse andar.

De su gradol Rey mas oviera estado,
Mas a sus criazones faciesles pesado,
Temiendo la ocasion que suel venir privado,
Sacaronlo bien ante del termino passado.

The sweet flow of language and metre in so early a poem is very remarkable; but no modern language can boast of monuments so early and so valuable as the Spanish. To attempt to versify this passage would be laborious and unprofitable. Its import is, that Alexander being desirous to see how the Fish lived, and in what manner the great Fish behaved to the little ones, ordered a vessel of glass to be made, and fastened with long chains to his ships, that it might not sink too deep. He entered it with two chosen servants, leaving orders that the ships should continue their course, and draw him up at the end of fifteen days. The vessel had been made perfectly water tight. He descended, and found the fish as curious to see him as he had been to see the fish. They crouded round his machine, and trembled before him as if he had been their conqueror, so that he thought he had acquired

another empire. But Alexander perceived the same system of tyranny in the water as on the land, the great eat the little, and the little eat the less; upon which tyranny he made sundry moral observations, which would have come with more propriety from any other person than from himself. However, he observed the various devices which were used for catching fish, and which, in consequence of this discovery, have been used in the world ever since. His people were afraid some accident might happen, and drew him up long before the fifteen days were expired.

The Poet himself does not believe this story. "People say so," he says, "but it is not in writing, and it is a thing difficult to believe. It is not my business to examine whether it be true or not, but I do not chuse to pass it over unnoticed." The same story was pointed out to me by Mr. Coleridge in one of the oldest German poems; and what is more remarkable, it is mentioned by one of the old Welsh Bards. DAVIES's *Celtic Researches*, p. 196. Jests, and the fictions of romance and superstition, seem to have travelled every where.

Flathinnis.—XI. p. 106.

Flath-innis, the Noble Island, lies surrounded with tempests in the Western Ocean. I fear the account of this Paradise is but apocryphal, as it rests upon the evidence of Macpherson, and has every internal mark of a modern fiction

In former days there lived in Skerr* a Magician† of high

* Skerr signifies, in general, a Rock in the Ocean.

† A Magician is called Druidh in the Gaelic.

renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate; he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day; his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night; he thirsted after things unseen; he sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days; he often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves; and he blamed the careless billows that rolled between him and the Green Isle of the West.

One day, as the Magician of Skerr sat thoughtful upon a rock, a storm arose on the sea: a cloud, under whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay, and from its dark womb at once issued forth a boat, with its white sails bent to the wind, and hung round with a hundred moving oars. But it was destitute of mariners, itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged Magician; he heard a voice though he saw no human form. "Arise! behold the boat of the heroes! arise and see the Green Isle of those who have passed away!"

He felt a strange force on his limbs; he saw no person; but he moved to the boat: immediately the wind changed: in the bosom of the cloud he sailed away. Seven days gleamed faintly round him, seven nights added their gloom to his darkness: his ears were stunned with shrill voices; the dull murmur of winds passed him on either side; he slept not, but his eyes were not heavy; he ate not, but he was not hungry: on the eighth day the waves swelled into mountains; the boat was rocked violently from side to side: the darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried aloud, the Isle! the Isle! The billows opened wide before

him; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes.

It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, distinguishing, and placid light, which called forth every object to view in their most perfect form. The isle spread large before him like a pleasing dream of the soul, where distance fades not on the sight, where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently-sloping hills of green, nor did they wholly want their clouds; but the clouds were bright and transparent, and each involved in its bosom the source of a stream,.. a beauteous stream, which, wandering down the steep, was like the faint notes of the half-touched harp to the distant ear. The valleys were open and free to the ocean; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green declivities and rising grounds; the rude winds walked not on the mountain; no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright; the pure sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields: he hastened not to the West for repose, nor was he seen to rise from the East: he sits in his mid-day height, and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle.

In each valley is its slow moving stream; the pure waters swell over the banks, yet abstain from the fields; the showers disturb them not, nor are they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hill are the halls of the departed,.. the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.

The departed, according to the Tale, retained, in the midst of their happiness, a warm affection for their country and living friends. They sometimes visited the first; and by the latter, as the Bard expresses it, they were transiently seen in

the hour of peril, and especially on the near approach of death; it was then that at midnight the death-devoted, to use the words of the Tale, were suddenly awakened by a strange knocking at their gates; it was then that they heard the indistinct voice of their departed friends calling them away to the Noble Isle; "a sudden joy rushed in upon their minds, and that pleasing melancholy which looks forward to happiness in a distant land." MACPHERSON'S *Introduction to the History of Great Britain.*

"The softer sex, among the Celtæ," he adds, "passed with their friends to the fortunate isles; their beauty increased with the change, and to use the words of the Bard, they were ruddy lights in the Island of Joy."

Where one emerald light
Through the green element for ever shines.—XI. p. 107.

I have supplied Merlin with light when he arrived at his world of Meremankind, but not for his submarine voyage; let Paracelsus do this.

"Urim and Thummin were the Philosopher's Stone, and it was this which gave light in the Ark.

"For God commanded Noah to make a clear light in the Ark, which some take for a window. But since the Text saith, *Day and night shall no more cease;* it seems *it did then cease,* and therefore there could be no exterior light.

"The Rabbis say, that the Hebrew word Zohar, which the Chaldees translate Neher, is only to be found in this place. Other Hebrew Doctors believe it to have been a precious stone hung up in the Ark, which gave light to all living creatures therein. This the greatest Carbuncle could not do, nor

any precious stone which is only natural. But the Universal Spirit, fixed in a transparent body, shines like the sun in glory, and this was the light which God commanded Noah to make."—PARACELSUS' *Urim and Thummim.*

Rhys ab Grufydd ab Rhys.—XII. p. 110.

Was one of the bravest, wisest, most liberal, and most celebrated of the princes of South Wales. He is thus praised in the Pentarchia;

Quis queat heroem calamo describere tantum,
Quantus ut ipse fuit, modo civibus Hectoris instar,
Fortis in hostiles modo tu mas instar Achillis.
Ultus avos patriæ fere sexaginta per annos,
Quot fusas acies, quot castra recepta, quot urbes,
Spes patriæ, columen pacis, lux urbis et orbis,
Gentis honos, decus armorum, fulmenque duelli,
Quo neque pace prior, neque fortior alter in armis.

In Hearne's Collection of Curious Discourses, are these funeral verses upon Lord Rhys, as preserved by Camden;

Nobile Cambrensis cecidit diadema decoris,
Hoc est Rhesus obiit, Cambria tota gemit.
Subtrahitur, sed non moritur, quia semper habetur
Ipsius egregium nomen in orbe novum.
Hic tegitur, sed detegitur, quia fama perennis
Non sinit illustrem voce latere ducem.
Excessit probitate modum, sensu probitatem,
Eloquio sensum, moribus eloquium.

Rhys ap Gryffith, say the Chronicles, was no less remarkable in courage, than in the stature and lineaments of his body, wherein he exceeded most men. *Royal Tribes.*

Beavers.—XII. p. 111.

When Giraldus Cambrensis wrote, that is, at the time whereof the poem treats, the only Beavers remaining in Wales or England were in the Towy. *Inter universos Cambriæ, seu etiam Loegriæ fluvios, solus hic (Teivi) castores habet.*

The Beaver is mentioned also in the Laws of Hoel Dha, and one of those dark deep resting-places or pits of the river Conway, which the Spaniards call the *remansos del rio*, is called the Beavers pool.

The Great Palace, like a sanctuary,
Is safe.—XII. p. 114.

Dinas Vawr, the Great Palace. It was regarded as an asylum.

Goagan of Powys-land.—XII. p. 116.

Properly Gwgan; but I have adapted the orthography to an English eye. This very characteristic story is to be found, as narrated in the poem, in Mr. Yorke's curious work upon the Royal Tribes of Wales. Gwgan's demand was for five pounds, instead of ten marks; this is the only liberty I have taken with the fact, except that of fitting it to the business of the poem, by the last part of Rhys's reply. The ill humour in which the Lord of Dinevawr confesses the messenger had surprized him, is mentioned more bluntly by the historian. "Gwgan

found him in a furious temper, beating his servants and hanging his dogs" I have not lost the character of the anecdote, by relating the cause of his anger, instead of the effects.

The Bay whose reckless waves
Roll o'er the plain of Gwaelod.—XIII. p. 120.

A large track of fenny country, called Cantrev y Gwaelod, the Lowland Canton, was, about the year 500, inundated by the sea, for Seithenyn, in a fit of drunkenness, let the sea through the dams which secured it. He is therefore distinguished with Geraint and Gwrtheyrn, under the appellation of the Three arrant Drunkards. This district, which forms the present Cardigan Bay, contained sixteen principal towns of the Cymry, the inhabitants of which, who survived the inundation, fled into the mountainous parts of Meirion and Arvon, which were till then nearly uncultivated. Gwyddno Garanhir, one of the petty Princes whose territories were thus destroyed, was a poet. There were lately (and I believe, says Edmund Williams, are still) to be seen in the sands of this bay large stones with inscriptions on them, the characters Roman, but the language unknown. E. Williams's *Poems. Cambrian Biography.*

The two other arrant Drunkards were both Princes; the one set fire to the standing corn in his country, and so occasioned a famine; Gwrtheyrn, the other, is the Vortigern of Saxon history, thus distinguished for ceding the Isle of Thanet in his drunkenness, as the price of Rowena. This worthless King is also recorded as one of the Three disgraceful men of the Island, and one of the Three treacherous conspirators,

whose families were for ever divested of privilege. *Cambrian Biography.*

Bardsey.—XIII. p. 121.

"This little island," says Giraldus, "is inhabited by certain monks of exceeding piety, whom they call Culdees (*Culibes vel Colideos*). This wonderful property it hath, either from the salubrity of its air, which it partakes with the shores of Ireland, or rather from some miracle by reason of the merits of the Saints, that diseases are rarely known there, and seldom or never does any one die till worn out by old age. Infinite numbers of Saints are buried there."

On his back,
Like a broad shield, the Coracle was hung.—XIII. p. 126.

"The Coracles are generally five feet and a half long and four broad, their bottom is a little rounded, and their shape nearly oval. These boats are ribbed with light laths, or split twigs, in the manner of basket work, and are covered with a raw hide, or strong canvas, pitched in such a mode as to prevent their leaking; a seat crosses just above the centre, towards the broader end; they seldom weigh more than between 20 and 30 pounds. The men paddle them with one hand while they fish with the other, and when their work is completed, they throw the coracles over their shoulders, and without difficulty return with them home.

"Riding through Abergwilly we saw several of these phenomena resting with their bottoms upwards against the houses, and resembling the shells of so many enormous turtles: and indeed a traveller, at the first view of a coracle on the shoul-

ders of a fisherman, might fancy he saw a tortoise walking on his hinder legs."—WINDHAM.

The Saxon pirates ventured to sea in vessels of basket work covered with skins; they were used also by the ancient Spaniards; perhaps the Coracle succeeded the Canoe, implying more skill than is necessary to scoop out a tree, or hollow it with fire, and less than is required to build a boat. The boats of bark which the savages of Canada use are equally ingenious, and possess the same advantages.

Prince Hoel's lay of love.—XIV. p. 136.

Eight poems by Prince Hoel are preserved; they are here given in Mr. Owen's translation.

1.

My choice is a lady, elegant, slender, and fair, whose lengthened white form is seen through the thin blue veil; and my choicest faculty is to muse on superior female excellence, when she with diffidence utters the becoming sentiment; and my choicest participation is to become united with the maid, and to share mutual confidence as to thoughts and fortune. I chuse the bright hue of the spreading wave, thou who art the most discreet in thy country, with thy pure Welsh speech, chosen by me art thou: what am I with thee? how! dost thou refrain from speaking? ah! thy silence even is fair! I have chosen a maid, so that with me there should be no hesitation; it is right to choose the choicest, fair one; choose, fair maid!

2.

I love the white glittering walls on the side of the bank,

clothed in fresh verdancy, where bashfulness loves to observe the modest sea-mew's course; it would be my delight, though I have met with no great return of love in my much desired visit on the sleek white steed, to behold my sister of flippant smile; to talk of love since it has come to my lot; to restore my ease of mind, and to renew her slighted troth with the nymph as fair as the hue of the shore-beating wave.

From her country who is bright as the coldly-drifted snow upon the lofty hill, a censure has come to us, that I should be so treated with disdain in the Hall of Ogyrvan.

Playful, from her promise was new-born expectation;.. she is gone with my soul away: I am made wretched!.. Am I not become for love like Garwy Hir to the fair one of whom I am debarred in the Hall of Ogyrvan!

3.

I love the castle of proud workmanship in the Cyvylci, where my own assuming form is wont to intrude; the high of renown, in full bustle, seek admittance there, and by it speaks the mad resounding wave.

It is the chosen place of a luminary of splendid qualities, and fair; glorious her rising from the verge of the torrent, and the fair one shines upon the now progressive year in the wild of Arvon, in the Snowdonian hills.

The tent does not attract; the glossy silk is not looked on by her I love, with passing tenderness; if her conquest could be wrought by the muse's aid, ere the night that comes, I should next to her be found.

4.

I have harnessed thee to-day, my steed of shining gray; I will traverse on thee the fair region of Cynlas; and I will hold a hard dispute before death shall cut me off in obstructing sleep, and thus obstructing health; and on me it has been a sign, no longer being the honoured youth, the complexion is like the pale blue waves.

Oppressed with longing is my memory in society; regret for her by whom I am hated! whilst I confer on the maid the honoured eulogy; she, to prosper pain, deigns not to return the consolation of the slightest grace.

Broken is my heart! my portion is regret, caused by the form of a slender lady, with a girdle of ruddy gold; my treatment is not deserved, she is not this day where my appointed place was fixed. Son of the God of Heaven! if before a promise of forbearance she goes away, woe to me that I am not slain.

5.

When the ravens rejoice, when blood is hastening, when the gore runs bubbling, when the war doth rage, when the houses redden in Ruzlan, when the red hall is burning, when we glow with wrath; the ruddy flame it blazes up to heaven; our abode affords no shelter; and plainly is the bright conflagration seen from the white walls upon the shore of Menai.

They perished on the third day of May, three hundred ships of a fleet roving the ocean; and ten hundred times the number the sword would put to flight, leaving not a single beard on Menai.

6.

Five evening tides were celebrated when France was saved, when barbarian chiefs were made to fly, when there was pressure round the steel-clad bodies; should a weapon yet be brandished round the beard, a public triumph would my wrath procure, scouring the bounds of Loegyr, and on her habitation hurling ruin; there should be the hand of the hastening host upon the cross, the keen edge slaughtering, the blade reeking with blood, the blood hue over the abject throng, a blood veil hiding its place of falling, and a plain of blood, and a cheek suffused with gore.

7.

I love the time of summer; then the gladly-exulting steed of the warrior prances before a gallant chief; the wave is crowned with foam; the limb of the active more quickly moves; the apple tree has arrayed itself in another livery; bordered with white is my shield on my shoulder, prepared for violence. I have loved, with ardency of desire, the object which I have not obtained.

Ceridwen, fair and tall, of slowly languid gait, her complexion vies with the warm dawn in the evening hour, of a splendid delicate form, beautifully mild and white hued presence! in stepping over a rush nearly falling seems the little tiny fair one; gentle in her air, she appears but scarcely older than a tenth year infant. Young, shapely, and full of gracefulness, it were a congenial virtue that she should freely give; but the youthful female does more embarrass good fortune by a smile, than an expression from her lips checks impertinence.

A worshipping pilgrim, she will send me to the celestial presence; how long shall I worship thee? stop and think of thine office! If I am unskilful, through the dotage of love, Jesus, the well-informed, will not rebuke me.

8.

Fair foam-crowned wave, spraying over the sacred tomb of Ruvon the brave, the chief of princes, behold this day I love the utmost hate of England, a flat and energetic land, with a race involved in every wile. I love the spot that gave me the much desired gift of mead, where the seas extend a tedious conflict. I love the society and thick inhabitants therein, and which, obedient to its lord, directs its view to peace. I love its sea-coast and its mountains, its city bordering on its forest, its fair landscape, its dales, its water and its vales, its white sea-mews and its beauteous women. I love its warriors and its well-trained steeds, its woods, its strongholds, and its social domicil. I love its fields clothed with tender trefoil, where I had the glory of a mighty triumph. I love its cultivated regions, the prerogative of heroism, and its far-extended wild, and its sports of the chase, which, Son of God! have been great and wonderful: how sleek the melodious deer, and in what plenty found! I atchieved by the push of a spear an excellent deed between the chief of Powys and happy Gwynez, and upon the pale hued element of ever-struggling motion, may I accomplish a liberation from exile. I will not take breath until my party comes; a dream declares it, and God wills it to be so, fair foam-crowned wave spraying over the grave.

Fair foam-crowned wave, impetuous in thy course, like in

colour to the hoar when it accumulates; I love the sea-coast in Meirionyz, where I have had a white arm for a pillow. I love the nightingale upon the privet-brake in Cymmer Denzur, a celebrated vale. Lord of heaven and earth, the glory of the blest, though so far it is from Ceri to Caerliwelyz, I mounted the yellow steed, and from Maelienyz reached the land of Reged between the night and day. Before I am in the grave, may I enjoy a new blessing from the land of Tegyngyl of fairest aspect! Since I am a love-wight, one inured to wander, may God direct my fate! fair foam-crowned wave of impetuous course.

I will implore the divine Supreme, the wonderful in subjugating to his will, as king, to create an excelling muse for a song of praise to the women, such as Merzin sung, who have claimed my bardic lore so long, who are so tardy is dispensing grace. The most eminent in all the west I name, from the gates of Chester to the port of Ygewin: The first is the nymph who will be the subject of universal paise, Gwenliant, whose complexion is like the summer's day. The second is another of high state, far from my embrace, adorned with golden necklace, fair Gweirvyl, from whom nor token nor confidence have I obtained, nor has any of my race; though I might be slain by two edged blades, she whose foster-brother was a King, should be my theme; and next for the handsome Gwladys, the young and modest virgin, the idol of the multitude, I utter the secret sigh; I will worship her with the yellow blossoms of the furze. Soon may I see my vigour rouse to combat, and in my hand my blade, bright Leucu, my companion, laughing, and whose husband laughs not from anxiety. Great anxiety oppresses me, makes me sad; and long-

ing, alas! is habitual for fair Nest, for her who is like the apple-tree blossom; and for Perwewr, the centre of my desire; for Generys the chaste, who grants not a smile for me: may continence not overcome her! for Hunyz, whose fame will last till the day of doom; for Hawis, who claims my choicest eulogy. On a memorable day I had a nymph; I had a second, more be their praise; I had a third and a fourth with prosperity; I had a fifth, of those with a skin white and delicate; I had a sixth, bright and fair, avoiding not the temptation, above the white walls did she arrest me; I had a seventh, and this was satiety of love; I had eight in recompence for a little of the praise which I sung: but the teeth most opportunely bar the tongue.

Ere ever Saxon set his hateful foot
Upon the beautiful Isle —XV p. 143.

"The three names of this Island; the first, before it was inhabited it was called the Water-guarded Green Spot; after it was inhabited it was called the Honey Island; and after its subjection to Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, he gave it the name of the Isle of Prydain."—*Cambrian Register.*

This name was appropriately given to it, for Ynys Prydain signifies the Beautiful Isle.—*Cambrian Biography.* E. WILLIAMS.

The contumacious Prince of Mathraval.—XV. p 144.

"Oenum de Cevelioc, quia solus inter Walliæ principes Archipræsuli cum populo suo non occurrerat, excommunicavimus. Oenus iste præ aliis Cambriæ principibus, et linguæ dicacis extiterat, et in terræ suæ moderamine ingenii perspicacis."—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

Even as Owen in his deeds
Disown'd the Church when living, even so
The Church disowns him dead.—XV. p. 148.

Owen Gwyneth was buried at Bangor. When Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, coming to preach the crusade against the Saracens, saw his tomb, he charged the Bishop to remove the body out of the Cathedral, when he could find a fit opportunity so to do; in regard that Archbishop Becket had excommunicated him heretofore, because he had married his first cousin, the daughter of Grono ab Edwyn, and that not withstanding he had continued to live with her till she died. The Bishop, in obedience to the charge, made a passage from the vault through the south wall of the church, under ground, and so secretly shoved the body into the church yard.—*Royal Tribes, from the* HENGWRT MS.

Winning slow Famine to their aid.—XVII. p. 162.

"I am much affected," says old Fuller, "with the ingenuity of an English nobleman, who following the camp of King Henry III. in these parts (Caernarvonshire) wrote home to his friends, about the end of September 1243, the naked truth indeed as followeth: 'We lie in our tents watching, fasting, praying, and freezing; we watch for fear of the Welshmen, who are wont to invade us in the night: we fast for want of meat, for the half-penny loaf is worth five-pence; we pray to God to send us home speedily; we freeze for want of winter garments, having nothing but thin linen betwixt us and the wind.'"

Be not thou
As is the black and melancholy yew,
That strikes into the grave its baleful roots,
And prospers on the dead.—XVII. p. 163.

Borrowed from an old play, by John Webster;

Like the black and melancholick yew-tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead mens graves,
And yet to prosper?
The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona.

Never shall her waking eye
Behold them, till that hour of happiness
When death hath made her pure for perfect bliss.—XVII. p. 168.

"The three Restorations in the Circle of Happiness; Restoration of original genius and character; *Restoration of all that was beloved;* and the Restoration of remembrance from the origin of all things: without these perfect happiness cannot exist."—*Triads of Bardism*, 32.

I have thought it unnecessary to give a connected account of the Bardic system in these Notes, as it has been so well done by my friend, Mr. Turner, in his Vindication of the Ancient British Poems.

NOTES

ON

THE SECOND PART.

We neighbour nearer to the Sun!—I. p. 182.

Columbus inferred this from the elevation of the Pole at Paria. "How it cometh to pass," says Pietro Martire, "that at the beginning of the evening twilight it is elevate in that region only five degrees in the month of June, and in the morning twilight to be elevate fifteen degrees by the same quadrant, I do not understand, nor yet do the reasons which he bringeth in any point satisfy me. For he sayeth that he hereby conjectured that the Earth is not perfectly round, but that, when it was created, there was a certain heap raised thereon, much higher than the other parts of the same. So that, as he sayth, it is not round after the form of an apple or a ball, as others think, but rather like a pear as it hangeth on the tree, and that Paria is the region which possesseth the supereminent or highest part thereof, nearest unto heaven. In so much, that he earnestly contendeth the earthly Paradise to be situate in the tops of those three hills which the Watchmen saw out of the top castle of the ship; and that the

outragious streams of the fresh waters which so violently issue out of the red gulfs, and strive so with the salt water, fall headlong from the tops of the said mountains."—PIETRO MARTIRE, *Dec* 1, *Book* 6.

Tescalipoca.—II. p. 186.

A devout worshipper of this Deity once set out to see if he could find him; he reached the sea-coast, and there the God appeared to him, and bade him call the Whale, and the Mermaid, and the Tortoise, to make a bridge for him, over which he might pass to the House of the Sun, and bring back from thence instruments of music and singers to celebrate his festivals. The Whale, the Mermaid, and the Tortoise accordingly made the bridge, and the man went over it, singing, as he went, a song which the God taught him. As soon as the Sun heard him, he cautioned all his servants and people not to answer to the song, for they who answered would be obliged to abandon his House and follow the Singer. Some there were, ho ever, who could not resist the voice of the charmer, and these he brought back with him to earth, together with the drums called *Huahuneth Tepunaztli.* TORQUEMADA, *L* 6 c 43.

The particular sacrifice related in the poem is described by this author, *L.* 10. *c.* 14. It is sufficient merely to refer to my authorities in such instances as these, where no other liberty has been taken than that of omission.

She gather'd herbs which, like our poppy, bear
The seed of sleep.—II. p. 188.

The expression is Gower's;

Poppy, which beareth the sede of sleepe.
The Spanish name for the poppy is *adormidera*.

The field of the Spirit.—III. p. 196.

Every Spring the Akanceas go in a body to some retired place, and there turn up a large space of land, which they do with the drums beating all the while. After this they take care to call it the Desart, or the field of the Spirit. And thither they go in good earnest when they are in their enthusiastic fits, and there wait for inspiration from their pretended Deity. In the mean while, as they do this every year, it proves of no small advantage to them, for by this means they turn up all their land insensibly, and it becomes abundantly more fruitful. TONTI.

Before these things I was.—III. p. 198.

"The manner in which, he says, he obtained the spirit of divination was this; He was admitted into the presence of a Great Man, who informed him that he loved, pitied, and desired to do him good. It was not in this world that he saw the Great Man, but in a world above, at a vast distance from this. The Great Man, he says, was clothed with the Day, yea with the brightest Day he ever saw; a Day of many years, yea of everlasting continuance! This whole world, he says, was drawn upon him, so that in him the Earth and all things in it might be seen. I asked him if rocks, mountains, and seas were drawn upon or appeared in him? he replied, that every thing that was beautiful and lovely in the earth was upon him, and might be seen by looking on him, as well as if one was on the earth to take a view of them there. By

the side of the Great Man, he says, stood his Shadow or Spirit, for he used *chichung*, the word they commonly make use of to express that of the man which survives the body, which word properly signifies a shadow. This Shadow, he says, was as lovely as the Man himself, *and filled all places*, and was most agreeable as well as wonderful to him. Here, he says, he tarried some time, and was unspeakably entertained and delighted with a view of the Great Man, of his Shadow, and of all things in him. And what is most of all astonishing, he imagines all this to have passed before he was born; he never had been, he says, in this world at that time, and what confirms him in the belief of this is, that the Great Man told him, that he must come down to earth, be born of such a woman, meet with such and such things, and in particular that he should once in his life be guilty of murder; at this he was displeased, and told the Great Man he would never murder. But the Great Man replied, I have said it, and it shall be so; which has accordingly happened. At this time, he says, the Great Man asked him what he would chuse in life; he replied, first to be a Hunter, and afterwards to be a *Powwow*, or Divine; whereupon the Great Man told him he should have what he desired, and that his Shadow should go along with him down to earth, and be with him for ever. There was, he says, all this time no words spoken between them; the conference was not carried on by any human language, but they had a kind of mental intelligence of each others thoughts, dispositions, and proposals. After this, he says, he saw the Great Man no more, but supposes he now came down to earth to be born; but the Shadow of the Great Man still attended him, and ever after continued to appear to him in

dreams and other ways. This shadow used sometimes to direct him in dreams to go to such a place and hunt, assuring him he should there meet with success, which accordingly proved so; and when he had been there some time the Spirit would order him to another place, so that he had success in hunting, according to the Great Man's promise made to him at the time of his chusing this employment.

"There were some times when this Spirit came upon him in a special manner, and he was full of what he saw in the Great Man, and then, he says, he was *all light*, and not only *light himself*, but it was *light all around him*, so that he could see through men, and knew the thoughts of their hearts. These depths of Satan I leave to others to fathom or to dive into as they please, and do not pretend, for my own part, to know what ideas to affix to such terms, and cannot well guess what conceptions of things these creatures have at these times when they call themselves *all light*." DAVID BRAINERD'S *Journal*.

Had Brainerd been a Jesuit, his superiors would certainly have thought him a fit candidate for the crown of martyrdom, and very worthy to be made a Saint. This poor fanatic found one of the Indian conjurers who seemed to have something like grace in him, only he would not believe in the Devil.

"Of all the sights," says he, "I ever saw among them, or indeed any where else, none appeared so frightful, or so near a kin to what is usually imagined of infernal powers! none ever excited such images of terror in my mind as the appearance of one, who was a devout and zealous reformer, or rather restorer, of what he supposed was the ancient reli-

gion of the Indians. He made his appearance in his pontifical garb, which was a coat of bears skins, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes, a pair of bear-skin stockings, and a great wooden face, painted the one half black, and the other tawny, about the colour of an Indian's skin, with an extravagant mouth, cut very much awry; the face fastened to a bear-skin cap, which was drawn over his head. He advanced toward me with the instrument in his hand that he used for music in his idolatrous worship, which was a dry Tortoise-shell, with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made a very convenient handle. As he came forward, he beat his tune with the rattle, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen; and no man would have guessed by his appearance and actions that he could have been a human creature, if they had not had some intimation of it otherwise. When he came near me, I could not but shrink away from him, although it was then noon day, and I knew who it was, his appearance and gestures were so prodigiously frightful. He had a house consecrated to religious uses, with divers images cut out upon the several parts of it; I went in, and found the ground beat almost as hard as a rock, with their frequent dancing in it. I discoursed with him about Christianity, and some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked entirely. He told me, that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it, but wanted to find some that would join heartily with him in it; for the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thought, he said, of leaving all his friends, and travelling abroad, in order to find some

that would join with him; for he believed God had some good people somewhere that felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did, but had formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time; then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods, and lived alone for some months. At length, he said, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do, and since that time he had known God, and tried to serve him; and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before. He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it; and I was told by the Indians, that he opposed their drinking strong liquor with all his power; and if at any time he could not dissuade them from it, by all he could say, he would leave them, and go crying into the woods. It was manifest he had a set of religious notions that he had looked into for himself, and not taken for granted upon bare tradition: and he relished or disrelished whatever was spoken of a religious nature, according as it either agreed or disagreed with his standard. And while I was discoursing he would sometimes say, 'Now that I like; so God has taught me; and some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the being of a Devil, and declared there was no such creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion, he supposes, he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me that departed souls all went southward, and that the difference between the good and bad was this, that the former were admitted into a beautiful town with spiritual walls, or walls agreeable to the nature of souls; and that the latter would for ever hover round those

walls, and in vain attempt to get in. He seemed to be sincere, honest, and conscientious in his own way, and according to his own religious notions, which was more than I ever saw in any other Pagan: and I perceived he was looked upon and derided by most of the Indians, as a precise zealot, who made a needless noise about religious matters. But I must say, there was something in his temper and disposition that looked more like true religion than any thing I ever observed amongst other Heathens."—BRAINERD.

Why should we forsake
The worship of our fathers?—III. p. 200.

Olearius mentions a very disinterested instance of that hatred of innovation which is to be found in all ignoraht persons, and in some wise ones.

"An old country fellow in Livonia being condemned, for faults enormous enough, to lye along upon the ground to receive his punishment, and Madam de la Barre, pitying his almost decrepit age, having so far interceded for him, as that his corporal punishment should be changed into a pecuniary mulct of about fifteen or sixteen pence; he thanked her for her kindness, and said, that, for his part, being an old man, he would not introduce any novelty, nor suffer the customs of the country to be altered, but was ready to receive the chastisement which his predecessors had not thought much to undergo; put off his clothes, layd himself upon the ground, and received the blows according to his condemnation."—*Ambassadors' Travels.*

——— *her flaxen hair,*
Bright eyes of heavenly hue, and that clear skin.—IV. p. 202.

A good description of Welsh beauty is given by Mr. Yorke, from one of their original chronicles, in the account of Grufydd ab Cynan and his Queen.

"Grufydd in his person was of moderate stature, having yellow hair, a round face, and a fair and agreeable complection; eyes rather large, light eyebrows, a comely beard, a round neck, white skin, strong limbs, long fingers, straight legs, and handsome feet. He was, moreover, skilful in divers languages, courteous and civil to his friends, fierce to his enemies, and resolute in battle; of a passionate temper, and fertile imagination. . . Angharad, his wife, was an accomplished person; her hair was long and of a flaxen colour; her eyes large and rolling; and her features brilliant and beautiful. She was tall and well proportioned; her leg and foot handsome; her fingers long, and her nails thin and transparent. She was good tempered, chearful, discreet, witty, and gave good advice as well as alms to her needy dependants, and never transgressed the laws of duty."

END OF VOL. I.

W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane.

MADOC,

by

Robert Southey.

OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA.

THIRD EDITION.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1812.

W. Pople, Printer,
67, Chancery Lane.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
5. War denounced	1
6. The Festival of the Dead	6
7. The Snake God	19
8. Conversion of the Hoamen	30
9. Tlalala	37
10. The Arrival of the Gods	47
11. The Capture	58
12. Hoel	66
13. Coatel	74
14. The Combat	80
15. The Battle	94
16. Goervyl	102
17. The Deliverance	115
18. The Victory	125
19. The Funeral	136
20. Death of Coatel	143
21. The Sports	149
22. Death of Lincoya	155
23. Caradoc	161
24. The Embassy	166
25. The Lake Fight	172
26. The Close of the Century	179
27. The Migration	194

MADOC.

V.

This is the day, when, in a foreign grave,
King Owen's relics shall be laid to rest.
No bright emblazonries bedeck'd his bier,
No tapers blaz'd, no prelate sung the mass,
No choristers the funeral dirge intond,
No mitred abbots, and no tonsur'd train,
Lengthen'd the pomp of ceremonious woe.
His decent bier was with white linen spread
And canopied; two elks and bisons yok'd,
Drew on the car; foremost Cadwallon bore
The Crucifix; with single voice, distinct,
The good priest Llorien chaunted, loud and deep,
The solemn service: Madoc, next the bier,
Follow'd his father's corpse; bareheaded then
Came all the people, silently and slow.

The burial place was in a grassy plat,
A little level field of sunny green,
Between the river and a rocky bank,
Which, like a buttress, from the precipice
Of naked rock sloped out. On either side
'Twas skirted by the woodlands. A stone cross
Stood on Cynetha's grave, sole monument,
Beneath a single cocoa, whose straight trunk
Rose like an obelisk, and wav'd on high
Its palmy plumage, green and never sere.
Here by Cynetha's side, with Christian prayers,
All wrongs forgotten now, was Owen laid.
Rest, King of Gwyneth, in a foreign grave!
From foul indignity of Romish pride
And bigot priesthood, from a falling land
Thus timely snatch'd, and from the impending yoke, . .
Rest in the kingdom of thy noble son!

Ambassadors from Aztlan in the vale
Awaited their return; . . Yuhidthiton,
Chief of the Chiefs, and Helhua the Priest.
With these came Malinal. They met the Prince,
And with a sullen stateliness return'd
His salutation, then the Chief began;
Lord of the Strangers, hear me! by my voice

The People and the Pabas and the King
Of Aztlan speak. Our injur'd Gods have claim'd
Their wonted worship, and made manifest
Their wrath; we dare not impiously provoke
The Dreadful. Worship ye in your own way;
But we must keep the path our fathers kept.

We parted, O Yuhidthiton! as friends
And brethren, said the Christian Prince! alas,
That this should be our meeting! When we pledged,
In the broad daylight, and the eye of Heaven,
Our hands in peace, ye heard and understood
The will of God, and felt that it was good,
In reason and in heart. This calm assent
Ye would bely, by midnight miracles
Scar'd, and such signs of darkness, as beseem
The dæmons whom ye dread! or likelier
Dup'd by the craft of those accursed men,
Whose trade is blood. Ask thou of thine own heart,
Yuhidthiton, . .
But Helhua broke his speech, . .
Our bidding is to tell thee, quoth the Priest,
That Aztlan hath restor'd, and will maintain,
Her ancient faith. If it offendeth thee,
Move thou thy dwelling place.

Madoc replied,
This day have I deposited in earth
My father's bones, and where his bones are laid,
There mine shall moulder.
Malinal at that
Advanced; .. Prince Madoc, said the youth, I come,
True to thy faith and thee, and to the weal
Of Aztlan true, and bearing, for that truth,
Reproach and shame and scorn and obloquy.
In sorrow come I here, a banish'd man;
Here take, in sorrow, my abiding place,
Cut off from all my kin, from all old ties
Divorced; all dear familiar countenances
No longer to be present to my sight;
The very mother-language which I learnt,
A lisping baby on my mother's knees,
No more with its sweet sounds to comfort me.
So be it! .. To his brother then he turn'd;
Yuhidthiton, said he, when thou shalt find, ..
As find thou wilt, .. that those accursed men
Have play'd the juggler with thee, and deceiv'd
Thine honest heart, ...when Aztlan groans in blood, ..
Bid her remember then, that Malinal
Is in the dwellings of her enemy.
Where all his hope in banishment hath been

To intercede for her, and heal her wounds,
And mitigate her righteous punishment.

Sternly and sullenly his brother heard;
Yet hearken'd he as one whose heart perforce
Suppress it's instinct, and there might be seen
A sorrow in his silent stubbornness.
And now his ministers on either hand
A water vessel fill, and heap dry sedge
And straw before his face, and fire the pile.
He, looking upward, spread his arms and cried,
Hear me, ye Gods of Aztlan, as we were,
And are, and will be yours! behold your foes!
He stoopt, and lifted up one ample urn, . .
Thus let their blood be shed! . . And far away
He whirl'd the scattering water. Then again
Rais'd the full vase, . . Thus let their lives be quench'd!
And out he pour'd it on the flaming pile.
The steam-cloud, hissing from the extinguish'd heap,
Spread like a mist, and, ere it melted off,
Homeward the heralds of the war had turn'd.

VI.

The Hoamen in their Council-hall are met;
To hold the Feast of Souls! seat above seat,
Ranged round the circling theatre they sit.
No light but from the central fire, whose smoke,
Slow passing through the over aperture,
Excludes the day, and fills the conic roof,
And hangs above them like a cloud. Around,
The ghastly bodies of their chiefs are hung,
Shrivell'd and parch'd, by heat; the humbler dead
Lie on the floor, white bones, exposed to view,
On deer, or elk-skin laid, or softer fur,
Or web, the work of many a mournful hour;
The loathlier forms of fresh mortality,
Swath'd, and in decent tenderness conceal'd,
Beside each body pious gifts are laid,
Mantle and belt and plumed coronal,

The bow he used in war, his drinking shell,
His arrows for the chace, the sarbacan,
Through whose long tube the slender shaft, breath-driven,
Might pierce the winged game. Husbands and wives,
Parents and children, there in death they lie;
The widow'd and the parent and the child
Look on in silence. Not a sound is heard
But of the crackling brand, or mouldering fire,
Or when, amid yon pendant string of shells,
The slow wind wakes a shrill and feeble sound,..
A sound of sorrow to the mind attun'd
By sights of woe.

Ayayaca at length
Came forward. ..Spirits, is it well with ye?
Is is well, Brethren? said the aged Priest;
Have ye receiv'd your mourning, and the rites
Of righteous grief? or round your dwelling-place
Still do your shadows roam dissatisfied,
And to the cries of wailing woe return
A voice of lamentation? Teach us now,
If we in aught have fail'd, that I, your Priest,
When I shall join ye soon, as soon I must,
May unimpeded pass the perilous floods,
And, in the Country of the Dead, be hail'd
By you, with song and dance and grateful joy.

So saying, to the Oracle he turn'd,
Awaiting there the silence which implied
Peaceful assent. Against the eastern wall,
Fronting the narrow portal's winding way,
That Image stood: a cloak of fur disguis'd
The rude proportion of its uncouth limbs;
The skull of some old seer of days of old
Topp'd it, and with a visor this was mask'd,
Honouring the oracular Spirit, who at times
There took his resting place. Ayayaca
Repeated, Brethren, is it well with ye?
And rais'd the visor. But he started back;
Appall'd and shuddering; for a moony light
Lay in its eyeless sockets, and there came
From its immoveable and bony jaws
A long deep groan, thrice utter'd, and thrice felt
In every heart of all the hearers round.
The good old Priest stood tottering, like a man
Stricken with palsy; and he gaz'd with eyes
Of asking horror round, as if he look'd
For counsel in that fear. But Neolin
Sprung boldly to the oracle, and cried,
Speak, Spirit! tell us of our sin, and teach
The atonement! A sepulchral voice replied,
Ye have for other Gods forsaken us,

And we abandon you!.. and crash with that,
The Image fell.
A loud and hideous shriek,
As of a dæmon, Neolin set up;
So wild a yell, as, even in that hour,
Came with fresh terror to the startled ear.
While yet they sate, pale and irresolute,
Helhua the Azteca came in. He bore
A shield and arrow, tokens these of war,
Yet now beheld with hope, so great relief
They felt his human presence.
Hoamen, hear me!
The messenger began; Erillyab thou;
Elders and Priests and People, chiefly thou
Prince Amalahta, as of these by birth,
So now of years mature, the rightful Lord...
Shall it be peace or war?..Thus Aztlan saith;
She, in her anger, from the land will root
The Children of the Sea; but viewing ye
In mercy, to your former vassalage
Invites ye, and remits the tribute lives,
And for rebellion claimeth no revenge.

Oh praise your Gods! cried Neolin, and hail:
This day-spring of new hope! Aztlan remits

The tribute lives, .. what more could Madoc give ?'
She claimeth no revenge, and, if she claim'd,
He could not save. O Hoamen, bless your Gods;
Appease them ! Thou, Prince Amalahta, speak,
And seize the mercy.
Amalahta stood
In act of speech ! but then Erillyab rose...
Who gives thee, boy, this Elder's privilege ?
The Queen exclaim'd ; .. and thou, Priest Neolin,
Curb thou thy traitorous tongue ! The reig is mine ;
I hold it from my father, he from his ;
Age before age, beyond the memory
Of man it hath been thus. My father fell
In battle for his people, and his sons
Fell by his side ; they perish'd, but their names
Are with the names we love, .. their happy souls
Pursue, in fields of bliss, the shadowy deer ;
The spirit of that noble blood which ran
From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy clouds
Which go before the Sun, when he comes forth
In glory. Last of that illustrious race
Was I, Erillyab. Ye remember well,
Elders, that day when I assembled here
The people, and demanded at their choice
The worthiest, to perpetuate our old line

Of Kings and Warriors. . . To the wind he spread
His black and blood-red banner. Even now
I hear his war-drum's tripled sound, that call'd
The youth to battle; even now behold
Th hope which lit his dark and fiery eye,
And kindled with a sunnier glow his cheek,
As he from yonder war-pole, in his pride,
Took the death-doers down. . . Lo here the bones
Of King Tepollomi! . . my husband's bones! . .
There should be some among ye who beheld,
When, all with arrows quill'd, and cloath'd with blood,
As with a purple garment, he sustain'd
The unequal conflict, till the Aztecas
Took him at vantage, and their monarch's club,
Let loose his struggling soul. Look, Hoamen, here,
See through how wide a wound his spirit fled!
Twenty long years of mournful widowhood
Have past away; so long have I maintain'd
The little empire left us, loving well
My people, and by them as well belov'd.
Say, Hoamen, am I still your Queen?

At once,

The whole assembly rose with one acclaim, . . .
Still, O Erillyab, O Beloved, rule
Thy own beloved people!

But the Gods!
Cried Amalahta, . . but the Oracle!
The Oracle! quoth she; what hath it said
That forty years of suffering hath not taught
This wretched people? . . They abandon us?
So let them go! Where were they at that hour,
When, like a blasting night-wind in the spring,
The multitudes of Aztlan came upon us?
Where were they when my father went to war?
Where were they when thy father's stiffen'd corpse,
Even after death a slave, held up the lamp
To light his conqueror's revels? . . Think not, Boy,
To palter with me thus! a fire may tremble
Within the sockets of a skull, and groans
May issue from a dead man's fleshless jaws,
And images may fall, and yet no God
Be there! . . If it had walk'd abroad with life,
That had indeed been something!
Then she turn'd
Her voice toward the people. . . Ye have heard
This Priest of Aztlan, whose insidious tongue
Bids ye desert the Children of the Sea,
And vow again your former vassalage.
Speaks Aztlan of the former? O my people,
I too could tell ye of the former days,

When yonder plain was ours, with all its woods
And waters and savannahs! . . of those days,
When, following where her husband's stronger arm
Had open'd the light glebe, the willing wife
Dropt in the yellow maize; ere long to bear
Its increase to the general store, and toss
Her flowing tresses in the dance of joy.
And I could tell ye how those summer stores
Were hoarded for the invader's winter feasts;
And how the widows clipt those flowing locks
To strew them, . . not upon their husband's graves, . .
Their husbands had no graves! . . but on the rocks
And mountains in their flight. And even these rocks
And mountains could not save us! year by year
Our babes, like firstlings of the flock, were cull'd
To be the banquet of these Aztecas!
This very wretch, who tells us of the past,
Hath chosen them for the butchery. . . Oh, I thank you
For this brave anger! . . in your name I take
The war-gift!
Gods of Aztlan, Helhua cried,
As to Erillyab's ready hand he gave
The deadly token, in your name I give
The war-gift! Ye have thirsted over long;
Take now your fill of blood! . . He turn'd away;

And Queen Frillyab bade the tribe fulfil
Their customary rites.
Each family
Bore its own dead, and to the general grave,
With melancholy song and sob of woe,
The slow procession moves. The general grave
Was delved within a deep and shady dell,
Fronting a cavern in the rock, . . the scene
Of many a bloody rite, ere Madoc came, . .
A temple, as they deem'd, by Nature made,
Where the Snake Idol stood. On fur and cloth
Of woven grass they lay their burthens down,
Within the ample pit; their offerings range
Beside, and piously a portion take
Of that cold earth, to which, for ever now
Consign'd, they leave their fathers, dust to dust;
Sad relic that, and wise remembrancer.
But as with bark and resinous boughs they pile
The sepulchre, suddenly Neolin
Sprung up aloft, and shriek'd, as one who treads
Upon a viper in his heedless path.
The God! the very God! he cried, and howl'd
One long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry;
Whereat from that dark temple issu'd forth
A Serpent, huge and hideous. On he came,

Strait to the sound, and curl'd around the Priest
His mighty folds innocuous, overtopping
His human height, and, arching down his head,
Sought in the hands of Neolin for food;
Then questing rear'd and stretch'd and wav'd his neck,
And glanced his forky tongue. Who then had seen
The man, with what triumphant fearlessness,
Arms, thighs, and neck, and body, wreath'd and ring'd
In those tremendous folds, he stood secure,
Play'd with the reptile's jaws, and call'd for food,
Food for the present God! who then had seen
The fiendish joy which fir'd his countenance,
Might well have ween'd that he had summon'd up
The dreadful monster from its native Hell,
By devilish power, himself a fiend inflesh'd.

Blood for the God! he cried; Lincoya's blood,
Friend of the Serpent's foe!.. Lincoya's blood!
Cried Amalahta, and the people turn'd
Their eyes to seek the victim, as if each
Sought his own safety in that sacrifice.
Alone Erillyab rais'd her voice, confus'd
But not confounded; she alone exclaim'd,
Madoc shall answer this! unheard her voice
By the bewilder'd people, by the Priest

Unheeded; and Lincoya sure had fall'n
The victim of their terrors in that hour
Had he been found; but when his watchful eye
Beheld the monster from his den come forth,
He fled to bear the tidings. . . Neolin
Repeats the accursed call, Food for the God!
Ayayaca, his unbelieving Priest!
At once all eager eyes were fix'd on him,
But he came forward calmly at the call.
Lo! here am I! quoth he; and from his head
Plucking the thin grey hairs he dealt them round. . . .
Countrymen, kinsmen, brethren, children, take
These in remembrance of me! there will be
No relick of your aged Priest but this.
From manhood to old age, full threescore years,
Have I been your true servant: fit it is
That I, who witness'd Aztlan's first assault,
Should perish her last victim! . . and he mov'd
Towards the death. But then Erillyab
Seiz'd him, and by the garment drew him back! . .
By the Great Spirit, but he shall not die!
The Queen exclaim'd; nor shalt thou triumph thus,
Lyar and traitor! Hoamen to your homes!
Madoc shall answer this!

Irresolute
They heard, and inobedient; to obey
Fearing, yet fearing to remain. Anon,
The Queen repeats her bidding, To your homes,
My people! .. But when Neolin perceiv'd
The growing stir and motion of the crowd,
As from the outward ring they mov'd away,
He utter'd a new cry, and disentangling
The passive reptile's folds, rush'd out among them,
With outstretch'd hands, like one possess'd, to seize
His victim. Then they fled; for who could tell
On whom the madman, in that hellish fit,
Might cast the lot? An eight-years boy he seiz'd
And held him by the leg, and, whirling him
In ritual dance, till breath and sense were gone,
Set up the death-song of the sacrifice.
Amalahta, and what others rooted love
Of evil leagued with him, accomplices
In treason, join'd the death-song and the dance.
Some too there were, believing what they fear'd,
Who yielded to their old idolatry,
And mingled in the worship. Round and round
The accursed minister of murder whirl'd
His senseless victim: they, too, round and round
In maddening motion, and with maddening cries

Revolving, whirl'd and wheel'd. At length, when now,
According to old rites, he should have dash'd
On the stone Idol's head the wretch's brains,
Neolin stopt, and once again began
The long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry.
The Serpent knew the call, and, rolling on,
Wave above wave, his rising length, advanced
His open jaws; then, with the expected prey,
Glides to the dark recesses of his den.

VII.

Meantime Erillyab's messenger had girt
His loins, and, like a roebuck, o'er the hills
He sped. He met Cadwallon and the Prince
In arms, so quickly Madoc had obey'd
Lincoya's call; at noon he heard the call,
And still the sun was riding high in heaven,
When, up the valley where the Hoamen dwelt
He led his twenty spears. O welcome, friend
And brother! cried the Queen. Even as thou said
So hath it proved; and those accursed schemes
Of treachery, which that wretched boy reveal'd
Under the influence of thy potent drink,
Have ripen'd to effect. From what a snare
The timely warning saved me! for, besure,
What I had seen I else should have believed,
In utter fear confounded. The Great Spirit,

Who taught thee to foresee the evil thing,
Will give thee power to quell it.
On they went
Toward the dell, where now the Idolaters
Had built their dedicated fire, and still
With feast, and fits of song, and violent dance,
Pursued their rites. When Neolin perceived
The Prince approach, fearlessly he came forth,
And rais'd his arm, and cried, Strangers, away!
Away, profane! hence to your mother-land!
Hence to your waters! for the God is here;...
He came for blood, and he shall have his fill!
Impious, away!
Seize him!' exclaim'd the Prince;
Nor had he time for motion nor for flight,
So instantly was that command obey'd.
Hoamen, said Madoc, hear me!.. I came here,
Stranger alike to Aztlan and to you;
I found ye an oppressed, wretched race,
Groaning beneath your chains; at your request,
For your deliverance, I unsheath'd the sword,
Redeem'd ye from your bondage, and preserv'd
Your children from the slaughter. With those foes,
Whose burden ye for forty years endur'd,
This traitor hath conspir'd, against yourselves,

Your Queen, and me your friend; the solemn faith
Which in the face of yonder sun we pledged,
Each to the other, this accursed man
Hath broken, and hath stain'd his hands this day
With innocent blood. Life must atone for life,
Ere I destroy the Serpent, whom his wiles
Have train'd so well, last victim, he shall glut
The monster's maw.
Strike, man! quoth Neolin,
This is my consummation! the reward
Of my true faith! the best that I could ask,
The best the God could give: ...to rest in him,
Body with body be incorporate,
Soul into soul absorb'd, and I and he
One life, inseparable, for ever more.
Strike, I am weary of this mortal part;
Unite me to the God!
Triumphantly
He spake; the assembl'd people, at his words,
With rising awe gaz'd on the miscreant;
Madoc himself, when now he would have giv'n
The sign for death, in admiration paus'd,
Such power hath fortitude. And he perceiv'd
The auspicious moment, and set up his cry.
Forth, from the dark recesses of the cave,

The Serpent came: the Hoamen at the sight
Shouted, and they who held the Priest, appall'd
Relax'd their hold. On came the mighty Snake,
And twin'd, in many a wreath, round Neolin,
Darting aright, aleft, his sinuous neck,
With searching eye, and lifted jaw and tongue
Quivering, and hiss as of a heavy shower
Upon the summer woods. The Britons stood
Astounded at the powerful reptile's bulk,
And that strange sight. His girth was as of man
But easily could he have overtopp'd
Goliath's helmed head, or that huge King
Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim.
What then was human strength, if once involv'd
Within those dreadful coils? .. The multitude
Fell prone, and worshipp'd; pale Erillyab grew,
And turn'd upon the Prince a doubtful eye;
The Britons, too, were pale, albeit they held
Their spears protended; and they also look'd
On Madoc, who the while stood silently,
Contemplating how wisellest he might cope
With that surpassing strength.

But Neolin,
Well hoping now success, when he had aw'd
The general feeling thus, exclaim'd aloud,

Blood for the God! give him the Stranger's blood!
Avenge him on his foes! and then, perchance,
Terror had urged them to some desperate deed,
Had Madoc ponder'd more, or paus'd in the act
One moment. From the sacrificial flames
He snatch'd a firebrand, and, with fire and sword,
Rush'd at the monster: back the monster drew
His head, uprais'd recoiling, and the Prince
Smote Neolin; all circled as he was,
And clipt in his false Deity's embrace,
Smote he the accursed Priest; the avenging sword
Fell on his neck; through flesh and bone it drove
Deep in the chest: the wretched criminal
Totter'd, and those huge rings a moment held
His bloody corpse upright, while Madoc struck
The Serpent: twice he struck him, and the sword
Glanced from the impenetrable scales; nor more
Avail'd its thrust, though driven by that strong arm;
For on the unyielding skin the temper'd blade
Bent. He sprung upward then, and in the eyes
Of the huge monster flash'd the fiery brand.
Impatient of the smoke and burning, back
The reptile wreath'd, and from his loosening clasp
Dropt the dead Neolin, and turn'd, and fled
To his dark den.

The Hoamen, at that sight
Rais'd a loud wonder-cry, with one accord,
Great is the Son of Ocean, and his God
Is mightiest! But Erillyab silently
Approach'd the great Deliverer; her whole frame
Trembl d with strong emotion, and she took
His hand, and gazed a moment earnestly,
Having no power of speech, till with a gush
Of tears her utterance came, and she exclaim'd,
Blessed art thou, my brother! for the power
Of God is in thee!.. and she would have kiss'd
His hand in adoration; but he cried,
God is indeed with us, and in his name
Will we fulfil the work!.. then to the cave
Advanced and call'd for fire. Bring fire! quoth he;
By his own element this spawn of hell
Shall perish! and he enter'd, to explore
The cavern depths. Cadwallon follow'd him,
Bearing in either hand a flaming brand,
For sword or spear avail'd not.
Far in the hill,
Cave within cave, the ample grotto pierced,
Three chambers in the rock. Fit vestibule
The first to that wild temple, long and low,
Shut out the outward day. The second vault

Had its own daylight from a central chasm
High in the hollow; here the Image stood,
Their rude idolatry, . . a sculptur'd snake, . .
If term of art may such mishapen form
Beseem, . . around a human figure coil'd,
And all begrimm'd with blood. The inmost cell
Dark; and far up within its blackest depth
They saw the Serpent's still small eye of fire.
Not if they thinn'd the forest for their pile,
Could they, with flame or suffocating smoke,
Destroy him there; for through the open roof
The clouds would pass away. They paus'd not long.
Drive him beneath the chasm, Cadwallon cried,
And hem him in with fire, and from above
We crush him.

Forth they went and climb'd the hill,
With all their people. Their united strength
Loosen'd the rocks, and ranged them round the brink,
Impending. With Cadwallon on the height
Ten Britons wait; ten with the Prince descend,
And with a firebrand each in either hand,
Enter the outer cave. Madoc advanced,
And at the entrance of the inner den,
He took his stand alone. A bow he bore,
And arrows, round whose heads dry tow was twin'd,

In pine-gum dipt; he kindled these, and shot
The fiery shafts. Upon his mailed skin,
As on a rock, the bone-tipt arrows fell;
But, at their bright and blazing light effray'd,
Out rush'd the reptile. Madoc from his path
Retir'd against the side, and call'd his men,
And in they came and circled round the Snake,
And, shaking all their flames, as with a wheel
Of fire, they ring'd him in. From side to side
The monster turns; .. where'er he turns, the flame
Flares in his nostrils and his blinking eyes;
Nor aught, against the dreaded element,
Did that brute force avail, which could have crush'd
Milo's young limbs, or Theban Hercules,
Or old Manoah's mightier son, ere yet
Shorn of his strength. They press him now, and now
Give back, here urging, and here yielding way,
Till right beneath the chasm they centre him:
At once the crags are loos'd, and down they fall,
Thundering. They fell like thunder, but the crash
Of scale and bone was heard. In agony
The Serpent writh'd beneath the blow; in vain,
From under the incumbent load essay'd
To drag his mangled folds. One heavier stone
Fasten'd and flatten'd him; yet still, with tail

Ten cubits long, he lash'd the air, and foin'd
From side to side, and rais'd his raging head
Above the height of man, though half his length
Lay mutilate. Who then had felt the force
Of that wild fury, little had to him
Buckler or corselet profited, or mail,
Or might of human arm. The Britons shrunk
Beyond its arc of motion; but the Prince
Took a long spear, and springing on the stone
Which fix'd the monster down, provok'd his rage.
Uplifts the Snake his head retorted, high
He lifts it over Madoc, then darts down
To seize his prey. The Prince, with foot advanced
Inclines his body back, and points the spear,
With sure and certain aim, then drives it up,
Into his open jaws; two cubits deep
It pierced, the monster forcing on the wound.
He clos'd his teeth in anguish, and bit short
The ashen hilt. But not the rage which now
Clangs all his scales, can from its seat dislodge
The barbed shaft; nor those contortions wild,
Nor those convulsive shudderings, nor the throes
Which shake his inmost entrails, as with the air
In suffocating gulps the monster now
Inhales his own life-blood. The Prince descends;

He lifts another lance; and now the Snake,
Gasping, as if exhausted, on the ground
Reclines his head one moment. Madoc seiz'd
That moment, planted in his eye the spear,
Then, setting foot upon his neck, drove down
Through bone and brain and throat, and to the earth
Infix'd the mortal weapon. Yet once more
The Snake essay'd to rise; his dying strength
Fail'd him, nor longer did those mighty folds
Obey the moving impulse; crush'd and scotch'd,
In every ring, through all his mangled length,
The shrinking muscles quiver'd, then collaps'd
In death.

Cadwallon and his comrades now
Enter the den; they roll away the crag
Which fix'd him down, pluck out the mortal spear,
Then drag him forth to day; the force conjoin'd
Of all the Britons difficultly drag
His lifeless bulk. But when the Hoamen saw
That form portentous trailing in its gore,
The jaws which, in the morning, they had seen
Purpled with human blood, now in their own
Blackening, .. aknee they fell before the Prince,
And, in adoring admiration, rais'd
Their hands with one accord, and all in fear

Worshipp'd the mighty Deicide. But he,
Recoiling from those sinful honours, cried,
Drag out the Idol now, and heap the fire,
That all may be consum'd!
Forthwith they heap'd
The sacrificial fire, and on the pile
The Serpent and the Image and the corpse
Of Neolin were laid; with prompt supply
They feed the raging flames, hour after hour,
Till now the black and nauseous smoke is spent,
And mingled with the ruins of the pile,
The undistinguishable ashes lay.
Go! cried Prince Madoc, cast them in the stream,
And scatter them upon the winds, that so
No relic of this foul idolatry
Pollute the land. To-morrow meet me here,
Hoamen, and I will purify yon den
Of your abominations. Come ye here
With humble hearts; for ye, too, in the sight
Of the Great Spirit, the Beloved One,
Must be made pure, and cleans'd from your offence,
And take upon yourselves his holy law.

VIII.

How beautiful, O Sun, is thine uprise,
And on how fair a scene! Before the Cave
The Elders of the Hoamen wait the will
Of their Deliverer; ranged without their ring
The tribe look on, thronging the narrow vale,
And what of gradual rise the shelving combe
Display'd, or steeper eminence of wood,
Broken with crags and sunny slope of green,
And grassy platform. With the elders sate
The Queen and Prince, their rank's prerogative,
Excluded else for sex unfit, and youth
For counsel immature. Before the arch,
To that rude fane rude portal, stands the Cross,
By Madoc's hand victorious planted there.
And lo, Prince Madoc comes! no longer mail'd

In arms of mortal might; the spear and sword,
The hauberk and the helmet laid aside,
Gorget and gauntlet, grieves and shield, . . he comes
In peaceful tunic clad, and mantle long;
His hyacinthine locks now shadowing
That face, which late, with iron overbrow'd,
Struck from within the aventayle such awe
And terror to the heart. Bareheaded he,
Following the servant of the altar, leads
The reverential train. Before them, rais'd
On high, the sacred images are borne.
There, in faint semblance, holiest Mary bends
In virgin beauty o'er her babe divine, . .
A sight, which almost to idolatry
Might win the soul by love. But who can gaze
Upon that other form, which on the rood
In agony is stretch'd? . . his hands transfix'd,
And lacerate with the body's pendent weight;
The black and deadly paleness of his face,
Streak'd with the blood which from that crown of scorn
Hath ceas'd to flow; the side wound streaming still;
And open still those eyes, from which the look
Not yet hath past away, that went to Heaven,
When, in that hour, the Son of Man exclaim'd,
Forgive them, for they know not what they do!

And now arriv'd before the cave, the train
Halt: to the assembled elders, where they sate,
Ranged in half circle, Madoc then advanced,
And rais'd, as if in act to speak, his hand.
Thereat was every human sound suppress'd;
And every quicken'd ear and eager eye
Center'd to wait his words.
The Prince began, . .
Hoamen, friends, brethren, . . friends we have been long,
And brethren shall be, ere the day go down, . .
I come not here propounding doubtful things,
For counsel, and deliberate resolve
Of searching thought; but with authority
From Heaven, to give the law, and to enforce
Obedience. Ye shall worship God alone,
The One Eternal. That Beloved One
Ye shall not serve with offer'd fruits, or smoke
Of sacrificial fire, or blood, or life;
Far other sacrifice he claims, . . a soul
Resign'd, a will subdued, a heart made clean
From all offence. Not for your lots on earth,
Menial or mighty, slave or highly-born,
For cunning in the chace, or strength in war,
Shall ye be judged hereafter; . . as ye keep
The law of love, as ye shall tame your wrath,

Forego revenge, forgive your enemies,
Do good to them that wrong ye, ye will find
Your bliss or bale. This law came down from Heaven:
Lo, ye behold Him there by whom it came;
The Spirit was in Him, and for the sins
Of man He suffer'd thus, and by His death
Must all mankind be blest. Not knowing Him,
Ye wander'd on in error; knowing now,
And not obeying, what was error once
Is guilt, and wilful wrong. If ever more
Ye bow to your false deities the knee;
If ever more ye worship them with feast,
Or sacrifice or dance; whoso offends
Shall from among the people be cut off,
Like a corrupted member, lest he taint
The whole with death. With what appointed rites
Your homage must be paid, ye shall be taught;
Your children, in the way that they shall go,
Train'd from their childhood up. Make, ye, meantime,
Your prayer to that Beloved One, who sees
The secrets of all hearts; and set ye up
This, the memorial of his chosen Son,
And Her, who, blessed among women, fed
The Appointed at Her breast, and by His cross
Endur'd intenser anguish; therefore sharing

His glory now, with sunbeams rob'd, the Moon
Her footstool, and a wreath of stars her crown.

Hoamen, ye deem us children of a race
Mightier than ye, and wiser, and by heaven
Belov'd and favour'd more. From this pure law
Hath all proceeded, .. wisdom, power, whate'er
Here elevates the soul, and makes it ripe
For higher powers, and more exalted bliss.
Share then our law, and be with us, on earth,
Partakers of these blessings, and, in Heaven,
Co-heritors with us of endless joy.

Ere yet one breath or motion had disturb'd
The reverential hush, Erillyab rose.
My people, said the Queen, their God is best
And mightiest. Him, to whom we offer'd up
Blood of our blood, and of our flesh the flesh,
Vainly we deem'd divine; no spirit he
Of good or evil, by the conquering arm
Of Madoc mortal proved. What then remains
But that the blessing proffer'd thus in love,
In love we take? .. Deliverer, Teacher, Friend,
First in the fellowship of faith I claim
The initiatory rite.

I also, cried
The venerable Priest Ayayaca,
Old as I am, I also, like a child,
Would learn this wisdom yet before I die.
The Elders rose and answer'd, We and all!
And from the congregated tribe burst forth
One universal shout, .. Great is the God
Of Madoc, .. worthy to be serv'd is he!

Then to the mountain rivulet, which roll'd
Like amber over its dark bed of rock,
Did Madoc lead Erillyab, in the name
Of Jesus, to his Christian family
Accepted now. On her and on her son,
The Elders and the People, Llorien
Sprinkled the sanctifying waters. Day
Was scarcely two hours old when he began
His work, and when he ceas'd, the sun had past
The heights of noon. Ye saw that blessed work,
Sons of the Cymry, Cadog, Deiniol,
Padarn and Teilo! ye whose sainted names
Your monumental temples still record;
Thou, David, still rever'd, who in the vale,
Where, by old Hatteril's wintry torrents swoln,
Rude Hodney rolls his raging stream, didst chuse

Thy hermit home ; and ye who by the sword
Of the fierce Saxon, when the bloodier Monk
Urged on the work of murder, for your faith
And freedom fell, .. Martyrs and Saints, ye saw
This triumph of the Cymry and the Cross,
And struck your golden harps to hymns of joy..

IX.

As now the rites were ended, Caradoc
Came from the ships, leading an Azteca
Guarded and bound. Prince Madoc, said the Bard,
Lo! the first captive of our arms I bring.
Alone, beside the river I had stray'd,
When, from his lurking place, the savage hurl'd
A javelin. At the rustle of the reeds,
From whence the blow was aim'd, I turn'd in time,
And heard it whizz beside me. Well it was,
That from the ships they saw and succour'd me;
For, subtle as a serpent in my grasp,
He seem'd all joint and flexure; nor had I
Armour to ward, nor weapon to offend,
To battle all unus'd and unprepar'd;
But I too, here, upon this barbarous land,

Like Elmur and like Aronan of old,
Must lift the ruddy spear.
This is no day
For vengeance, answer'd Madoc, else his deed
Had met no mercy. Freely let him go!
Perchance the tidings of our triumph here
May yet reclaim his country. Azteca,
Go, let your Pabas know that we have crush'd
Their complots here; beneath our righteous sword
The Priest and his false Deity have fallen,
The Idols been consum'd, and in their stead
The emblems of our holy faith set up,
Whereof the Hoamen have this day been made
Partakers. Say to Aztlan, when she too
Will make her temples clean, and put away
Her foul abominations, and accept
The Christian Cross, that Madoc then accords
Forgiveness for the past, and peace to come.
This better part let her, of her free will
And wisdom chuse in time.
Till Madoc spake,
The captive reckless of his peril stood,
Gazing with resolute and careless eye,
As one in whom the lot of life or death
Mov'd neither fear nor feeling; but that eye

Now glowing with defiance, . . Seek ye peace?
He cried: O weak and woman-hearted man!
Already wouldst thou lay the sword to rest?
Not with the burial of the sword this strife
Must end, for never doth the Tree of Peace
Strike root and flourish till the strong man's hand
Upon his enemy's grave hath planted it.
Come ye to Aztlan then in quest of peace?
Ye feeble souls, if that be what ye seek
Fly hence! our Aztlan suffers on her soil
No living stranger.

Do thy bidding, Chief!
Calmly Cadwallon answer'd. To her choice
Let Aztlan look, lest what she now reject
In insolence of strength, she take upon her,
In sorrow and in suffering and in shame,
By strong compulsion, penitent too late.
Thou hast beheld our ships with gallant men
Freighted, a numerous force, . . and for our arms, . .
Surely thy nation hath acquir'd of them
Disastrous knowledge.

Curse upon your arms!
Exclaim'd the Savage: . . Is there one among you
Dare lay that cowardly advantage by,
And meet me, man to man, in honest strife?

That I might grapple with him, weaponless,
On yonder rock, breast against breast, fair force
Of limb and breath and blood, . . till one, or both,
Dash'd down the shattering precipice, should feed
The mountain eagle! . . Give me, I beseech you,
That joy!

As wisely, said Cynetha's son,
Thy foe might challenge thee, and bid thee let
Thy strong right-hand hang idle in the fray;
That so his weakness with thy strength might cope
In equal battle! . . Not in wrongful war,
The tyrants of our weaker brethren,
Wield we these dreadful arms . . . but when assail'd
By fraud and force, when call'd upon to aid
The feeble and oppressed, shall we not
Then put our terrors forth, and thunder-strike
The guilty?

Silently the Savage heard;
Joy brighten'd in his eyes, as they unloos'd
His bonds; he stretch'd his arms at length, to feel
His liberty, and, like a greyhound then
Slipt from the leash, he bounded o'er the hills.
What was from early morning till noon day
The steady travel of a well-girt man,
He, with fleet feet and unfatiguable,

In three short hours hath travers'd; in the lake
He dash'd, now shooting forth his pointed arms,
Arrow-like darting on; recumbent now,
Forces, with springing feet, his easier way;
Then with new speed, as freshen'd by repose,
Again he breasts the waters. On the shore
Of Aztlan now he stands, and breathes at will,
And wrings his dripping locks; then through the gate
Pursued his way.

Green garlands deck the gate;
Gay are the temples with green boughs affix'd;
The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths;
The fire of sacrifice, with flames bedimm'd,
Burns in the sun-light, pale; the victims wait
Around, impatient of their death delay'd.
The Priest, before Tezcalipoca's shrine,
Watches the maize-strewn threshold, to announce
The footsteps of the God; for this the day,
When to his favour'd city he vouchsafes
His annual presence, and, with unseen feet,
Imprints the maize-strewn threshold; follow'd soon
By all whose altars with eternal fires
Aztlan illum'd, and fed with human blood;
Mexitli, woman born, who from the womb,
Child of no mortal sire, leapt terrible,

The arm'd avenger of his mother's fame;
And he whose will the subject winds obey,
Quetzalcoal, and Tlaloc, Water-God,
And all the host of Deities, whose power
Requites with bounty Aztlan's pious zeal,
Health and rich increase giving to her sons,
And withering in the war her enemies.
So taught the Priests, and therefore were the gates
Green-garlanded, the temples green with boughs,
The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths;
And yonder victims, ranged around the fire,
Are destin'd, with the steam of sacrifice,
To greet their cursed coming.. With the train
Of warrior Chiefs Coanocotzin stood,
That when the Priest proclaim'd the enter'd God,
His lips before the present Deity
Might pour effectual prayer. The assembled Chiefs
Saw Tlalala approach, more welcome now,
As one whose absence from the appointed rites
Had waken'd fear and wonder. .. Think not ye,
The youth exclaim'd, careless impiety
Could this day lead me wandering. I went forth
To dip my javelin in the Strangers' blood, ..
A sacrifice, methought, our Gods had lov'd

To scent, and sooner hasten'd to enjoy.
I fail'd, and fell a prisoner; but their fear
Releas'd me, . . coward fear, or idiot hope,
That, like Yuhidthiton, I might become
Their friend, and merit chastisement from Heaven,
Pleading the Strangers' cause. They bade me go
And proffer peace. . . Chiefs, were it possible
That tongue of mine could win you to that shame
Up would I pluck the member, though my soul
Follow'd its bloody roots. The Stranger finds
No peace in Aztlan, but the peace of death!

'Tis bravely said! Yuhidthiton replied,
And fairly may'st thou boast, young Tlalala,
For thou art brave in battle. Yet 'twere well
If that same fearless tongue were taught to check
Its boyish licence now. No law forbade
Our friendship with the Stranger, when my voice
Plead'd for proffer'd peace; that fault I shar'd
In common with the King, and with the Chiefs,
The Pabas and the People, none foreseeing
Danger or guilt: but when at length the Gods
Made evident their wrath in prodigies,
I yielded to their manifested will
My prompt obedience. . . Bravely hast thou said,

And brave thou art, young Tyger of the War!
But thou hast dealt with other enemies
Than these impenetrable men, . . with foes,
Whose conquer'd Gods lie idle in their chains,
And with tame weakness brook captivity.
When thou hast met the strangers in the fight,
And in the doings of that fight outdone
Yuhidthiton, revile him then for one
Slow to defend his country and his faith:
Till then, with reverence, as beseems thy youth,
Respect thou his full fame!

I wrong it not!

I wrong it not, cried the young Azteca;
But truly, as I hope to equal it,
Honour thy well-earned glory. . . But this peace! . .
Renounce it! . . say that it shall never be! . .
Never, . . as long as there are Gods in Heaven,
Or men in Aztlan!

That, the King replied,
The Gods themselves have answer'd. Never yet
By holier ardour were our countrymen
Possess'd: peace-offerings of repentance fill
The temple courts; from every voice ascends
The contrite prayer; daily the victim's heart
Sends its propitiatory steam to Heaven;

And if the aid divine may be procur'd
By the most dread solemnities of faith,
And rigour of severest penitence,
Soon shall the present influence strengthen us,
And Aztlan be triumphant.
While they spake,
The ceaseless sound of song and instrument
Rung through the air, now rising like the voice
Of angry ocean, now subsiding soft,
As when the breeze of evening dies away.
The horn, and shrill-ton'd pipe, and drum, that gave
Its music to the hand, and hollow'd wood,
Drum-like, whose thunders, ever and anon,
Commingling with the sea-shell's spiral roar,
Clos'd the full harmony. And now the eve
Past on, and, through the twilight visible,
The frequent fire-flies' brightening beauties shone.
Anxious and often now the Priest survey'd
The maize-strewn threshold; for the wonted hour
Was come, and yet no footstep of the God!
More radiant now the fire of sacrifice,
Fed to full fury, blaz'd, and its red smoke
Imparted to the darker atmosphere
Such obscure light, as, o'er Vesuvio seen,
Or pillar'd upon Etna's mountain head,

Makes darknes dreadful. In the captives' cheeks
Then might a livid paleness have been seen,
And wilder terror in their ghastly eyes,
Expecting momently the pang of death.
Soon in the multitude a doubt arose,
Which none durst mention, lest his neighbour's fears,
Divulged, should strengthen his : . . . the hour was past,
And yet no foot had mark'd the sprinkled maize.

X.

Now every moment gave their doubts new force,
And each alarmed eye disclos'd the fear
Which trembled on the tongue, when to the King,
Emaciate like some bare anatomy,
And deadly pale, Tezozomoc was led,
By two supporting Priests. Ten painful months,
Immur'd amid the forest, had he dwelt,
In abstinence and solitary prayer
Passing his nights and days: thus did the Gods
From their High Priest exact, when they enforced,
By danger or distress, the penance due
For public sins; and he had dwelt ten months,
Praying and fasting and in solitude,
Till now might every bone of his lean limbs
Be told, and in his starv'd and bony face
The living eye appear'd unnatural,..
A ghostly sight.

In breathless eagerness
The multitude drew round as he began, . .
O King, the Gods of Aztlan are not come ;
They will not come before the Strangers' blood
Smoke on their altars : but they have beheld
My days of prayer, and nights of watchfulness,
And fasts austere, and bloody disciplines,
And have reveal'd their pleasure. Who is here,
Who to the White King's dwelling-place dare go,
And execute their will ?
Scarce had he said,
When Tlalala exclaimed, I am the man.

Hear then ! Tezozomoc replied. . . Ye know
That self-denial and long penance purge
The film and foulness of mortality,
For more immediate intercourse with Heaven
Preparing the pure spirit ; and all eyes
May witness that with no relaxing zeal
I have perform'd my duty. Much I fear'd
For Aztlan's sins, and oft, in bitterness,
Have groan'd and bled for her iniquity ;
But chiefly for this solemn day the fear
Was strong upon me, lest her Deities,
Estranged, should turn away, and we be left

A spiritless and God-abandon'd race,
A warning to the earth. Ten weary months
Have the raw maize and running water been
My only food; but not a grain of maize
Hath stayed the gnawing appetite, nor drop
Of water cool'd my parch'd and painful tongue,
Since yester morn arose. Fasting I pray'd,
And, praying, gash'd myself; and all night long,
I watch'd and wept and supplicated Heaven,
Till the weak flesh, its life-blood almost drain'd,
Sunk with the long austerity: a dread
Of death came over me; a deathy chill
Ran through my veins, and loosen'd every limb;
Dim grew mine eyes; and I could feel my heart
Dying away within me, intermit
Its slow and feeble throbs, then suddenly
Start, as it seem'd exerting all its force
In one last effort. On the ground I fell,
I know not if entranced, or dead indeed,
But without motion, hearing, sight, or sense,
Feeling, or breath, or life. From that strange state,
Even in such blessed freedom from all pain,
That sure I thought myself in very Heaven,
I woke, and rais'd my eyelids, and beheld

A light which seem'd to penetrate my bones
With life and health. Before me, visible,
Stood Coatlantona; a wreath of flowers
Circled her hair, and from their odorous leaves
Arose a lambent flame; not fitfully,
Nor with faint flash or spark of earthly flowers;
From these, for ever flowing forth, there play'd,
In one perpetual dance of pointed light,
The azure radiance of innocuous fire.
She spake... Hear Aztlan! and give ear, O King!
She said, Not yet the offended Gods relax
Their anger; they require the Strangers' blood,
The foretaste of their banquet. Let their will
Be known to Aztlan, and the brave perform
Their bidding; I, meantime, will seek to soothe,
With all a mother's power, Mexitli's wrath.
So let the Maidens daily with fresh flowers
Garland my temple!.. Daily with fresh flowers
Garland her temple, Aztlan! and revere
The gentle mother of thy guardian God!

And let the brave, exclaim'd young Tlalala,
Perform her bidding! Servant of the Gods,
Declare their will!.. Is it, that I should seek
The Strangers, in the first who meets my way

To plunge the holy weapon? Say thou to me
Do this; .. and I depart to do the deed,
Though my life-blood should mingle with the foe's.

O brave young Chief! Tezozomoc replied,
With better fortune may the grateful Gods
Reward thy valour! deed so hazardous
They ask not. Couldst thou from the mountain holds
Tempt one of these accursed to pursue
Thy artful flight, an ambush'd band might rise
Upon the unsuspecting enemy,
And intercept return; then hitherward
The captive should be led, and Aztlan's Gods
On their own altars see the sacrifice,
Well pleas'd, and Aztlan's sons, inspirited,
Behold the omen of assur'd success.
Thou know'st that Tlaloc's annual festival
Is close at hand. A Stranger's child would prove
A victim, whose rare value would deserve
His certain favour. More I need not say.
Chuse thou the force for ambush; and thyself
Alone, or with a chosen comrade, seek
The mountain dwellers.
Instant as he ceas'd,
Ocelopan exclaim'd, I go with thee,

O Tlalala! My friend! .. If one alone
Could have the honour of this enterprize,
My love might yield it thee; .. but thou wilt need
A comrade... Tlalala, I go with thee!

The Chief replied, Whom should my heart select,
Its tried companion else, but thee, so oft
My brother in the battle? We will go,
Shedder of blood! together will we go,
Now, ere the midnight!
Nay! the Priest exclaim'd,
A little while delay; and, ere ye go,
Devote yourselves to Heaven! Feebly he spake,
Like one exhausted; gathering then new force,
As with laborious effort, he pursued, ..
Bedew Mezitli's altar with your blood,
And go beneath his guidage. I have yet
Strength to officiate, and to bless your zeal.
So saying, to the Temple of the God
He led the way. The warriors follow'd him;
And, with his chiefs, Coanocotzin went,
To grace with all solemnity the rite.
They pass the Wall of Serpents, and ascend
The massive fabric; four times they surround
Its ample square, the fifth they reach the height.

There, on the level top, two temple-towers
Were rear'd ; the one Tezcalipoca's fane,
Supreme of Heaven, where now the wily Priest
Stood, watchful for his presence, and observ'd
The maize-strewn threshold. His the other pile,
By whose peculiar power and patronage
Aztlan was blest, Mexitli, woman-born.
Before the entrance, the eternal fire
Was burning ; bare of foot they enter'd there.

On a blue throne, with four huge silver snakes,
As if the keepers of the sanctuary,
Circled, with stretching neck and fangs display'd,
Mexitli sate ; another graven snake
Belted with scales of gold his monster bulk.
Around the neck a loathsome collar hung,
Of human hearts ; the face was mask'd with gold ;
His specular eyes seem'd fire ; one hand uprear'd
A club, the other, as in battle, held
The shield ; and over all, suspended, hung
The banner of the nation. They beheld
In awe, and knelt before the Terrible God.

Guardian of Aztlan ! cried Tezozomoc,
Who to thy mortal mother hast assign'd

The kingdom o'er all trees and arborets
And herbs and flowers, giving her endless life,
A Deity among the Deities;
While Coatlantona implores thy love
To thine own people, they in fear approach
Thy awful fane, who know no fear beside,
And offer up the worthiest sacrifice,
The blood of heroes!
To the ready Chiefs
He turn'd, and said, Now stretch your arms, and make
The offering to the God. They their bare arms
Stretch'd forth, and stabb'd them with the aloe-point
Then, in a golden vase, Tezozomoc
Receiv'd the mingled streams, and held it up
Toward the giant Idol, and exclaim'd,
Terrible God! Protector of our realm!
Receive thine incense! Let the steam of blood
Ascend to thee, delightful! So may'st thou
Still to thy chosen people lend thine aid,
And these blaspheming strangers from the earth
Be swept away, as erst the monster race
Of Mammuth, Heaven's fierce ministers of wrath,
Who drain'd the lakes in thirst, and for their food
Exterminated nations. And as when,
Their dreadful ministry of death fulfill'd,

Ipalnemoani, by whom we live,
Bade thee go forth, and with thy lightnings fill
The vault of Heaven, and with thy thunders rock
The rooted earth, till of the monster race
Only their monumental bones remain'd, . .
So arm thy favour'd people with thy might,
Terrible God! and purify the land
From these blaspheming foes!
He said, and gave
Ocelopan the vase. . . Chiefs, ye have pour'd
Your strength and courage to the Terrible God,
Devoted to his service; take ye now
The beverage he hath hallow'd. In your youth
Ye have quaff'd manly blood, that manly thoughts
Might ripen in your hearts; so now with this,
Which, mingling, from such noble veins hath flow'd,
Increase of valour drink, and added force.
Ocelopan receiv'd the bloody vase,
And drank, and gave in silence to his friend
The consecrated draught; then Tlalala
Drain'd off the offering. Braver blood than this
My lips can never taste! quoth he; but soon
Grant me, Mexitli, a more grateful cup, . .
The stranger's life!
Are all the rites perform'd?

Ocelopan enquir'd. Yea, all is done,
Answer'd the Priest. Go! and the guardian God
Of Aztlan be your guide!
They left the fane.
Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by
The eternal fire, the eternal fire shot up
A long blue flame. He started; he exclaim'd,
The God! the God! Tezcalipoca's Priest
Echoed the welcome cry, The God! the God!
For lo! his footsteps mark the maize-strewn floor!
A mighty shout from all the multitude
Of Aztlan rose; they cast into the fire
The victims, whose last shrieks of agony
Mingled unheeded with the cries of joy.
Then louder from the spiral sea-shell's depth
Swell'd the full roar, and from the hollow wood
Peal'd deeper thunders. Round the choral band,
The circling nobles, gay with gorgeous plumes,
And gems which sparkled to the midnight fire,
Mov'd in the solemn dance; each in his hand,
In measur'd movements, lifts the feathery shield,
And shakes a rattling ball to measur'd sounds.
With quicker steps, the inferior chiefs without,
Equal in number, but in just array,
The spreading radii of the mystic wheel,

Revolve; and, outermost, the youths roll round,
In motions rapid as their quicken'd blood.
So thus, with song and harmony, the night
Past on in Aztlan, and all hearts rejoiced.

XI.

Meantime from Aztlan, on their enterprize,
Shedder of Blood, and Tyger of the War,
Ocelopan and Tlalala set forth.
With chosen followers, through the silent night,
Silent they travell'd on. After a way
Circuitous, and far through lonely tracks,
They reach'd the mountains, and amid the shade
Of thickets covering the uncultur'd slope,
Their patient ambush placed. The Chiefs alone
Held on, till winding in ascent they reach'd
The heights which o'er the Briton's mountain hold
Impended; there they stood, and by the moon,
Who yet, with undiminish'd lustre, shone
High in the dark blue firmament, from thence
Explor'd the steep descent. Precipitous
Th rock beneath them lay, a sudden cliff

Bare and unbroken; in its midway holes,
Where never hand could reach, nor eye intrude,
The eagle built her eyrie. Farther on,
Its interrupted crags and ancient woods
Offer'd a difficult way. From crag to crag,
By rocky shelf, by trunk, or root, or bough,
A painful toil and perilous, they past.
And now, stretch'd out amid the matted shrubs,
Which, at the entrance of the valley, cloth'd
The rugged bank, they crouch'd.
By this the stars
Grew dim; the glow-worm hath put out her lamp;
The owls have ceas'd their night-song. On the top
Of yon magnolia the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn; from tree to tree
Extends the wakening watch-note, far and wide,
Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry.
Now breaks the morning; but as yet no foot
Hath mark'd the dews, nor sound of man is heard.
Then first Ocelopan beheld, where near,
Beneath the shelter of a half-roof'd hut,
A sleeping Stranger lay. He pointed him
To Tlalala. The Tyger look'd around:
None else was nigh. . . Shall I descend, he said,
And strike him? here is none to see the deed.

We offer'd to the Gods our mingled blood
Last night; and now, I deem it, they present
An offering which shall more propitiate them,
And omen sure success. I will go down
And kill!

He said, and, gliding like a snake,
Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his way.
Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his dreams
Of Britain, and the blue-ey'd maid he lov'd.
The Azteca stood over him; he knew
His victim, and the power of vengeance gave
Malignant joy. Once hast thou 'scap'd my arm:
But what shall save thee now? the Tyger thought,
Exulting; and he rais'd his spear to strike.
That instant, o'er the Briton's unseen harp
The gale of morning past, and swept its strings
Into so sweet a harmony, that sure
It seem'd no earthly tone. The savage man
Suspends his stroke; he looks astonish'd round;
No human hand is near; .. and hark! again
The aerial music swells and dies away.
Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear.
He thought that some protecting spirit liv'd
Beside the stranger, and, abash'd, withdrew.

A God protects him! to Ocelopan,
Whispering, he said. Didst thou not hear the sound
Which enter'd into me, and fix'd my arm
Powerless above him?
Was it not a voice
From thine own Gods, to strengthen thee, replied
His sterner comrade, and make evident
Their pleasure in the deed?
Nay! Tlalala
Rejoin'd; they speak in darkness and in storms:
The thunder is their voice, that peals through Heaven,
Or, rolling underneath us, makes earth rock
In tempest, and destroys the sons of men.
It was no sound of theirs, Ocelopan!
No voice to hearten, . . for I felt it pass
Unmanning every limb; . . yea, it relax'd
The sinews of my soul. Shedder of Blood,
I cannot lift my hand against the man.
Go, if thy heart be stronger!
But mean time
Young Caradoc arose, of his escape
Unconscious; and by this the stirring sounds
Of day began, increasing now, as all
Now o their toil betake them. Some go fell
The stately wood; some from the tree low-laid.

Hew the huge boughs; here round the fire they char
The stake-points; here they level with a line
The ground-plot, and infix the ready piles,
Or, interknitting them with osiers, weave
The wicker wall; others along the lake,
From its shoal waters gather reeds and canes,
Light roofing, suited to the genial sky.
The woodman's measur'd stroke, the regular saw,
The wain slow-creaking, and the voice of man
Answering his fellow, or, in single toil,
Chearing his labour with a chearful song,
Strange concert made to those fierce Aztecas,
Who, beast-like, in their silent lurking place
Couch'd close and still, observant for their prey.

All overseeing, and directing all,
From place to place mov'd Madoc, and beheld
The dwellings rise. Young Hoel at his side
Ran on, best pleas'd when at his Uncle's side
Courting indulgent love. And now they came
Beside the half-roof'd hut of Caradoc;
Of all the mountain-dwellings that the last.
The little boy, in boyish wantonness,
Would quit his Uncle's hold, and haste away,
With childhood's frolic speed, then laugh aloud,

To tempt pursuit, now running to the huts,
Now toward the entrance of the valley straits.
But wheresoe'er he turn'd Ocelopan
With hunter-eye pursu'd his heedless course,
In breath-suspending vigilance. Ah me!
The little wretch toward his lurking place
Draws near, and calls on Madoc; and the Prince
Thinks of no danger nigh, and follows not
The childish lure! nearer the covert now
Young Hoel runs, and stops, and calls again;
Then like a lion, from his couching place
Ocelopan leapt forth, and seiz'd his prey.

Loud shriek'd the affrighted child, as in his arms
The savage grasp't him; startled at the cry,
Madoc beheld him hastening through the pass.
Quick as instinctive love can urge his feet
He follows, and he now almost has reach'd
The incumber'd ravisher, and hope inspires
New speed, .. yet nearer now, and nearer still, ..
And lo! the child holds out his little arms!
That instant, as the Prince almost had laid
His hand upon the boy, young Tlalala
Leapt on his neck, and soon, though Madoc's strength,
With frantic fury, shook him from his hold,

Far down the steep Ocelopan had fled.
Ah! what avails it now, that they, by whom
Madoc was standing to survey their toil,
Have miss'd their chief, and spread the quick alarm?
What now avails it, that, with distant aid,
His gallant men come down? Regarding nought
But Hoel, but the wretched Llaian's grief,
He rushes on; and ever as he draws
Near to the child, the Tiger Tlalala
Impedes his way; and now they reach the place
Of ambush, and the ambush'd band arise,
And Madoc is their prisoner.
Caradoc,
In vain thou leadest on the late pursuit!
In vain, Cadwallon, thy alarmed love
Caught the first sound of evil! They pour out
Tumultuous, from the vale, a half-arm d troop;
Each with such weapons as his hasty hand
Can seize, they rush to battle. Gallant men,
Your valour boots not! It avails not now,
With such fierce onset that ye charge the foe,
And drive with such full force the weapon home!
They, while ye slaughter them, impede pursuit,
And far away, mean time, their comrades bear
The prisoner Prince. In vain his noble heart

Swells now with wild and suffocating rage ;
In vain he struggles : .. they have bound his limbs
With the tough ozier, and his struggles now
But bind more close and cuttingly the band.
They hasten on ; and while they bear the prize,
Leaving their ill-doom'd fellows in the fight
To check pursuit, foremost afar of all,
With unabating strength by joy inspir'd,
Ocelopan to Aztlan bears the child.

XII.

Good tidings travel fast. . . The chief is seen;
He hastens on; he holds the child on high;
He shouts aloud. Through Aztlan spreads the news;
Each to his neighbour tells the happy tale, . .
Joy, . . joy to Aztlan! the Blood-shedder comes!
Tlaloc hath given his victim.
Ah, poor child!
They from the gate swarm out to welcome thee,
Warriors, and men grown grey, and youths and maids,
Exulting, forth they crowd. The mothers throng
To view thee, and while, thinking of thy doom,
They clasp their own dear infants to the breast
With deeper love, delighted think that thou
Shalt suffer for them. He, poor child, admires
The strange array; with wonder he beholds
Their olive limbs, half bare, their plumy crowns,

And gazes round and round, where all was new,
Forgetful of his fears. But when the Priest
Approach'd to take him from the Warrior's arms,
Then Hoel scream'd, and from that hideous man,
Averting, to Ocelopan he turn'd,
And would have clung to him, so dreadful late,
Stern as he was, and terrible of eye,
Less dreadful than the Priest, whose dark aspect
Which Nature with her harshest characters
Had featur'd, art made worse. His cowl was white;
His untrimm'd hair, a long and loathsome mass,
With cotton cords intwisted, clung with gum,
And matted with the blood, which, every morn,
He from his temples drew before the God,
In sacrifice: bare were his arms, and smear'd
Black: but his countenance a stronger dread
Than all the horrors of that outward garb,
Struck with quick instinct to young Hoel's heart;
It was a face, whose settled sullenness
No gentle feeling ever had disturb'd;
Which, when he prob'd a victim's living breast,
Retain'd its hard composure.
Such was he
Who took the son of Llaian, heeding not
His cries and screams, and arms in suppliant guise,

Stretch'd out to all around, and strugglings vain.
He to the Temple of the Water God
Convey'd his victim. By the threshold, there
The ministering Virgins stood, a comely band
Of high-born damsels, to the temple rites
By pious parents vow'd. Gladly to them
The little Hoel leapt; their gentle looks
No fear excited; and he gaz'd around,
Pleas'd and surpriz'd, unconscious to what end
These things were tending. O'er the rush-strewn floor
They to the azure Idol, led the boy,
Now not reluctant, and they rais'd the hymn.

God of the Waters! at whose will the streams
Flow in their wonted channel, and diffuse
Their plenty round, the blood and life of earth;
At whose command they swell, and o'er their banks
Burst with resistless ruin, making vain
The toils and hopes of man, behold this child!
O, strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so may'st thou
Restrain the peaceful streams within their banks,
And bless the labours of the husbandman.

God of the Mountains! at whose will the clouds

Cluster around the heights; who sendest them
To shed their fertilizing showers, and raise
The drooping herb, and o'er the thirsty vale
Spread their green freshness; at whose voice the hills
Grow black with storms; whose wrath the thunder speaks;
Whose bow of anger shoots the lightning shafts,
To blast the works of man; . . behold this child!
O, strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so may'st thou
Lay by the fiery arrows of thy rage.
And bid the genial rains and dews descend.

O thou, Companion of the powerful God!
Companion and Beloved! . . when he treads
The mountain-top, whose breath diffuses round
The sweets of summer; when he rides the waves,
Whose presence is the sunshine and the calm, . .
Aiauh, O green-rob'd Goddess, see this child!
Behold thy victim! so may'st thou appease
The sterner mind of Tlaloc when he frowns,
And Aztlan flourish in thy fostering smile.

Young Spirits! ye whom Aztlan's piety
Hath given to Tlaloc, to enjoy with him,
For aye, the cool delights of Tlalocan, . .

Young Spirits of the happy; who have left
Your Heaven to-day, unseen assistants here, . .
Behold your comrade! see the chosen child,
Who through the lonely cave of death must pass,
Like you, to join you in eternal joy.

Now from the rush-strewn temple they depart.
They place their smiling victim in a car,
Upon whose sides of pearly shell there play'd
Shading and shifting still, the rainbow light.
On virgin shoulders is he borne aloft,
With dance before, and song and music round;
And thus they seek, in festival array,
The water-side. There lies the sacred bark,
All gay with gold, and garlanded with flowers:
The virgins with the joyous boy embark;
Ten boatmen urge them on; the Priests behind
Follow, and all the long solemnity.
The lake is overspread with boats; the sun
Shines on the gilded prows, the feathery crowns,
The sparkling waves. Green islets float along,
Where high-born damsels, under jasmin bowers,
Raise the sweet voice, to which the echoing oars,
In modulated motion, rise and fall.
The moving multitude along the shore

Flows like a stream; bright shines the unclouded sky;
Heaven, earth, and waters wear one face of joy.
Young Hoel with delight beholds the scene;
His heart throbs joyfully; and if he thinks
Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think
How beautiful a tale for her glad ear
He hath when he returns. Meantime the maids
Weave garlands for his head, and pour the song.

Oh, happy thou, whom early from the world
The gods require! not by the wasting worm
Of sorrow canker'd, nor condemn'd to feel
The pang of sickness, nor the wound of war,
Nor the long miseries of protracted age,
But call'd in youth, the chosen of the God,
To share his joys. Soon shall thy rescu'd soul,
Child of the Stranger! in his blissful world,
Mix with the blessed spirits; for not thine,
Amid the central darkness of the earth,
To endure the eternal void; . . not thine to live,
Dead to all objects of eye, ear, or sense,
In the long horrors of one endless night,
With endless being curst. For thee the bowers
Of Tlalocan have blossom'd with new sweets;
For thee have its immortal trees matur'd

The fruits of Heaven ; thy comrades even now
Wait thee, impatient, in their fields of bliss ;
The God will welcome thee, his chosen child,
And Aiauh love thee with a mother's love.
Child of the Stranger ! dreary is thy way !
Darkness and Famine through the cave of Death
Must guide thee. Happy thou, when on that night
The morning of the eternal day shall dawn.

So as they sung young Hoel's song of death,
With rapid strength the boatmen plied their oars,
And through the water swift they glided on.
And now to shore they drew. The stately bank
Rose, with the majesty of woods o'erhung,
And rocks, or peering through the forest shade,
Or rising from the lake, and with their bulk
Glassing its dark, deep waters. Half way up,
A cavern pierced the rock ; no human foot
Had trod its depths, nor ever sunbeam pierced
Its long recesses and mysterious gloom.
To Tlaloc it was hallow'd ; and the stone,
Which clos'd its entrance, never was remov'd,
Save when the yearly festival return'd,
And in its womb a child was sepulchred,
The living victim. Up the winding path,

That to the entrance of the cavern led,
With many a painful step, the train ascend:
But many a time, upon that long ascent,
Young Hoel would have paus'd, with weariness
Exhausted now. They urge him on, .. poor child!
They urge him on! .. Where is Cadwallon's aid?
Where is the sword of Ririd? where the arm
Of Madoc now? .. Oh! better had he liv'd,
Unknowing and unknown, on Arvon's plain,
And trod upon his noble father's grave,
With peasant feet, unconscious! .. They have reach'd
The cavern now, and from its mouth the Priests
Roll the huge portal. Thitherward they force
The son of Llaian. A cold air comes out; ..
It chills him, and his feet recoil; .. in vain
His feet recoil; .. in vain he turns to fly,
Affrighted at the sudden gloom that spreads
Around; .. the den is clos'd, and he is left
In solitude and darkness, .. left to die!

XIII.

That morn from Aztlan Coatel had gone,
In search of flowers, amid the woods and crags,
To deck the shrine of Coatlantona;
Such flowers as in the solitary wilds
Hiding their modest beauty, made their worth
More valued for its rareness. 'Twas to her
A grateful task; not only for she fled
Those cruel rites, to which nor reverent use
Nor frequent custom could familiarize
Her gentle heart, and teach it to put off
All womanly feeling; . . but that from all eyes
Escap'd, and all obtrusive fellowship,
She, in that solitude, might send her soul
To where Lincoya with the Strangers dwelt.
She, from the summit of the woodland heights,
Gaz'd on the lake below. The sound of song
And instrument, in soften'd harmony,

Had reach'd her where she stray'd; and she beheld
The pomp, and listen'd to the harmony,
A moment, with delight: but then a fear
Came on her, for she knew with what design
The Tyger and Ocelopan had sought
The dwellings of the Cymry... Now the boats
Drew nearer, and she knew the Stranger's child.
She watch'd them land below; she saw them wind
The ascent: .. and now from that abhorred cave
The stone is roll'd away,... and now the child
From light and life is cavern'd. Coatel
Thought of his mother then, of all the ills
Her fear would augur, and how worse than all
Which even a mother's maddening fear could feign,
His dreadful fate. She thought of this, and bow'd
Her face upon her knees, and clos'd her eyes,
Shuddering. Suddenly in the brake beside,
A rustling startled her, and from the shrubs,
A Vulture rose.
She mov'd toward the spot,
Led by an idle impulse, as it seem'd,
To view from whence the carrion bird had fled.
The bushes overhung a narrow chasm,
Which pierced the hill: upon its mossy sides
Shade-loving herbs and flowers luxuriant grew;

And jutting crags made easy the descent.
A little way descending, Coatel
Stoopt for the flowers, and heard, or thought she heard,
A feeble sound below. She rais'd her head,
And anxiously she listened for the sound,
Not without fear. . . Feebly again, and like
A distant cry, it came ; and then she thought,
Perhaps it was the voice of that poor child,
By the slow pain of hunger doom'd to die.
She shudder'd at the thought, and breath'd a groan
Of unavailing pity ; . . but the sound
Came nearer, and her trembling heart conceiv'd
A dangerous hope. The Vulture from that chasm
Had fled, perchance accustom'd in the cave
To seek his banquet, and by living feet
Alarm'd : . . there was an entrance then below ;
And were it possible that she could save
The Stranger's child, . . . Oh what a joy it were
To tell Lincoya that !
It was a thought
Which made her heart, with terror and delight,
Throb audibly. From crag to crag she past
Descending, and beheld a narrow cave
Enter the hill. A little way the light
Fell, . . but its feeble glimmering she herself

Obstructed half, as stooping, in she went.
The arch grew loftier, and the increasing gloom
Fill'd her with more affright; and now she paus'd;
For at a sudden and abrupt descent
She stood, and fear'd its unseen depth; her heart
Fail'd, and she back had hasten'd; but the cry
Reach'd her again, the near and certain cry
Of that most pitiable innocent.
Again adown the dark descent she look'd,
Straining her sight; by this the strengthen'd sight
Had grown adapted to the gloom around,
And her dilated pupils now receiv'd
Dim sense of objects near. Something below,
White, in the darkness lay: it mark'd the depth.
Still Coatel stood dubious; but she heard
The wailing of the child, and his loud sobs; ..
Then, clinging to the rock, with fearful hands,
Her feet explor'd below, and twice she felt
Firm footing, ere her fearful hold relax'd.
The sound she made, along the hollow rock
Ran echoing. Hoel heard it, and he came
Groping along the side. A dim dim light
Broke on the darkness of his sepulchre;
A human form drew near him; .. he sprang on,
Screaming with joy, and clung to Coatel,

And cried, O take me from this dismal place!
She answer'd not; she understood him not;
But clasp'd the little victim to her breast,
And shed delightful tears.
But from that den
Of darkness and of horror, Coatel
Durst not convey the child, though in her heart
There was a female tenderness that yearn'd,
Even with maternal love, to cherish him.
She hush'd his clamours, fearful lest the sound
Might reach some other ear; she kiss'd away
The tears, that stream'd adown his little cheeks;
She gave him food, which in the morn she brought,
For her own wants, from Aztlan. Some few words
Of Britain's ancient language she had learnt
From her Lincoya, in those happy days
Of peace, when Aztlan was the Strangers' friend.
Aptly she learnt, what willingly he taught,
Terms of endearment, and the parting words
Which promis'd quick return. She on the child
The endearing phrase bestow'd; and if it chanced
Imperfect knowledge, or some difficult sound
Check'd her heart's utterance, then the gentle tone,
The fond caress, intelligibly spake
Affection's language.

But when she arose,
And would have climb'd the ascent, the affrighted boy
Close clasp'd her, and his tears interpreted
The prayer to leave him not. Again she kiss'd
His tears away; again of soon return
Assur'd and sooth'd him; till reluctantly
And weeping, but in silence, he unloos'd,
His grasp; and up the difficult ascent
Coatel climb'd, and to the light of day
Returning, with her flowers she hasten'd home.

XIV.

Who comes to Azthan, bounding like a deer
Along the plain? .. The herald of success;
For lo! his locks are braided, and his loins
Cinctur'd with white; and see, he lifts the shield,
And brandishes the sword. The populace
Flock round, impatient for the tale of joy,
And follow to the palace in his path.
Joy! joy! the Tyger hath atchiev'd his quest!
They bring a captive home! ... Triumphantly
Coanocotzin and his Chiefs go forth
To greet the youth triumphant, and receive
The victim whom the gracious gods have given,
Sure omen and first fruits of victory.
A woman leads the train, young, beautiful, ..
More beautiful for that translucent joy,
Flushing her cheek, and sparkling in her eye; ..
Her hair is twin'd with festal flowers, her robe

With flowing wreaths adorn'd; she holds a child,
He, too, bedeck'd and garlanded with flowers,
And, lifting him, with agile force of arm,
In graceful action, to harmonious step
Ac. ordant, leads the dance. It is the wife
Of Tlalala, who, with his child, goes forth
To meet her hero husband.
And behold
The Tiger comes! and ere the shouts and sounds
Of gratulation cease, his followers bear
The captive Prince. At that so welcome sight
Loud rose the glad acclaim; nor knew they yet
That he, who there lay patient in his bonds,
Expecting the inevitable lot,
Was Madoc. Patient in his bonds he lay,
Exhausted with vain efforts, desperate now,
And silently resign'd. But when the King
Approach'd the prisoner, and beheld his face,
And knew the Chief of Strangers, at that sound
Electric joy shot through the multitude,
And, like the raging of the hurricane,
Their thundering transports peal'd. A deeper joy,
A nobler triumph kindled Tlalala,
As, limb by limb, his eye survey'd the Prince,
With a calm fierceness. And by this the Priests

Approach'd their victim, clad in vestments white
Of sacrifice, which from the shoulders fell,
As from the breast, unbending, broad and straight,
Leaving their black arms bare. The blood-red robe,
The turquoise pendant from his down-drawn lip,
The crown of glossy plumage, whose green hue
Vied with his emerald ear drops, mark'd their Chief,
Tezozomoc: his thin and ghastly cheek,
Which, .. save the temple serpents, when he brought
Their human banquet, .. never living eye
Rejoiced to see, became more ghastly now,
As, in Mexitli's name, upon the Prince
He laid his murtherous hand. But as he spake,
Updarted Tlalala his eagle glance. ..
Away! away! he shall not perish so!
The warrior cried. .. Not tamely, by the knife,
Nor on the jaspar-stone, his blood shall flow!
The Gods of Aztlan love a Warrior Priest!
I am their Priest to-day!
A murmuring
Ran through the train; nor waited he to hear
Denial thence; but on the multitude
Aloud he call'd. .. When first our fathers seiz'd
This land, there was a savage Chief who stopt
Their progress. He had gain'd the rank he bore,

By long probation: stripes, which laid his flesh
All bleeding bare, had forced not one complaint;
Not, when the working bowels might be seen,
One movement: hand-bound, he had been confin'd
Where myriad insects on his nakedness
Infix'd their venomous anger, and no start,
No shudder, shook his frame: last, in a net
Suspended, he had felt the agony
Of fire, which to his bones and marrow pierced,
And breath'd the suffocating smoke which fill'd
His lungs with fire, without a groan, a breath,
A look betokening sense; so gallantly
Had he subdued his nature. This brave man
Met Aztlan in the war, and put her Chiefs
To shame. Our Elders have not yet forgot
How from the slaughter'd brother of their King
He stript the skin, and form'd of it a drum,
Whose sound affrighted armies. With this man
My father cop'd in battle; here he led him,
An offering to the God; and, man to man,
He slew him here in fight. I was a child,
Just old enough to lift my father's shield;
But I remember, on that glorious day,
When from the sacred combat he return'd,
His red hands reeking with the hot heart's-blood,

How in his arms he took me, and besought
The God whom he had serv'd, to bless his boy,
And make me like my father. Men of Aztlan!
Mexitli heard his prayer! . . Here I have brought
The Stranger-Chief, the noblest sacrifice
That ever graced the altar of the God;
Let then his death be noble! so my boy
Shall, in the day of battle, think of me;
And as I follow'd my brave father's steps,
Pursue my path of glory.

Ere the Priest
Could frame denial, had the Monarch's look
Bespake assent. . . Refuse not this, he cried,
O Servant of the Gods! He hath not here
His arms to save him; and the Tiger's strength
Yields to no mortal might. Then for his sword
He call'd, and bade Yuhidthiton address
The Stranger-Chief.

Yuhidthiton began,
The Gods of Aztlan triumph, and thy blood
Must wet their altars. Prince, thou shalt not die
The coward's death; but, sworded, and in fight,
Fall as becomes the valiant. Should thine arm
Subdue, in battle, six successive foes,
Life, liberty, and glory, will repay

The noble conquest. Madoc, hope not this!
Strong are the brave of Aztlan!
Then they loos'd
The Ocean Chieftain's bonds; they rent away
His garments; and, with songs and shouts of joy,
They led him to the Stone of Sacrifice.
Round was that Stone of blood; the half-rais'd arm
Of one of manly growth, who stood below,
Might rest upon its height; the circle small,
An active boy might almost bound across.
Nor needed, for the combat, ampler space;
For in the centre was the prisoner's foot
Fast fetter'd down. Thus fetter'd Madoc stood.
He held a buckler, light and small, of cane
O'erlaid with beaten gold; his sword the King,
Honouring a noble enemy, had given,
A weapon tried in war, . . to Madoc's grasp
Strange and unwieldy: 'twas a broad strong staff,
Set thick with transverse stones, on either side
Keen-edged as Syrian steel. But when he felt
The weapon, Madoc call'd to mind his deeds
Done on the Saxon in his father's land,
And hope arose within him. Nor, though now
Naked he stood, did fear, for that, assail
His steady heart; for often had he seen

His gallant countrymen, with naked breasts,
Rush on their iron coated enemy,
And win the conquest.
Now hath Tlalala
Array'd himself for battle. First he donn'd
A gipion, quilted close of gossampine;
O'er that a jointed mail of plates of gold,
Bespotted like the tyger's speckled pride,
To speak his rank; it clad his arms half-way,
Half-way, his thighs; but cuishes had he none,
Nor gauntlets, nor feet armour. On his helm
There yawn'd the semblance of a tyger's head;
The long white teeth extended, as for prey;
Proud crest, to blazon his proud title forth.
And now toward the fatal stage, equipp'd
For war, he went; when, from the press behind,
A warrior's voice was heard, and, clad in arms,
And shaking, in his angry grasp, the sword,
Ocelopan rush'd on, and call'd aloud
On Tlalala, and claim'd the holy fight.
The Tyger, heedless of his clamour, sprung
Upon the stone, and turn'd him to the war.
Fierce leaping forward came Ocelopan,
And bounded up the ascent, and seiz'd his arm:
Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed like this?

Equal our peril in the enterprize,
Equal our merit; . . thou wouldst reap alone
The guerdon! Never shall my children lift
Their little hands at thee, and say, Lo! there
The Chief who slew the White King! . . Tlalala
Trust to the lot, or turn on me, and prove,
By the best chance to which the brave appeal,
Who best deserves this glory!
Stung by wrath,
The Tyger answer'd not; he rais'd his sword,
And they had rush'd to battle; but the Priests
Came hastening up, and by their common Gods,
And by their common country, bade them cease
Their impious strife, and let the lot decide
From whom Mexitli should that day receive
His noble victim. Both unsatisfied,
But both obedient, heard. Two equal shafts,
As outwardly they seem'd, the Paba brought;
His mantle hid their points; and Tlalala
Drew forth the broken stave. A bitter smile
Darken'd his cheek, as, angrily, he cast
To earth the hostile lot. . . Shedder of Blood,
Thine is the first adventure! he exclaim'd;
But thou may'st perish here! . . and in his heart,
The Tyger hop'd Ocelopan might fall,

As sullenly retiring from the stage,
He mingled with the crowd.
And now oppos'd
In battle, on the stone of sacrifice,
Prince Madoc and the Life-Destroyer stood.
This clad in arms complete, free to advance
In quick assault, or shun the threaten'd blow,
Wielding his wonted sword; the other, stript,
Save of that fragile shield, of all defence;
His weapon strange and cumbrous; and pinn'd down,
Disabled from all onset, all retreat.

With looks of greedy joy, Ocelopan
Survey'd his foe, and wonder'd to behold
The breast so broad, the bare and brawny limbs,
Of matchless strength. The eye of Madoc, too,
Dwelt on his foe; his countenance was calm,
Something more pale than wonted, like a man
Prepar'd to meet his death. The Azteca
Fiercely began the fight; now here, now there,
Aright, aleft, above, below, he wheel'd
The rapid sword: still Madoc's rapid eye,
Pursued the motion, and his ready shield,
In prompt interposition, caught the blow,
Or turn'd its edge aside. Nor did the Prince

Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it forth,
Another shield, to save him, till his hand,
Familiar with its weight, and shape uncouth,
Might wield it well to vengeance. Thus stood he,
Baffling the impatient enemy, who now
Wax'd wrathful, thus to waste in idle strokes,
Reiterate so oft his bootless strength.
And now yet more exasperate he grew;
For, from the eager multitude, was heard,
Amid the din of undistinguish'd sounds,
The Tyger's murmur'd name, as though they thought,
Had he been on the stone, ere this, besure,
The Gods had tasted of their sacrifice,
Now all too long delay'd. Then fiercelier,
And yet more rapidly, he drove the sword;
But still the wary Prince or met its fall,
And broke the force, or bent him from the blow;
And now retiring, and advancing now,
As one free foot permitted, still provok'd,
And baffled still the savage; and sometimes,
With cautious strength, did Madoc aim attack,
Mastering each moment now with abler sway
The acquainted sword. But, though as yet unharm'd
In life or limb, more perilous the strife
Grew momently; for, with repeated strokes,

Batter'd and broken now, the shield hung loose;
And shouts of triumph from the multitude
Arose, as, piece-meal, they beheld it fall,
And saw the Prince expos'd.
That welcome sight,
Those welcome sounds inspir'd Ocelopan;
He felt each limb new-strung. Impatient now
Of conquest long delay'd, with wilder rage
He drives the weapon; Madoc's lifted sword
Receiv'd its edge, and shiver'd with the blow.
A shriek of transport burst from all around;
For lo! the White King, shieldless, weaponless,
Naked before his foe! That savage foe,
Dallying with the delight of victory,
Drew back a moment, to enjoy the sight,
Then yell'd in triumph, and sprang on to give
The consummating blow. Madoc beheld
The coming death; he darted up his hand,
Instinctively, to save, and caught the wrist
In its mid fall, and drove, with desperate force,
The splinter'd truncheon of his broken sword
Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his eye
It broke its way, and, where the nasal nerves
Branch, in fine fibrils, o'er their mazy seat,
Burst through, and, slanting upward, in the brain
Buried its jagged point.

Madoc himself
Stood at his fall astonish'd, at escape
Unhop'd, and strange success. The multitude
Beheld, and they were silent, and they stood
Gazing in terror. But far other thoughts
Rose in the Tyger's heart; it was a joy
To Tlalala; and forth he sprung, and up
The Stone of Sacrifice, and call'd aloud
To bring the Prince another sword and shield,
For his last strife. Then in that interval,
Upon Ocelopan he fix'd his eyes,
Contemplating the dead, as though thereby
To kindle in his heart a fiercer thirst
For vengeance. Nor to Madoc was the sting
Of anger wanting, when, in Tlalala,
He knew the captive whom his mercy freed,
The man whose ambush had that day destroy'd
Young Hoel and himself; . . for, sure, he deem'd
Young Hoel was with God, and he himself
At his death-day arriv'd. And now he graspt
A second sword, and held again the shield;
And from the Stone of Blood Ocelopan
Was borne away; and, fresh in arms, and fierce
With all that makes a savage thirst for war,
Hope, vengeance, courage, superstitious hate,

A second foe came on. By this the Prince
Could wield his weapon well; and dreading now
Lest, in protracted combat, he should stand
Again defenceless, he put forth his strength,
As oft assailing as assail'd, and watch'd
So well the Tyger's motions, and receiv'd
The Tyger's blows so warily, and aim'd
His own so fierce and fast, that in the crowd
Doubt and alarm prevail'd. Ilanquel grew
Pale at her husband's danger; and she clasp'd
The infant to her breast, whom late she held
On high, to see his victory. The throng
Of the beholders silently look'd on;
And in their silence might at times be heard
An indrawn breath of terror; and the Priests
Angrily murmur'd, that, in evil hour,
Coanocotzin had indulged the pride
Of vaunting valour, and from certain death
Repriev'd the foe.

But now a murmur rose
Amid the multitude; and they who stood
So thickly throng'd, and with such eager eyes
Late watch'd the fight, hastily now broke up,
And with disorder'd speed and sudden arms,
Ran to the city gates. More eager now,

Conscious of what had chanced, fought Tlalala;
And hope invigorated Madoc's heart;
For well he ween'd Cadwallon was at hand,
Leading his gallant friends. Aright he ween'd;
At hand Cadwallon was! His gallant friends
Came from their mountains with impetuous speed,
To save or to revenge. Nor long endur'd
The combat now: the Priests ascend the stone,
And bid the Tyger hasten to defend
His country and his Gods; and, hand and foot,
Binding the captive Prince, they bear him thence,
And lay him in the temple. Then his heart
Resign'd itself to death, and Madoc thought
Of Llaian and Goervyl; and he felt
That death was dreadful. But not so the King
Permitted; but not so had God decreed;
For noble was the King of Aztlan's heart,
And pure his tongue from falsehood: he had said,
That by the warrior's death should Madoc die;
Nor dar'd the Pabas violently break
The irrevocable word. There Madoc lay
In solitude; the distant battle reach'd
His ear; inactive and in bonds he lay,
Expecting the dread issue, and almost
Wish'd for the perils of the fight again.

Aztlan that day must triumph or must fall.
Then sword and mace on helm and buckler rang,
And hurtling javelins whirr'd along the sky.
Nor when they hurl'd the javelin, did the sons
Of Aztlan, prodigal of weapons, loose
The lance, to serve them for no second stroke;
A line of ample measure still retain'd
The missile shaft; and when the blow was spent,
Swiftly the dexterous spearman coil'd the string,
And sped again the artificer of death.
Rattling, like summer hailstones, they descend,
But from the Britons' iron panoply,
Baffled and blunted, fell; nor more avail'd
The stony falchion there, whose broken edge
Inflicts no second wound; nor profited,
On the strong buckler or the crested helm,
The knotty club; though fast, in blinding showers,
Those javelins fly, those heavy weapons fall
With stunning weight. Meantime, with wonted strength
The men of Gwyneth through their fenceless foes
Those lances thrust, whose terrors had so oft
Affray'd the Saxons, and whose home-driven points
So oft had pierced the Normen's knightly arms.
Little did then his pomp of plumes bestead
The Azteca, or glittering pride of gold,

Against the temper'd sword; little his casque,
Gay with its feathery coronal, or drest
In graven terrors, when the Briton's hand
Drove in, through helm and head, the spiked mace;
Or swung its iron weights with shattering sway,
Which where they fell, destroy'd. Beneath those arms
The men of Aztlan sunk; and whoso dropt,
Dead or disabled, him his comrades bore
Away, with instant caution, lest the sight
Of those whom they had slaughter'd might inspire
The foe with hope and courage. Fast they fell,
And fast were resupplied, man after man
Succeeding to the death. Nor in the town
Did now the sight of their slain countrymen,
Momently carried in, and pil'd in heaps,
Create one thought of fear. Hark! through the streets
Of Aztlan, how from house to house, and tower
To tower reiterate, Paynalton's name
Calls all her sons to battle! at whose name
All must go forth, and follow to the field
The Leader of the Armies of the Gods,
Whom, in his unseen power, Mexitli now
Sends out to lead his people. They, in crowds,
Throng for their weapons to the House of Arms,
Beneath their guardian Deity prest,

Through years of peace; and there the Pabas stood
Within the temple-court, and dealt around
The ablution of the Stone of Sacrifice,
Bidding them, with the holy beverage,
Imbibe diviner valour, strength of arm
Not to be wearied, hope of victory,
And certain faith of endless joy in Heaven,
Their sure reward... Oh! happy, cried the Priests,
Your brethren who have fallen! already they
Have join'd the company of blessed souls;
Already they, with song and harmony,
And in the dance of beauty, are gone forth,
To follow, down his western path of light,
Yon Sun, the Prince of Glory, from the world
Retiring, to the palace of his rest.
Oh, happy they, who for their country's cause,
And for their Gods, shall die the brave man's death!
Them will their country consecrate with praise!
Them will the Gods reward!.. They heard the Priests,
Intoxicate, and from the gate swarm'd out,
Tumultuous to the fight of martyrdom.

But when Cadwallon, every moment, saw
The enemies increase, and with what rage
Of drunken valour to the fight they rush'd,

He, against that impetuous attack,
As best he could, providing, form'd the troops
Of Britain into one collected mass.
Three equal sides it offer'd to the foe,
Close and compact; no multitude could break
The condens'd strength: its narrow point prest on,
Entering the throng's resistance, like a wedge,
Still from behind impell'd. So thought the Chief
Likeliest the gates of Aztlan might be gain'd,
And Hoel and the Prince preserv'd, if yet
They were among mankind. Nor could the force
Of hostile thousands break that strength condens'd,
Against whose iron sides the stream of war
Roll'd unavailing, as the ocean waves,
Which, idly, round some insulated rock,
Foam furious, warning, with their silvery smoke,
The mariner far off. Nor could the point
Of that compacted body, though it bore,
Right on the foe, and, with united force,
Press'd on to enter, through the multitude
Win now its difficult way; as where the sea
Pours through some straight its violent waters, swoln
By inland fresh, vainly the oarmen there,
With all their weight and strength, essay to drive
Their galley through the pass, the stress and strain
Availing scarce to stem the impetuous stream.

And hark! above the deafening din of fight
Another shout, heard like the thunder-peal,
Amid the war of winds! Lincoya comes,
Leading the mountain-dwellers. From the shock
Aztlan recoil'd. And now a second troop
Of Britons to the town advanced, for war
Impatient, and revenge. Cadwallon these,
With tidings of their gallant Prince enthrall'd,
Had summon'd from the ships. That dreadful tale
Rous'd them to fury. Not a man was left
To guard the fleet; for who could have endur'd
That idle duty? who could have endur'd
The long, inactive, miserable hours,
And hope, and expectation, and the rage
Of maddening anguish? Ririd led them on;
In whom a brother's love had call'd not up
More spirit-stirring pain, than trembled now
In every British heart; so dear to all
Was Madoc. On they came; and Aztlan then
Had fled appall'd; but in that dangerous hour
Her faith preserv'd her. From the gate, her Priests
Rush'd desperate out, and to the foremost rank
Forced their wild way, and fought with martyr zeal.
Through all the host contagious fury spread:
Nor had the sight that hour enabled them

To mightier efforts, had Mexitli, clad
In all his imaged terrors, gone before
Their way, and driven upon his enemies
His giant club, destroying. Then more fierce
The conflict grew; the din of arms, the yell
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguish'd horrors; while the Sun,
Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,
Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.

XVI.

Silent and solitary is thy vale,
Caermadoc! and how melancholy now
That solitude and silence! . . broad noon-day,
And not a sound of human life is there!
The fisher's net, abandon'd in his haste,
Sways idly in the waters; in the tree,
Which its last stroke had pierced, the hatchet hangs;
The birds, beside the mattock and the spade,
Hunt in the new-turn'd mould, and fearlessly
Fly through the cage-work of the imperfect wall;
Or through the vacant dwelling's open door,
Pass and repass secure.
In Madoc's house,
And on his bed of reeds, Goervyl lies,
Her face toward the ground. She neither weeps,
Nor sighs, nor groans; too strong her agony

For outward sign of anguish, and for prayer
Too hopeless was the ill; and though, at times,
The pious exclamation past her lips,
Thy will be done! yet was that utterance
Rather the breathing of a broken heart,
Than of a soul resign'd. Mervyn beside,
Hangs over his dear mistress silently,
Having no hope nor comfort to bestow,
Nor aught but sobs, and unavailing tears.
The women of Caermadoc, like a flock
Collected in their panic, stand around
The house of their lost leader; and they, too,
Are mute in their despair. Llaian alone
Is absent, wildly hath she wander'd forth,
To seek her child, and such the general woe,
That none hath mark'd her absence. Yet have they,
Though unprotected thus, no selfish fear;
The sudden evil had destroy'd all thought,
All sense, of present danger to themselves,
All foresight.

Yet new terrors! Malinal,
Panting with speed, bursts in, and takes the arms
Of Madoc down. Goervyl, at that sound,
Started in sudden hope; but when she saw
The Azteca, she utter'd a faint scream

Of wrongful fear, remembering not the proofs
Of his tried truth, nor recognizing aught
In those known features, save their hostile hue.
But he, by worser fear abating soon
Her vain alarm, exclaim'd, I saw a band
Of Hoamen coming up the straits, for ill,
Beaure, for Amalahta leads them on.
Buckle this harness on, that, being arm'd,
I may defend the entrance.
Scarce had she
Fasten'd the breast-plate with her trembling hands,
When, flying from the sight of men in arms,
The women crowded in. Hastily he seiz'd
The shield and spear, and on the threshold took
His stand; but, waken'd now to provident thought,
Goervyl, following, helm'd him. There was now
No time to gird the bauldric on; she held
Her brother's sword, and bade him look to her
For prompt supply of weapons; in herself
Being resolv'd not idly to abide,
Nor unprepar'd of hand or heart to meet
The issue of the danger, nor to die
Reluctant now.
Rightly had they divin'd
The Hoaman's felon purpose. When he heard

The fate of Madoc, from his mother's eye
He mask'd his secret joy, and took his arms,
And to the rescue with the foremost band,
Set forth. But soon, upon the way, he told
The associates of his crime, that now their hour
Of triumph was arriv'd; Caermadoc, left
Defenceless, would become, with all its wealth,
The spoilers' easy prey, raiment and arms
And iron; skins of that sweet beverage,
Which to a sense of its own life could stir
The joyful blood; the women, above all,
Whom to the forest they might bear away,
To be their slaves, if so their pleasure was;
Or, yielding them to Aztlan, for such prize
Receive a royal guerdon. Twelve there were,
Long leagued with him in guilt, who turn'd aside.
And they have reach'd Caermadoc now, and now
Rush onward, where they see the women fly;
When, on the threshold, clad in Cimbric arms,
And with long lance protended, Malinal
Rebuffs them from the entrance. At that sight
Suddenly quail'd, they stood, as midnight thieves
Who find the master waking; but ere long,
Gathering assured courage, as they saw
No other guard, press'd forward, and essay'd

To turn his spear aside. Its steady point,
True to the impelling strength, held on, and thrust
The foremost through the breast, and breath and blood
Follow'd the re-drawn shaft. Nor seem'd the strife
Unequal now, though, with their numbers, they
Beleaguer'd in half-ring the door, where he,
The sole defender, stood. From side to side,
So well and swiftly did he veer the lance,
That every enemy beheld its point
Aim'd at himself direct. But chief on one
Had Malinal his deadly purpose fix'd,
On Amalahta; by his death to quell
The present danger, and cut off the root
Of many an evil, certain else to spring
From that accursed stock. On him his eye
Turn'd with more eager wilfulness, and dwelt
With keener ken; and now, with sudden step
Bending his body on, at him he drives
The meditated blow: but that ill Prince,
As chiefly sought, so chiefly fearing, swerv'd
Timely aside; and ere the Azteca
Recover'd from the frustrate aim, the spear
Was seiz'd, and from his hold, by stress and weight
Of numbers wrench'd. He, facing still the foe,
And holding at arm's length the targe, put back

His hand, and call'd Goervyl, and from her
Receiv'd the sword; .. in time, for the enemy
Prest on so near, that having now no scope
To raise his arm, he drove the blade straight on.
It enter'd at the mouth of one who stood
With face aslant, and glanced along the teeth
Through to the ear, then, slivering downward, left
The cheek-flap dangling. He, in that same point
Of time, as if a single impulse gave
Birth to the double action, dash'd his shield
Against another's head, with so fierce swing
And sway of strength, that this third enemy
Fell at his feet. Astounded by such proof
Of prowess, and by unexpected loss
Dismay'd, the foe gave back, beyond the reach
Of his strong arm; and there awhile they stood,
Beholding him at bay, and counselling
How best to work their vengeance upon him,
Their sole opponent. Soon did they behold
The vantage, overlook'd by hasty hope,
How vulnerable he stood, his arms and thighs
Bare for their butt. At once they bent their bows;
At once ten arrows fled: seven, shot in vain,
Rung on his shield; but, with unhappier mark,
Two shafts hung quivering in his leg; a third

Below the shoulder pierced. Then Malinal
Groan'd, not for anguish of his wounds, but grief
And agony of spirit; yet, resolv'd
To his last gasp to guard that precious post,
Nor longer able to endure afoot,
He, falling on his knees, receiv'd, unharm'd,
Upon the shield, now ample for defence,
Their second shower, and still defied the foe.
But they, now sure of conquest, hasten on,
To thrust him down, and he, too, felt his strength
Ebbing away. Goervyl, in that hour
Of horror and despair, collected still,
Caught him, and by the shoulders drew him in;
And, calling on her comrades, with their help
Shut to the door in time, and with their weight
Secur'd it, not their strength; for she alone,
Found worthy of her noble ancestry,
In this emergence, felt her faculties
All present, and heroic strength of heart,
To cope with danger, and contempt of death.
Shame on ye, British women! shame! exclaim'd
The daughter of King Owen, as she saw
The trembling hands and bloodless countenance
Pale as sepulchral marble; silent some;
Others, with womanish cries, lamenting now

That ever, in unhappy hour, they left
Their native land ; . . a pardonable fear ;
For hark, the war-whoop ! sound, whereto the howl
Of tygers or hyenas, heard at night
By captive from barbarian foes escap'd,
And wandering in the pathless wilderness,
Were music. Shame on ye ! Goervyl cried ;
Think what your fathers were, your husbands what,
And what your sons should be ! These savages
Seek not to wreak on ye immediate death ;
So are ye safe, if safety such as this
Be worth a thought ; and in the interval
We yet may gain, by keeping to the last
This entrance, easily to be maintain'd
By us, though women, against foes so few, . .
Who knows what succour chance, or timely thought
Of our own friends may send, or Providence,
Who slumbereth not ? . . While thus she spake, a hand
In at the window came, of one who sought
That way to win the entrance. She drew out
The arrow through the arm of Maliual,
With gentle care, . . the readiest weapon that, . .
And held it short above the bony barb,
And, adding deeds to words, with all her might
She stabb'd it through the hand. The sudden pain

Provok'd a cry, and back the savage fell,
Loosening his hold, and maim'd for farther war.
Nay! leave that entrance open! she exclaim'd
To one who would have clos'd it, .. who comes next
Shall not go thence so cheaply! .. for she now
Had taken up a spear to guard that way,
Easily guarded, even by female might.
O heart of proof! what now avails thy worth
And excellent courage? for the savage foe,
With mattock and with spade, for other use
Design'd, hew now upon the door, and rend
The wattled sides; and they within shrink back,
For now it splinters through, .. and lo, the way
Is open to the spoiler!
Then once more,
Collecting his last strength, did Malinal
Rise on his knees, and over him the maid
Stands with the ready spear, she guarding him
Who guarded her so well. Rous'd to new force
By that exampled valour, and with will
To atchieve one service yet before he died, ..
If death indeed, as sure he thought, were nigh, ..
Malinal gather'd up his fainting powers;
And, reaching forward, with a blow that threw
His body on, upon the knee he smote

One Hoaman more, and brought him to the ground.
The foe fell over him ; but he, prepar'd,
Threw him with sudden jerk aside, and rose
Upon one hand, and, with the other, plunged
Between his ribs the mortal blade. Meantime
Amalahta, rushing, in blind eagerness,
To seize Goervyl, set at nought the power
Of female hand, and, stooping as he came,
Beneath her spear-point, thought with lifted arm
To turn the thrust aside. But she drew back,
And lower'd at once the spear, with aim so sure,
That on the front it met him, and plough'd up
The whole scalp-length. He, blinded by the blood,
Stagger'd aside, escaping, by that chance,
A second push, else mortal. And by this,
The women, learning courage from despair,
And by Goervyl's bold example fir'd,
Took heart, and rushing on with one accord,
Drove out the foe. Then took they hope ; for them
They saw but seven remain in plight for war ;
And, knowing their own number, in the pride
Of strength, caught up stones, staves, or axe, or spear,
To hostile use converting whatsoe'er
The hasty hand could seize. Such fierce attack
Confus'd the ruffian band ; nor had they room

To aim the arrow, nor to speed the spear,
Each now beset by many. But their Prince,
Still mindful of his purport, call'd to them, . .
Secure my passage while I bear away
The White King's Sister; having her, the law
Of peace is in our power. . . And on he went
Toward Goervyl, and, with sudden turn,
While on another foe her eye was fix'd,
Ran in upon her, and stoopt down, and clasp't
The Maid above the knees, and throwing her
Over his shoulder, to the valley straits
Set off: . . ill seconded in ill attempt;
For now his comrades are too close beset
To aid their chief, and Mervyn hath beheld
His Lady's peril. At the sight, inspir'd
With force, as if indeed that manly garb
Had cloth'd a manly heart, the Page ran on,
And with a bill-hook striking at his ham,
Cut the back sinews. Amalahta fell;
The Maid fell with him; and she first hath risen,
While, grovelling on the earth, he gnash'd his teeth
For agony. Yet, even in those pangs,
Remembering still revenge, he turn'd and seiz'd
Goervyl's skirt, and pluck'd her to the ground,
And roll'd himself upon her, and essay'd

To kneel upon her breast; but she clench'd fast
His bloody locks, and drew him down aside,
Faint now with anguish, and with loss of blood;
And Mervyn, coming to her help again,
As once again he rose, around the neck
Seiz'd him, with throttling grasp, and held him down, . .
Strange strife and horrible! . . till Malinal
Crawl'd to the spot, and thrust into his groin
The mortal sword of Madoc; he himself,
At the same moment, fainting, now no more
By his strong will upheld, the service done.
The few surviving traitors, at the sight
Of their fallen Prince and Leader, now, too late,
Believ'd that some diviner power had given
These female arms strength for their overthrow,
Themselves prov'd weak before them, as, of late,
Their God, by Madoc crush'd.
Away they fled
Toward the valley straits; but in the gorge
Erillyab met their flight; and then her heart,
Boding the evil, smote her, and she bade
Her people seize, and bring them on in bonds,
For judgement. She herself, with quicken'd pace,
Advanced, to know the worst; and o'er the dead
She cast a rapid glance, and knew her son.

She knew him by his garments, by the work
Of her own hands; for now his face, besmear'd
And black with gore, and stiffen'd in its pangs,
Bore of the life no semblance. . . God is good!
She cried, and clos'd her eyelids, and her lips
Shook, and her countenance changed. But in her heart
She quell'd the natural feeling. . . Bear away
These wretches! . . to her followers she exclaim'd;
And root them from the earth. Then she approach'd
Goervyl, who was pale and trembling now,
Exhausted with past effort; and she took
Gently the maiden's tremulous hand, and said,
God comfort thee, my Sister! At that voice
Of consolation, from her dreamy state,
Goervyl, to a sense of all her woe,
Awoke, and burst into a gush of tears.
God comfort thee, my Sister! cried the Queen,
Even as He strengthens me. I would not raise
Deceitful hope, . . but in His hand, even yet,
The issue hangs; and He is merciful.

Yea, daughter of Aberfraw, take thou hope!
For Madoc lives! . . he lives, to wield the sword
Of righteous vengeance, and accomplish all.

XVII.

Madoc, meantime, in bonds and solitude,
Lay listening to the tumult. How his heart
Panted! how, then, with fruitless strength, he strove
And struggled for enlargement, as the sound
Of battle, from without the city, came;
While all things near were still, nor foot of man
Nor voice, in that deserted part, were heard.
At length one light and solitary step
Approach'd the place; a woman cross'd the door.
From Madoc's busy mind her image pass'd,
Quick as the form that caus'd it; but not so
Did the remembrance fly from Coatel,
That Madoc lay in bonds. That thought possess'd
Her soul, and made her, as she garlanded
The fane of Coatlantona with flowers,
Tremble in strong emotion.

It was now
The hour of dusk ; the Pabas all were gone,
Gone to the battle ; . . none could see her steps ;
The gate was nigh. A momentary thought
Shot through her ; she delay'd not to reflect,
But hasten'd to the Prince, and took the knife
Of sacrifice, that by the altar hung,
And cut his bonds, and, with an eager eye,
Motioning haste and silence, to the gate
She ledhim. Fast along the forest way,
And fearfully, he follow'd to the chasm.
She beckon'd, and descended, and drew out
From underneath her vest, a cage, or net
It rather might be call'd, so fine the twigs
Which knit it, where, confined, two fire-flies gave
Their lustre. By that light did Madoc first
Behold the features of his lovely guide ;
And through the entrance of the cavern gloom,
He follow'd in full trust.
Now have they reach'd
The abrupt descent ; there Coatel held forth
Her living lamp, and turning, with a smile,
Sweet as good Angels wear when they present
Their mortal charge before the throne of Heaven,
She show'd where little Hoel slept below.

Poor child! he lay upon that very spot,
The last whereto his feet had follow'd her;
And, as he slept, his hand was on the bones
Of one, who, years agone, had perish'd there;
There, on the place where last his wretched eyes
Could catch the gleam of day. But when the voice
The well-known voice of Madoc waken'd him, . .
His Uncle's voice, . . he started, with a scream
That echo'd through the cavern's winding length,
And stretch'd his arms to reach him. Madoc hush'd
The dangerous transport, rais'd him up the ascent,
And follow'd Coatel again, whose face,
Though tears of pleasure still were coursing down,
Betoken'd fear and haste. Adown the wood
They went; and, coasting now the lake, her eye
First what they sought beheld, a light canoe,
Moor'd to the bank. Then in her arms she took
The child, and kiss'd him with maternal love,
And placed him in the boat; but when the Prince,
With looks and gestures and imperfect words,
Such as the look, the gesture, well explain'd,
Urged her to follow, doubtfully she stood;
A dread of danger, for the thing she had done,
Came on her, and Lincoya rose to mind.
Almost she had resolv'd; but then she thought

Of her dear father, whom that flight would leave
Alone in age; how he would weep for her,
As one among the dead, and to the grave
Go sorrowing; or, if ever it were known
What she had dar'd, that on his head the weight
Of punishment would fall. That dreadful fear
Resolv'd her, and she wav'd her head, and rais'd
Her hand, to bid the Prince depart in haste,
With looks, whose painful seriousness forbade
All farther effort. Yet unwillingly,
And boding evil, Madoc from the shore
Push'd off his little boat. She on its way
Stood gazing for a moment, lost in thought,
Then struck into the woods.

Swift through the lake
Madoc's strong arm impell'd the light canoe.
Fainter and fainter, to his distant ear,
The sound of battle came; and now the Moon
Arose in heaven, and pour'd o'er lake and land
A soft and mellowing ray. Along the shore
Llaian was wandering, with distracted steps,
And groaning for her child. She saw the boat
Approach; and as on Madoc's naked limbs,
And on his countenance, the moonbeam fell,
And as she saw the boy in that dim light,

It seem'd as though the Spirits of the dead
Were moving on the waters; and she stood
With open lips, that breath'd not, and fix'd eyes,
Watching the unreal shapes: but when the boat
Drew nigh, and Madoc landed, and she saw
His step substantial, and the child came near,
Unable then to move, or speak, or breathe,
Down on the sand she sunk.
But who can tell,
But who can feel, her agony of joy,
When, by the Prince's care restor'd to sense,
She recogniz'd her child, she heard the name
Of mother from that voice, which, sure, she thought
Had pour'd upon some Priest's remorseless ear
Its last vain prayer for life. No tear reliev'd
The insupportable feeling, that convuls'd
Her swelling breast. She look'd, and look'd, and felt
The child, lest some delusion should have mock'd
Her soul to madness; then the gushing joy
Burst forth, and with caresses and with tears
She mingled broken prayers of thank to heaven.

And now the Prince, when joy had had its course,
Said to her, Knowest thou the mountain path?
For I would to the battle. But at that,

A sudden damp of dread came over her, . .
O leave us not! she cried; lest haply ill
Should have befallen! for I remember now,
How in the woods I saw a savage band
Making toward Caermadoc, and I hid,
Lest they should stop my going. God forefend
The evil that I fear! . . What! Madoc cried,
Were ye then left defenceless? . . She replied,
All fled to arms: there was no time for thought,
Nor counsel, in that sudden ill; nor one
Of all thy people, who could, in that hour,
Have brook'd home-duty, when thy life or death
Hung on the chance.
Now God be merciful!
Cried he; . . for of Goervyl did he think,
And the cold sweat started at every pore. . .
Give me the boy! . . he travels all too slow.
Then in his arms he took him, and sped on,
Suffering more painful terrors, than, of late,
His own near death provok'd. They held their way
In silence up the heights; and when, at length,
They reach'd the valley entrance, there the Prince
Bade her remain, while he went on, to spy
The footsteps of the spoiler. Soon he saw
Men, in the moonlight, stretch'd upon the ground;

And quickening then his pace, in worse alarm,
Along the shade, with cautious step, he mov'd
Toward one, to seize his weapons: 'twas a corpse;
Nor whether, at the sight, to hope or fear
Yet knew he. But anon, a steady light,
As of a taper, seen in his own home,
Comforted him; and, drawing nearer now,
He saw his sister on her knees, beside
The rushes, ministering to a wounded man.
Safe that the dear one liv'd, then back he sped,
With joyful haste, and summon'd Llaian on,
And in loud talk advanced. Erillyab first
Came forward at the sound; for she had faith
To trust the voice... They live! they live! she cried;
God hath redeem'd them!.. Nor the maiden yet
Believ'd the actual joy: like one astound,
Or as if struggling with a dream, she stood,
Till he came close, and spread his arms, and call'd,
Goervyl! ... and she fell in his embrace.

But Madoc linger'd not; his eager soul
Was in the war; in haste he donn'd his arms;
And, as he felt his own good sword again,
Exulting play'd his heart.. Boy, he exclaim'd
To Mervyn, arm thyself, and follow me!

For, in this conquest, we shall break the power
Of our blood-thirsty foe: and, in thine age,
Wouldst thou not wish, when young men crowd around
To hear thee chronicle their father's deeds,
Wouldst thou not wish to add,.. And I, too, fought
In that day's conflict?
Mervyn's cheek turn'd pale
A moment, then, with terror all suffus'd,
Grew fever-red. Nay, nay! Goervyl cried,
He is too young for battles! .. But the Prince,
With erring judgment, in that fear-flush'd cheek
Beheld the glow of enterprizing hope,
And youthful courage. I was such a boy,
Sister! he cried, at Counsyllt; and that day,
In my first field, with stripling arm, smote down
Many a tall Saxon. Saidst thou not but now,
How bravely, in the fight of yesterday,
He flesh'd his sword,.. and wouldst thou keep him here,
And rob him of his glory? See his cheek!
How it hath crimson'd at the unworthy thought!
Arm! arm! and to the battle!
How her heart
Then panted! how, with late regret, and vain,
Senena wish'd Goervyl then had heard
The secret, trembling on her lips so oft,

So oft by shame withheld. She thought that now
She could have fall'n upon her Lady's neck,
And told her all; but when she saw the Prince,
Imperious shame forbade her, and she felt
It were an easier thing to die than speak.
Avail'd not now regret or female fear!
She mail'd her delicate limbs; beneath the plate
Compress'd her bosom; on her golden locks
The helmet's overheavy load she placed;
Hung from her neck the shield; and, though the sword
Which swung beside her lightest she had chosen,
Though in her hand she held the slenderest spear,
Alike unwieldy, for the maiden's grasp,
The sword and ashen lance. But as she touch'd
The murderous point, an icy shudder ran
Through every fibre of her trembling frame;
And, overcome by womanly terror then,
The damsel to Goervyl turn'd, and let
Her breastplate fall, and on her bosom placed
The Lady's hand, and hid her face, and cried
Save me! The warrior, who beheld the act,
And heard not the low voice, with angry eye
Glow'd on the seemly boy of feeble heart.
But, in Goervyl, joy had overpower'd
The wonder; joy, to find the boy she lov'd

Was one, to whom her heart with closer love
Might cling; and to her brother she exclaim'd,
She must not go! We women in the war
Have done our parts.
A moment Madoc dwelt
On the false Mervyn, with an eye from whence
Displeasure did not wholly pass away.
Nor loitering to resolve Love's riddle now,
To Malinal he turn'd, where, on his couch,
The wounded youth was laid. . . True friend, said he,
And brother mine, . . for, truly, by that name
I trust to greet thee, . . if, in this near fight,
My hour should overtake me, . . as who knows
The lot of war? . . Goervyl hath my charge
To quite thee, for thy service, with herself;
That so thou mayest raise up seed to me
Of mine own blood, who may inherit here
The obedience of thy people and of mine. . .
Malinal took his hand, and to his lips
Feebly he prest it, saying, One boon more,
Father and friend, I ask! . . if thou shouldst meet
Yuhidthiton in battle, think of me.

XVIII.

Merciful God! how horrible is night
Upon the plain of Aztlan! there the shout
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms,
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,
In one wild uproar and continuous din,
Shake the still air; while, overhead, the Moon,
Regardless of the stir of this low world,
Holds on her heavenly way. Still, unallay'd
By slaughter, raged the battle, unrelax'd
By lengthen'd toil; anger supplying still
Strength undiminish'd, for the desperate strife.
And lo! where yonder, on the temple top,
Blazing aloft, the sacrificial fire,
Scene more accurst and hideous than the war,
Displays to all the vale; for whosoe'er
That night the Aztecas could bear away,

Hoaman or Briton, thither was he borne;
And, as they stretch'd him on the stone of blood,
Did the huge tambour of the God, with voice
Loud as the thunder-peal, and heard as far,
Proclaim the act of death, more visible
Than in broad day light, by those midnight fires
Distinctlier seen. Sight, that with horror fill'd
The Cymry, and to mightier efforts rous'd.
Howbeit, this abhorr'd idolatry
Work'd for their safety; the deluded foes,
Obstinate in their faith, forbearing still
The mortal stroke, that they might to the God
Present the living victim, and to him
Let the life flow.

And now the orient sky
Glow'd with the ruddy morning, when the Prince
Came to the field. He lifted up his voice,
And shouted Madoc! Madoc! They who heard
The cry, astonish'd, turn'd; and when they saw
The countenance his open helm disclos'd,
They echo'd, Madoc! Madoc! Through the host
Spread the miraculous joy,.. He lives! he lives!
He comes himself in arms!.. Lincoya heard,
As he had rais'd his arm to strike a foe,
And stay'd the stroke, and thrust him off, and cried,

Go, tell the tidings to thy countrymen,
Madoc is in the war! Tell them his God
Hath set the White King free! Astonishment
Seiz'd on the Azteca; on all who heard,
Amazement and dismay; and Madoc now
Stood in the foremost battle, and his sword,..
His own good sword,..flash'd, like the sudden death
Of lightning in their eyes.
The King of Aztlan
Heard and beheld, and in his noble heart
Heroic hope arose. Forward he mov'd,
And, in the shock of battle, front to front,
Encounter'd Madoc. A strong statur'd man
Coanocotzin stood, one well who knew
The ways of war, and never yet, in fight,
Had found an equal foe. Adown his back
Hung the long robe of feather'd royalty;
Gold fenced his arms and legs; upon his helm
A sculptur'd snake protends the arrowy tongue;
Around, a coronet of plumes arose,
Brighter than beam the rainbow hues of light,
Or than the evening glories, which the sun
Slants o'er the moving many-colour'd sea,
Such their surpassing beauty; bells of gold
Emboss'd his glittering helmet, and where'er

Their sound was heard, there lay the press of war,
And Death was busiest there. Over the breast,
And o'er the golden breastplate of the King,
A feathery cuirass, beautiful to eye,
Light as the robe of peace, yet strong to save;
For the sharp faulchion's baffled edge would glide
From its smooth softness. On his arm he held
A buckler, overlaid with beaten gold;
And so he stood, guarding his thighs and legs,
His breast and shoulders also, with the length
Of his broad shield.
Oppos'd, in mail complete,
Stood Madoc in his strength. The flexible chains
Gave play to his full muscles, and display'd
How broad his shoulders, and his ample breast.
Small was his shield, there broadest where it fenced
The well of life, and gradual to a point
Lessening; steel-strong, and wieldy in his grasp.
It bore those blazon'd eaglets, at whose sight,
Along the Marches, or where holy Dee
Through Cestrian pastures rolls his tamer stream,
So oft the yeoman had, in days of yore,
Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the horn,
And warden, from the castle-tower, rung out
The loud alarum-bell, heard far and wide.

Upon his helm no sculptur'd dragon sate,
Sate no fantastic terrors; a white plume
Nodded above, far-seen, floating like foam
On the war-tempest. Man to man they stood,
The King of Aztlan and the Ocean Chief.

Fast, on the intervening buckler, fell
The Azteca's stone faulchion. Who hath watch'd
The midnight lightnings of the summer storm,
That, with their aweful blaze, irradiate heaven,
Then leave a blacker night? so quick, so fierce,
Flash'd Madoc's sword, which, like the serpent's tongue,
Seem'd double, in its rapid whirl of light.
Unequal arms! for on the British shield
Avail'd not the stone faulchion's brittle edge,
And, in the golden buckler, Madoc's sword
Bit deep. Coanocotzin saw, and dropt
The unprofitable weapon, and receiv'd
His ponderous club, .. that club, beneath whose force,
Driven by his father's arm, Tepollomi
Had fallen subdu'd, .. and fast and fierce he drove
The massy weight on Madoc. From his shield,
The deadening force, communicated, ran
Up his stunn'd arm; anon, upon his helm,
Crashing, it came; .. his eyes shot fire, his brain

Swam dizzy, . . he recoils, . . he reels, . . again :
The club descends.
That danger to himself
Recall'd the Lord of Ocean. On he sprung,
Within the falling weapon's curve of death,
Shunning its frustrate aim, and breast to breast
He grappled with the King. The pliant mail
Bent to his straining limbs, while plates of gold,
The feathery robe, the buckler's amplitude,
Cumber'd the Azteca, and from his arm,
Clench'd in the Briton's mighty grasp, at once
He dropt the impeding buckler, and let fall
The unfasten'd club : which when the prince beheld,
He thrust him off, and, drawing back, resum'd
The sword, that from his wrist suspended hung,
And twice he smote the king; twice from the quilt
Of plumes the iron glides; and lo ! the King,
So well his soldiers watch their monarch's need,
Shakes in his hand a spear.
But now a cry
Burst on the ear of Madoc, and he saw
Through opening ranks, where Urien was convey'd
A captive, to his death. Grief then, and shame
And rage inspir'd him. With a mighty blow
He cleft Coanocotzin's helm ; expos'd

The monarch stood; . . again the thunder-stroke
Came on him, and he fell. . . The multitude,
Forgetful of their country and themselves,
Crowd round their dying King. Madoc, whose eye
Still follow'd Urien, call'd upon his men,
And, through the broken army of the foe,
Prest to his rescue.
But far off the old man
Was borne with furious speed. Ririd alone
Pursued his path, and through the thick of war
Close on the captors, with avenging sword,
Follow'd right on, and through the multitude,
And through the gate of Aztlan, made his way,
And through the streets, till, from the temple-mound,
The press of Pabas and the populace
Repell'd him, while the old man was hurried up.
Hark! that infernal tambour! o'er the lake
Its long loud thunders roll, and through the hills,
Awakening all their echoes. Ye accurst,
Ye blow the fall too soon! Ye dogs of Hell,
The Hart is yet at bay! . . Thus long the old man,
As one exhausted or resign'd, had lain,
Resisting not; but, at that knell of death,
Springing with unexpected force, he freed
His feet, and shook the Pabas from their hold,

And, with his armed hand, between the eyes
Smote one so sternly, that to earth he fell,
Bleeding, and all astound. A man of proof
Was Urien in his day; thought worthiest,
In martial thewes and manly discipline,
To train the sons of Owen. He had lost
Youth's supple slight; yet still the skill remain'd;
And in his stiffen'd limbs a strength, which yet
Might put the young to shame. And now he sate
His back against the altar, resolute
Not as a victim, by the knife to die,
But in the act of battle, as became
A man grown grey in arms: and in his heart
There was a living hope; for now he knew
That Madoc liv'd, nor could the struggle long
Endure against that arm.

Soon was the way
Laid open by the sword; for, side by side,
The brethren of Aberfraw mow'd their path;
And, following close, the Cymry drive along,
Till on the summit of the mound, the cry
Of victory rings aloud. The temple floor,
So often which had reek'd with innocent blood,
Steams now with righteous slaughter. Frantickly,
In the wild fury of their desperate zeal,

The Priests crowd round the God, and with their knives
Hack at the foe, and call on him to save;
At the altar, at the Idol's foot they fall.
Nor with less frenzy did the multitude
Flock to defend their God. Fast as they fell,
New victims rush'd upon the British sword;
And sure that day had rooted from the earth
The Aztecas and on their conquerors drawn
Promiscuous ruin, had not Madoc now
Beheld from whence the fearless ardour sprang;
They saw Mexitli; momently they hop'd
That he would rise in vengeance. Madoc seiz'd
A massy club, and from his azure throne
Shatter'd the giant idol.

At that sight
The men of Aztlan pause; so was their pause
Dreadful, as when a multitude expect
The Earthquake's second shock. But when they saw
Earth did not open, nor the temple fall
To crush their impious enemies, dismay'd,
They felt themselves forsaken by their Gods;
Then from their temples and their homes they fled,
And, leaving Aztlan to the conqueror,
Sought the near city, whither they had sent
Their women, timely sav'd.

But Tlalala,
With growing fury as the danger grew,
Raged in the battle; but Yuhidthiton
Still with calm courage, till no hope remain'd,
Fronted the rushing foe. When all was vain,
When back within the gate Cadwallon's force,
Resistless, had compell'd them, then the Chief
Call'd on the Tyger, .. Let us bear from hence
The dead Ocelopan, the slaughter'd King;
Not to the Strangers should their bones be left,
O Tlalala! .. The Tyger wept with rage,
With generous anger. To the place of death,
Where, side by side, the noble dead were stretch'd,
They fought their way. Eight warriors join'd their shields;
On these, a bier which well beseem'd the dead,
The lifeless Chiefs were laid. Yuhidthiton
Call'd on the people, .. Men of Aztlan! yet
One effort more! Bear hence Ocelopan,
And save the body of your noble King!
Not to the Strangers should their bones be left!
That whoso heard, with wailing and loud cries,
Prest round the body-bearers; few indeed,
For few were they, who, in that fearful hour,
Had ears to hear, .. but with a holy zeal,
A martyr courage, round the bier they ranged

Their bulwark breasts. So toward the farther gate
They held their steady way, while outermost,
In unabated valour, Tlalala
Faced, with Yuhidthiton, the foe's pursuit.
Vain valour then, and fatal piety,
As the fierce conquerors bore on their retreat,
If Madoc had not seen their perilous strife:
Remembering Malinal, and in his heart
Honouring a gallant foe, he call'd aloud,
And bade his people cease the hot pursuit.
So, through the city gate, they bore away
The dead; and, last of all their countrymen,
Leaving their homes and temples to the foe,
Yuhidthiton and Tlalala retir'd.

XIX.

Southward of Aztlan stood, beside the Lake,
A city of the Aztecas, by name
Patamba. Thither, from the first alarm,
The women and infirm old men were sent,
And children: thither they who from the fight,
And from the fall of Aztlan, had escap'd,
In scatter'd bands repair'd. Their City lost,
Their Monarch slain, their Idols overthrown,...
These tidings spread dismay; but to dismay
Succeeded horror soon, and kindling rage,
Horror, by each new circumstance increas'd,
By numbers, rage embolden'd. Lo! to the town,
Lamenting loud, a numerous train approach,
Like mountain torrents, swelling as they go.
Borne in the midst, upon the bier of shields,
The noble dead were seen. To tenfold grief

That spectacle provok'd, to tenfold wrath
That anguish stung them. With their yells and groans
Curses are mix'd, and threats, and bitter vows
Of vengeance, full and speedy. From the wreck
Of Aztlan who is sav'd? Tezozomoc,
Chief servant of the Gods, their favour'd Priest,
The voice by whom they speak; young Tlalala,
Whom even defeat with fresher glory crowns;
And, full of fame, their country's rock of strength,
Yuhidthiton: him, to their sovereign slain
Allied in blood, mature in wisdom, him,
Of valour unsurpassable, by all
Belov'd and honour'd, him the general voice
Acclaims their King; him they demand, to lead
Their gather'd force to battle, to revenge
Their Lord, their Gods, their kinsmen, to redeem
Their altars and their country.

But the dead
First from the nation's gratitude require
The rites of death. On mats of mountain palm,
Wrought of rare texture, and of richest hues,
The slaughter'd warriors, side by side, were laid;
Their bodies wrapt in many-colour'd robes
Of gossampine, bedeck'd with gems and gold.
The livid paleness of the countenance

A mask conceal'd, and hid their ghastly wounds.
The Pabas stood around, and, one by one,
Placed in their hands the sacred aloe leaves,
With mystic forms and characters inscrib'd;
And as each leaf was given, Tezozomoc
Address'd the dead, . . So may ye safely pass
Between the mountains, which, in endless war,
Hurtle, with horrible uproar, and frush
Of rocks that meet in battle. Arm'd with this,
In safety shall ye walk along the road,
Where the Great Serpent, from his lurid eyes
Shoots lightning, and across the guarded way
Vibrates his tongue of fire. Receive the third,
And cross the waters where the Crocodile
In vain expects his prey. Your passport this
Thro' the Eight Deserts; through the Eight Hills, this;
And this be your defence against the Wind,
Whose fury sweeps, like dust, the uprooted rocks,
Whose keenness cuts the soul. Ye noble dead,
Protected with these potent amulets,
Soon shall your Spirits reach triumphantly
The Palace of the Sun!
The funeral train
Mov'd to Mexitli's temple. First on high
The noble dead were borne: in loud lament

Then follow'd all by blood allied to them,
Or by affection's voluntary ties
Attach'd more closely, brethren, kinsmen, wives.
The Peers of Aztlan, all who from the sword
Of Britain had escap'd, honouring the rites,
Came clad in rich array, and bore the arms
And ensigns of the dead. The slaves went last,
And Dwarfs, the pastime of the living chiefs,
In life their sport and mockery, and in death
Their victims. Wailing, and with funeral hymns,
The long procession mov'd. Mexitli's Priest,
With all his servants, from the temple-gate
Advanced to meet the train. Two piles were built
Within the sacred court, of odorous wood,
And rich with gums; on these, with all their robes,
Their ensigns and their arms, they laid the dead;
Then lit the pile. The rapid light ran up,
Up flam'd the fire, and o'er the darken'd sky
Sweet clouds of incense curl'd.
The Pabas then
Perform'd their bloody office. First they slew
The women whom the slaughter'd most had lov'd,
Who most had lov'd the dead. Silent they went
Toward the fatal stone, resisting not,
Nor sorrowing, nor dismay'd, but, as it seem'd

Stunn'd, senseless. One alone there was, whose cheek
Was flush'd, whose eye was animate with fire;
Her most in life Coanocotzin priz'd,
By ten years love endear'd, his counsellor,
His friend, the partner of his secret thoughts;
Such had she been, such merited to be.
She, as she bar'd her bosom to the knife,
Call'd on Yuhidthiton. . . Take heed, O King!
Aloud she cried, and pointed to the Priests;
Beware these wicked men! they to the war
Forced my dead Lord. . . Thou knowest, and I know,
He lov'd the Strangers; that his noble mind,
Enlighten'd by their lore, had willingly
Put down these cursed altars! . . As she spake,
They dragg'd her to the stone. . . Nay! nay! she cried,
There needs not force! I go to join my Lord!
His blood and mine be on you! . . Ere she ceas'd,
The knife was in her breast. Tezozomoc,
Trembling with wrath, held up toward the Sun
Her reeking heart.
The dwarfs and slaves died last.
That bloody office done, they gather'd up
The ashes of the dead, and coffer'd them
Apart; the teeth with them, which unconsum'd
Among the ashes lay, a single lock

Shorn from the corpe, and his lip-emerald,
Now held to be the Spirit's flawless heart,
In better worlds. The Priest then held on high
The little ark which shrined his last remains,
And call'd upon the people ; . . Lo ! behold !
This was your King, the bountiful, the brave,
Coanocotzin! Men of Aztlan, hold
His memory holy ! learn from him to love
Your country and your Gods ; for them to live
Like him, like him to die. So from yon Heaven,
Where in the Spring of Light his Spirit bathes,
Often shall he descend ; hover above
On evening clouds, or, plum'd with rainbow wings,
Sip honey from the flowers, and warble joy.
Honour his memory ! emulate his worth !
So saying, in the temple-tower he laid
The relics of the King.
These duties done,
The living claim their care. His birth, his deeds,
The general love, the general voice, have mark'd
Yuhidthiton for King. Bare-headed, bare
Of foot, of limb, scarf'd only round the loins,
The Chieftain to Mexitli's temple mov'd,
And knelt before the God. Tezozomoc
King over Aztlan there anointed him,

And over him, from hallow'd cedar branch,
Sprinkled the holy water. Then the Priest
In a black garment rob'd him, figur'd white
With skulls and bones, a garb to emblem war,
Slaughter, and ruin, his imperial tasks.
Next in his hand the Priest a censer placed;
And while he knelt, directing to the God
The steaming incense, thus address'd the King:
Chosen by the people, by the Gods approv'd,
Swear to protect thy subjects, to maintain
The worship of thy fathers, to observe
Their laws, to make the Sun pursue his course,
The clouds descend in rain, the rivers hold
Their wonted channels, and the fruits of earth
To ripen in their season. Swear, O King!
And prosper, as thou holdest good thine oath.
He rais'd his voice, and swore. Then on his brow
Tezozomoc the crown of Aztlan placed;
And in the robe of emblem'd royalty,
Preceded by the golden wands of state,
Yuhidthiton went forth, anointed King.

XX.

When now the multitude beheld their King,
In gratulations of reiterate joy
They shout his name, and bid him lead them on
To vengeance. But to answer that appeal,
Tezozomoc advanced. . . Oh! go not forth,
Cried the Chief Paba, till the land be purged
From her offence! No God will lead ye on,
While there is guilt in Aztlan. Let the Priests
Who from the ruin'd city, have escap'd,
And all who in her temples have perform'd
The ennobling service of her injur'd Gods,
Gather together now.
He spake; the train
Assembled, priests and matrons, youths and maids.
Servants of Heaven! aloud the Arch-Priest began,
The Gods had favour'd Aztlan; bound for death

The White King lay: our countrymen were strong
In battle, and the conquest had been ours, . .
I speak not from myself, but as the Powers,
Whose voice on earth I am, impel the truth, . .
The conquest had been ours; but treason lurk'd
In Aztlan, treason and foul sacrilege;
And therefore were her children in the hour
Of need abandon'd; therefore were her youth
Cut down, her altars therefore overthrown.
The White King, whom ye saw upon the Stone
Of Sacrifice, and whom ye held in bonds,
Stood in the foremost fight and slew your Lord.
Not by a God, O Aztecas, enlarged,
Broke he his bondage! by a mortal hand,
An impious, sacrilegious, traitorous hand,
Your city was betray'd, your King was slain,
Your shrines polluted. The insulted Power,
He who is terrible, beheld the deed,
And now he calls for vengeance.
Stern he spake,
And from Mexitli's altar bade the priest
Bring forth the sacred water. In his hand
He took the vase, and held it up, and cried,
Cursed be he who did this deed! Accurs'd
The father who begat him, and the breast

At which he fed! Death be his portion now,
Eternal infamy his lot on earth,
His doom eternal horrors! Let his name,
From sire to son, be in the people's mouth,
Through every generation! Let a curse
Of deep, and pious, and effectual hate,
For ever follow the abhorred name;
And every curse inflict upon his soul
A stab of mortal anguish.
Then he gave
The vase... Drink one by one! the innocent
Boldly; on them the water hath no power.
But let the guilty tremble! it shall flow
A draught of agony and death to him,
A stream of fiery poison.
Coatel!
What were thy horrors, when the fatal vase
Past to thy trial,.. when Tezozomoc
Fix'd his keen eye on thee! A deathiness
Came over her,.. her blood ran back,.. her joints
Shook like the palsy, and the dreadful cup
Dropt from her conscious hold. The Priest exclaim'd,
The hand of God! the avenger manifest!
Drag her to the altar!.. At that sound of death
The life forsook her limbs, and down she fell,

Senseless. They dragg'd her to the Stone of Blood,
All senseless as she lay; . . in that dread hour
Nature was kind.
Tezozomoc then cried,
Bring forth the kindred of this wretch accurst,
That none pollute the earth. An aged Priest
Came forth, and answer'd, There is none but I,
The father of the dead.
To death with him!
Exclaim'd Tezozomoc; to death with him;
And purify the nation! . . But the King
Permitted not that crime. . . Chief of the Priests,
If he be guilty, let the guilty bleed,
Said he; but never, while I live and reign,
The innocent shall suffer. Hear him speak!

Hear me! the old man replied. That fatal day
I never saw my child. At morn she left
The city, seeking flowers to dress the shrine
Of Coatlantona; and that at eve
I stood among the Pabas in the gate,
Blessing our soldiers, as they issu'd out,
Let them who saw bear witness. . . Two came forth,
And testified Aculhua spake the words
Of truth.

Full well I know, the old man pursued,
My daughter lov'd the Strangers, .. that her heart
Was not with Aztlan; but not I the cause!
Ye all remember how the Maid was given, ..
She being, in truth, of all our Maids the flower, ..
In spousals to Lincoya, him who fled
From sacrifice. It was a misery
To me to see my only child condemn'd
In early widowhood to waste her youth, ..
My only and my beautifullest girl!
Chief of the Priests, you order'd; I obey'd.
Not mine the fault, if, when Lincoya fled,
And fought among the enemies, her heart
Was with her husband.

He is innocent!
He shall not die! Yuhidthiton exclaim'd.
Nay, King Yuhidthiton! Aculhua cried,
I merit death. My country overthrown,
My daughter slain, alike demand on me
That justice. When her years of ministry
Vow'd to the temple had expir'd, my love,
My selfish love, still suffer'd her to give
Her youth to me, by filial piety
In widowhood detain'd. That selfish crime
Heavily, .. heavily, .. I expiate!

But I am old ; and she was all to me.
O King Yuhidthiton, I ask for death ;
In mercy, let me die ! cruel it were
To bid me waste away alone in age,
By the slow pain of grief. . . Give me the knife
Which pierced my daughter's bosom !
The old man
Mov'd to the altar ; none oppos'd his way ;
With a firm hand he buried in his heart
The reeking blade, and fell upon his child.

XXI.

A transitory gloom that sight of death
Impress'd upon the assembled multitude';
But soon the brute and unreflecting crew
Turn'd to their sports. Some bare their olive limbs,
And in the race contend ; with hopes and fears,
Which rouse to rage, some urge the mimic war.
Here, one upon his ample shoulders bears
A comrade's weight, upon whose head a third
Stands pois'd, like Mercury in act to fly.
There, other twain upon their shoulders prop
A forked beam, while on its height the third,
To nimble cadence, shifts his glancing feet,
And shakes a plume aloft, and wheels around
A wreath of bells, with modulating sway.
Here, round a lofty mast the dancers move
Quick, to quick music ; from its top affix'd,
Each holds a colour'd cord, and, as they weave

The complex crossings of the mazy dance,
The checquer'd network twists around the tree
Its intermixture of harmonious hues.
But now a shout went forth, the Flyers mount,
And from all meaner sports the multitude
Flock to their favourite pastime. In the ground,
Branchless and bark'd, the trunk of some tall pine
Is planted; near its summit a square frame;
Four cords pass through the perforated square,
And fifty times and twice around the tree,
A mystic number, are entwin'd above.
Four Aztecas, equipp'd with wings, ascend,
And round them bind the ropes; anon they wave
Their pinions, and, upborn on spreading plumes,
Launch on the air, and wheel in circling flight,
The lengthen'd cords untwisting as they fly.
A fifth above, upon the perilous point
Dances, and shakes a flag; and on the frame,
Others, the while, maintain their giddy stand,
Till now, with many a round, the wheeling cords
Draw near their utmost length, and toward the ground
The aerial circlers speed; then down the ropes
They spring, and, on their way, from line to line
Leap, while the shouting multitude endure
A shuddering admiration.

Oh such sports,
Their feelings center'd in the joy of sight,
The multitude stood gazing, when a man,
Breathless, and with broad eyes, came running on,
His pale lips trembling, and his bloodless cheek
Like one who meets a lion in his path.
The fire! the fire! the temple! he exclaim'd;
Mexitli! ... They, astonish'd at his words,
Hasten toward the wonder, .. and behold!
The inner fane is sheeted white with fire.
Dumb with affright they stood; the enquiring King
Look'd to Tezozomoc; the Priest replied,
I go! the Gods protect me! .. and therewith
He enter'd boldly in the house of flame.
But instant bounding with inebriate joy,
He issues forth. .. The God! the God! he cries.
Joy! .. joy! .. the God! .. the visible hand of Heaven!
Repressing then his transport, .. Ye all know
How that in Aztlan Madoc's impious hand
Destroy'd Mexitli's Image; .. it is here,
Unbroken and the same! .. Toward the gate
They press; they see the Giant Idol there,
The serpent girding him, his neck with hearts
Beaded, and in his hand the club, .. even such
As oft in Aztlan, on his azure throne,

They had ador'd the God, they see him now,
Unbroken and the same! . . Again the Priest
Enter'd; again a second joy inspir'd
To frenzy all around; . . for forth he came,
Shouting with new delight, . . for in his hand
The banner of the nation he upheld,
That banner to their fathers sent from Heaven,
By them abandon'd to the conqueror.

He motion'd silence, and the crowd were still.
People of Aztlan! he began, when first
Your fathers from their native land went forth,
In search of better seats, this banner came
From Heaven. The Famine and the Pestilence
Had been among them; in their hearts the spring
Of courage was dried up: with midnight fires
Radiate, by midnight thunders heralded,
This banner came from Heaven; and with it came
Health, valour, victory. Aztecas! again
The God restores the blessing. To the God
Move now in solemn dance of grateful joy;
Exalt for him the song.
They form'd the dance,
They rais'd the hymn, and sung Mexitli's praise.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,

XXI. 15.

Mexitli, guardian God! . . From whence art thou,
O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
Whose sire thy mother knew not? She at eve
Walk'd in the temple court, and saw from Heaven
A plume descend, as bright and beautiful,
As if some spirit had embodied there
The rainbow hues, or dipt it in the light
Of setting suns. To her it floated down;
She placed it in her bosom, to bedeck
The altar of the God; she sought it there;
Amaz'd, she found it not; amaz'd, she felt
Another life infus'd. . . From whence art thou,
O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
Whose sire thy mother knew not?
Grief was hers,
Wonder and grief, for life was in her womb,
And her stern children with revengeful eyes
Beheld their mother's shame. She saw their frowns,
She knew their plots of blood. Where shall she look
For succour, when her sons conspire her death?
Where hope for comfort, when her daughter whets
The impious knife of murder? . . From her womb
The voice of comfort came, the timely aid;
Already at her breast the blow was aim'd,
When forth Mexitli leapt, and in his hand

The angry spear, to punish and to save.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Mexitli, guardian God!
Arise and save,
Mexitli, save thy people! Dreadful one,
Arise, redeem thy city, and revenge!
An impious, an impenetrable foe,
Hath blacken'd thine own altars, with the blood
Of thine own priests; hath dash'd thine Image down.
In vain did valour's naked breast oppose
Their mighty arms; in vain the feeble sword
On their impenetrable mail was driven.
Not against thee, Avenger, shall those arms
Avail, nor that impenetrable mail
Resist the fiery arrows of thy wrath.
Arise, go forth in anger, and destroy!

XXII.

Aztlan, meantime, presents a hideous scene
Of slaughter. The hot sunbeam, in her streets,
Parch'd the bloodpools; the slain were heap'd in hills;
The victors, stretch'd in every shade,
With unhelm'd heads, reclining on their shields,
Slept the deep sleep of weariness. Ere long,
To needful labour rising, from the gates
They drag the dead, and, with united toil,
They dig upon the plain the general grave,
The grave of thousands, deep and wide and long.
Ten such they delv'd, and o'er the multitudes,
Who levell'd with the plain the deep-dug pits,
Ten monumental hills they heap'd on high.
Next, horror heightening joy, they overthrew
The skull-built towers, the files of human heads,

And earth to earth consign'd them. To the flames
They cast the idols, and upon the wind
Scatter'd their ashes; then the temples fell,
Whose black and putrid walls were scal'd with blood,
And not one stone of those accursed piles
Was on another left.

Victorious thus
In Aztlan, it behov'd the Cymry now
There to collect their strength, and there await,
Or thence with center'd numbers urge, the war.
For this was Ririd mission'd to the ships,
For this Lincoya from the hills invites
Erillyab and her tribe. There did not breathe
On this wide world, a happier man that day,
Than young Lincoya, when, from their retreat,
He bade his countrymen come repossess
The land of their forefathers; proud at heart
To think how great a part himself had borne
In their revenge, and that beloved one,
The gentle saviour of the Prince, whom well
He knew his own dear love, and for the deed
Still dearer lov'd the dearest. Round the youth,
Women and children, the infirm and old,
Gather to hear his tale; and as they stood
With eyes of steady wonder, outstretch'd necks,

And open lips of listening eagerness,
Fast play'd the tide of triumph in his veins,
Flush'd his brown cheek, and kindled his dark eye.
And now, reposing from his toil awhile,
Lincoya, on a crag above the straits,
Sate underneath a tree, whose twinkling leaves
Sung to the gale of noon. Ayayaca
Sate by him in the shade: The old man had lov'd
The youth beside him from his boyhood up,
And still would call him boy. They sate, and watch'd
The laden bisons winding down the way,
The multitude, who now with joy forsook
Their desolated dwellings; and their talk
Was of the days of sorrow, when they groan'd
Beneath the intolerable yoke, till, sent
By the great spirit o'er the pathless deep,
Prince Madoc, the Deliverer, came to save.
As thus they commun'd, came a woman up,
Seeking Lincoya; 'twas Aculhua's slave,
The nurse of Coatel. Her wretched eye,
Her pale and livid countenance, foretold
Some tale of misery, that his life-blood ebb'd
In ominous fear. But when he heard her words
Of death, he seiz'd the lance, and rais'd his arm,
To strike the blow of comfort.

The old man
Caught his uplifted hand. . . O'er-hasty boy,
Quoth he, regain her yet, if she was dear!
Seek thy beloved in the Land of Souls,
And beg her from the Gods. The Gods will hear,
And, in just recompense of fearless faith,
Restore their charge.
The miserable youth
Turn'd, at his words, a hesitating eye.
I knew a prisoner, . . so the old man pursued,
Or hoping to beguile the youth's despair,
With tales that suited the despair of youth,
Or credulous himself of what he told, . .
I knew a prisoner once, who welcom'd death
With merriment and songs, and joy of heart,
Because, he said, the friends whom he lov'd best
Were gone before him to the Land of Souls;
Nor would they to resume their mortal state,
Even when the keeper of the Land allow'd,
Forsake its pleasures; therefore he rejoiced
To die, and join them there. I question'd him,
How of these hidden things unknowable
So certainly he spake. The man replied,
One of our nation lost the maid he lov'd,
Nor would he bear his sorrow, . . being one

Into whose heart fear never found a way, . .
But to the Country of the Dead pursued
Her spirit. Many toils he underwent,
And many dangers gallantly surpass'd,
Till to the Country of the Dead he came.
Gently the Guardian of the Land receiv'd
The living suppliant; listen'd to his prayer,
And gave him back the Spirit of the Maid.
But from that happy country, from the songs
Of joyance, from the splendour-sparkling dance,
Unwillingly compell'd, the Maiden's Soul,
Loath'd to return ; and he was warn'd to guard
The subtle captive, well and warily,
Till, in her mortal tenement relodged,
Mortal delights might win her to remain,
A sojourner on earth. Such lessoning
The Ruler of the Souls departed gave ;
And, mindful of his charge, the adventurer brought
His subtle captive home. There, underneath
The shelter of a hut, his friends had watch'd
The Maiden's corpse, secur'd it from the sun,
And fann'd away the insect swarms of heaven.
A busy hand marr'd all the enterprize :
Curious to see the Spirit, he unloos'd
The knotted bag which held her, and she fled.

Lincoya, thou art brave; where man has gone
Thou wouldst not fear to follow.
Silently
Lincoya listen'd, and with unmov'd eyes;
At length he answer'd, Is the journey long?
The old man replied, A way of many moons.
I know a shorter path! exclaim'd the youth.
And up he sprung, and from the precipice
Darted: A moment, .. and Ayayaca heard
His body dash upon the rocks below.

XXIII.

Maid of the golden locks, far other lot
May gentle Heaven assign thy happier love,
Blue eyed Senena! .. She, though not as yet
Had she put off her boy habiliments,
Had told Goervyl all the history
Of her sad flight, and easy pardon gain'd
From that sweet heart, for guile which meant no ill,
And secrecy, in shame too long maintain'd.
With her dear Lady now, at this still hour
Of evening, is the seeming page gone forth,
Beside Caermadoc mere. They loiter'd on,
Along the windings of its grassy shore,
In such free interchange of inward thought,
As the calm hour invited; or at times,
Willingly silent, listening to the bird

Whose one repeated melancholy note,
By oft repeating melancholy made,
Solicited the ear; or gladlier now
Hearkening that chearful one, who knoweth all
The songs of all the winged choristers,
And, in one sequence of melodious sounds,
Pours all their music. But a wilder strain
At fits came o'er the water; rising now,
Now with a dying fall, in sink and swell
More exquisitely sweet than ever art
Of man evok'd from instrument of touch,
Or beat, or breath. It was the evening gale,
Which, passing o'er the harp of Caradoc,
Swept all its chords at once, and blended all
Their music into one continuous flow.
The solitary Bard, beside his harp
Leant underneath a tree, whose spreading boughs,
With broken shade that shifted to the breeze,
Play'd on the waving waters. Overhead
There was the leafy murmur, at his foot
The lake's perpetual ripple, and from far,
Borne on the modulating gale, was heard
The roaring of the mountain cataract...
A blind man would have lov'd the lovely spot.

Here was Seneua by her Lady led,
Trembling, but not reluctant. They drew nigh,
Their steps unheard upon the elastic moss,
Till playfully Goervyl, with quick touch,
Ran o'er the harp-strings. At the sudden sound
He rose. .. Hath then thy hand, quoth she, O Bard,
Forgot its cunning, that the wind should be
Thine harper? .. Come! one strain for Britain's sake;
And let the theme be woman! .. He replied,
But if the strain offend, O Lady fair,
Blame thou the theme, not me! .. Then to the harp
He sung, .. Three things a wise man will not trust,
The Wind, the Sunshine of an April day,
And Woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
The Weathercock upon the steeple point
Steady from morn till eve, and I have seen
The bees go forth upon an April morn,
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers;
But when was Woman true?
False Bard! thereat,
With smile of playful anger, she exclaim'd,
False Bard! and slanderous song! Were such thy thoughts
Of woman, when thy youthful lays were heard
In Heilyn's hall! .. But at that name his heart
Leap'd, and his cheek with sudden flush was fir'd.

In Heilyn's hall, quoth he, I learn'd the song.
There was a Maid, who dwelt among the hills
Of Arvon, and to one of humbler birth
Had pledged her troth; not rashly, nor beguil'd,..
They had been playmates in their infancy,
And she in all his thoughts had borne a part,
And all his joys. The Moon and all the Stars
Witness'd their mutual vows; and for her sake
The song was fram'd; for in the face of day
She broke them. ..But her name! Goervyl cried.
Quoth he, The Poet lov'd her still too well,
To couple it with shame.
O fate unjust
Of womankind! she cried; our virtues bloom,
Like violets, in shade and solitude,
While evil eyes hunt all our failings out,
For evil tongues to bruit abroad in jest,
And song of obloquy! ..I knew a Maid,
And she too dwelt in Arvon, and she too
Lov'd one of lowly birth, who ill repaid
Her spotless faith; for he to ill reports,
And tales of falsehood cunningly devis'd,
Lent a light ear, and to his rival left
The loathing Maid. The wedding day arriv'd,
The harpers and the gleemen, far and near,

Came to the wedding-feast; the wedding guests
Were come, the altar dress'd, the bridemaids met,
The father, and the bridegroom, and the priest
Wait for the bride. But she the while did off
Her bridal robes, and clipt her golden locks,
And put on boy's attire, through wood and wild
To seek her own true love; and over sea,
Forsaking all for him, she follow'd him,
Nor hoping nor deserving fate so fair:
And at his side she stood, and heard him wrong
Her faith with slanderous tales; and his dull eye
As it had learnt his heart's forgetfulness,
Knows not the trembling one, who even now
Yearns to forgive him all!
He turn'd, he knew
The blue ey'd Maid, who fell upon his breast.

XXIV.

Hark! from the towers of Aztlan how the shouts
Of clamorous joy re-ring! the rocks and hills
Take up the joyful sound, and o'er the lake
Roll their slow echoes. . . Thou art beautiful,
Queen of the Valley! thou art beautiful!
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun,
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden sweets
Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple-pyramids arise,
Upon whose summit now, far visible
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of Christ
Proclaims unto the nations round, the news
Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,
Aztlan! O City of the Cimbric Prince!
Long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty, long
Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,

Who conquers to redeem! Long years of peace
And happiness await thy Lord and thee,
Queen of the Valley!
Hither joyfully
The Hoamen came to repossess the land
Of their forefathers. Joyfully the youth
Come shouting, with acclaim of grateful praise,
Their great Deliverer's name; the old, in talk
Of other days, that mingled with their joy
Memory of many a hard calamity,
And thoughts of time and change, and human life
How changeful and how brief. Prince Madoc met
Erillyab at the gate... Sister and Queen,
Said he, here let us hold united reign,
O'er our united people; by one faith,
One interest bound, and closer to be link'd
By laws and language, and domestic ties,
Till both become one race, for ever more
Indissolubly knit.
O friend, she cried,
The last of all my family am I;
Yet sure, though last, the happiest, and by Heaven
Favour'd abundantly above them all.
Dear friend, and brother dear! enough for me
Beneath the shadow of thy shield to dwell,

And see my people, by thy fostering care,
Made worthy of their fortune. Graciously
Hath the Beloved One ordained all,
Educing good from ill, himself being good.
Then to the royal palace of the Kings
Of Aztlan, Madoc led Erillyab,
There, where her sires had held their ruder reign,
To pass the happy remnant of her years,
Honour'd and lov'd by all.
Now had the Prince
Provided for defence, disposing all
As though a ready enemy approach'd.
But from Patamba yet no army mov'd;
Four Heralds only, by the King dispatch'd,
Drew nigh the town. The Hoamen, as they came,
Knew the green mantle of their privilege,
The symbols which they bore, an arrow-point
Depress'd, a shield, a net, which, from the arm
Suspended, held their food. They through the gate
Pass, with permitted entrance, and demand
To see the Ocean Prince. The conqueror
Receiv'd them, and the elder thus began:
Thus to the White King, King Yuhidthiton
His bidding sends; such greeting as from foe
Foe may receive, where individual hate

Is none, but honour, and assur'd esteem,
And what were friendship, did the Gods permit,
The King of Aztlan sends. Oh dream not thou
That Aztlan is subdued; nor, in the pride
Of conquest, tempt thy fortune! Unprepar'd
For battle, at an hour of festival,
Her children were surpris'd; and thou canst tell
How perilously they maintain'd the long
And doubtful strife. From yonder temple-mount
Look round the plain, and count her towns, and mark
Her countless villages, whose habitants
All are in arms against thee! Thinkest thou
To root them from the land? or wouldst thou live,
Harass'd by night and day with endless war,
War at thy gates; and to thy children leave
That curse for their inheritance? .. The land
Is all before thee: Go in peace, and chuse
Thy dwelling place, North, South, or East, or West;
Or mount again thy houses of the sea
And search the waters. Whatsoe'er thy wants
Demand, will Aztlan willingly supply,
Prepar'd, with friendly succour, to assist
Thy soon departure. Thus Yuhidthiton,
Remembering his old friendship, counsels thee;
Thus, as the King of Aztlan, for himself

And people, he commands. If obstinate,
If blind to your own welfare, ye persist,
Woe to ye, wretches! to the armed man,
Who in the fight must perish; to the wife,
Who vainly on her husband's aid will call;
Woe to the babe that hangs upon the breast!
For Aztlan comes in anger, and her Gods
Spare none.
The Conqueror calmly answer'd him, ..
By force we won your city, Azteca;
By force we will maintain it: .. to the King
Repeat my saying. .. To this goodly land
Your fathers came for an abiding place,
Strangers as we, but not like us, in peace.
They conquer'd and destroy'd. A tyrant race,
Bloody and faithless, to the hills they drove
The unoffending children of the vale,
And, day by day, in cruel sacrifice
Consum'd them. God hath sent the Avengers here!
Powerful to save we come, and to destroy,
When Mercy on Destruction calls for aid.
Go tell your nation, that we know their force,
That they know ours! that their Patamba soon
Shall fall like Aztlan; and what other towns
They seek in flight, shall, like Patamba, fall;

Till, broken in their strength and spirit crush'd,
They bow the knee, or leave the land to us,
Its worthier Lords.
If this be thy reply,
Son of the Ocean! said the messenger,
I bid thee, in the King of Aztlan's name,
Mortal defiance. In the field of blood,
Before our multitudes shall trample down
Thy mad and miserable countrymen,
Yuhidthiton invites thee to the strife
Of equal danger. So may he avenge
Coanocotzin, or, like him, in death
Discharge his duty.
Tell Yuhidthiton,
Madoc replied, that in the field of blood
I never shunn'd a foe. But say thou to him,
I will not seek him there, against his life
To raise the hand which hath been join'd with his
In peace. .. With that the Heralds went their way;
Nor to the right nor to the left they turn,
But to Patamba straight they journey back.

XXV.

The mariners, meantime, at Ririd's will,
Unreeve the rigging, and the masts they strike;
And now ashore they haul the lighten'd hulks,
Tear up the deck, the sever'd planks bear off,
Disjoin the well-scarf'd timbers, and the keel
Loosen asunder; then to the lake-side
Bear the materials, where the Ocean Lord
Himself directs their work. Twelve vessels there,
Fitted alike to catch the wind, or sweep
With oars the moveless surface, they prepare;
Lay down the keel, the stern-post rear, and fix
The strong-curv'd timbers. Others from the wood
Bring the tall pines, and from their hissing trunks
Force, by the aid of fire, the needful gum;
Beneath the close-caulk'd planks its odorous stream
They pour; then, last, the round-projecting prows
With iron arm, and launch, in uproar loud

Of joy, anticipating victory,
The gallies, long and sharp. The masts are rear'd,
The sails are bent, and lo! the ready barks
Lie on the lake.
It chanced, the Hoamen found
A spy of Aztlan, and before the Prince
They led him. But when Madoc bade him tell
As his life-ransom, what his nation's force,
And what their plans; the savage answer'd him,
With dark and sullen eye, and smile of wrath,
If aught the knowledge of my country's force
Could profit thee, be sure, ere I would let
My tongue play traitor, thou shouldst limb from limb
Hew me, and make each separate member feel
A separate agony of death. O Prince!
But I will tell ye of my nation's force,
That ye may know and tremble at your doom;
That fear may half subdue ye to the sword
Of vengeance... Can ye count the stars of Heaven?
The waves which ruffle o'er the lake? the leaves
Swept from the autumnal forest? Can ye look
Upon the eternal snows of yonder height,
And number each particular flake that form'd
The mountain-mass?..so numberless they come,
Whoe'er can wield the sword, or hurl the lance,

Or aim the arrow; from the growing boy,
Ambitious of the battle, to the old man,
Who to revenge his country and his Gods
Hastens, and then to die. By land they come;
And years must pass away ere on their path
The grass again will grow: they come by lake;
And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes
Darken the waters. Strangers! when our Gods
Have conquer'd, when ye lie upon the Stone
Of Sacrifice extended, one by one,
Half of our armies cannot taste your flesh,
Though given in equal shares, and every share
Minced like a nestling's food!
Madoc replied,
Azteca, we are few; but through the woods
The Lion walks alone. The lesser fowls
Flock multitudinous in heaven, and fly
Before the Eagle's coming. We are few;
And yet thy nation hath experienced us
Enough for conquest. Tell thy countrymen,
We can maintain the city which we won.

So saying, he turn'd away, rejoiced at heart
To know himself, alike by lake or land,
Prepar'd to meet their power. The fateful day

Draws on; by night the Aztecas embark.
At day-break, from Patamba, they set forth,
From every creek and inlet of the lake,
All moving toward Aztlan; safely thus
Weening to reach the plain before her walls,
And fresh for battle. Shine thou forth, O Sun!
Shine fairly forth upon the scene so fair!
Their thousand boats, and the ten thousand oars,
From whose broad bowls the waters fall and flash,
And twice ten thousand feather'd helms, and shields,
Glittering with gold and scarlet plumery.
Onward they come, with song and swelling horn;
While, louder than all voice and instrument,
The dash of their ten thousand oars, from shore
To shore, and hill to hill, re-echoing rolls,
In undistinguishable peals of sound,
And endless echo. On the other side
Advance the British barks; the freshening breeze
Fills the broad sail; around the rushing keel
The waters sing, while proudly they sail on,
Lords of the water. Shine thou forth, O Sun!
Shine forth upon their hour of victory!
Onward the Cymry speed. The Aztecas,
Though wondering at that unexpected sight,
Bravely made on to meet them, seiz'd their bows,

And shower'd, like rain, upon the pavais'd barks,
The rattling shafts. Strong blows the auspicious gale;
Madoc, the Lord of Ocean, leads the way;
He holds the helm; the galley where he guides
Flies on, and full upon the first canoe
Drives, shattering; midway its long length it struck,
And o'er the wreck, with unimpeded force,
Dashes among the fleet. The astonish'd men
Gaze in inactive terror. They behold
Their splinter'd vessels floating all around,
Their warriors struggling in the lake, with arms
Experienced in the battle vainly now.
Dismay'd, they drop their bows, and cast away
Their unavailing spears, and take to flight,
Before the Masters of the Elements,
Who rode the waters, and who made the winds
Wing them to vengeance! Forward now they bend,
And backward then, with strenuous strain of arm,
Press the broad paddle. .. Hope of victory
Was none, nor of defence, nor of revenge,
To sweeten death. Toward the shore they speed,
Toward the shore they lift their longing eyes: ..
O fools, to meet on their own element
The Sons of Ocean! .. Could they but aland
Set foot, the strife were equal, or to die

Less dreadful. But, as if with wings of wind,
On fly the British barks! .. the favouring breeze
Blows strong; .. far, far behind their roaring keels
Lies the long line of foam; the helm directs
Their force; they move, as with the limbs of life,
Obedient to the will that governs them.
Where'er they pass, the crashing shock is heard,
The dash of broken waters, and the cry
Of sinking multitudes. Here one plies fast
The practised limbs of youth, but o'er his head
The galley drives; one follows a canoe,
With skill availing only to prolong
Suffering; another, as, with wiser aim,
He swims across, to meet his coming friends,
Stunn'd by the hasty and unheeding oar,
Sinks senseless to the depths. Lo! yonder boat,
Grasped by the thronging strugglers; its light length
Yields to the overbearing weight, and all
Share the same ruin. Here, another shows
Crueller contest, where the crew hack off
The hands that hang for life upon its side,
Lest all together perish; then, in vain
The voice of friend or kinsman prays for mercy;
Imperious self controuls all other thoughts;
And still they deal around unnatural wounds,

When the strong bark of Britain ever all
Sails in the path of death. . .God of the Lake,
Tlaloc! and thou, O Aiauh, green-rob'd Queen!
How many a wretch, in dying agonies,
Invok'd ye in the misery of that day!
Long after, on the tainted lake, the dead
Welter'd; there, perch'd upon his floating prey,
The vulture fed in daylight; and the wolves,
Assembled at their banquet round its banks,
Disturb'd the midnight with their howl of joy.

XXVI.

There was mourning in Patamba; the north wind
Blew o'er the lake, and drifted to the shore
The floating wreck and bodies of the dead.
Then on the shore the mother might be seen,
Seeking her child; the father to the tomb,
With limbs too weak for that unhappy weight,
Bearing the bloated body of his son;
The wife, who, in expectant agony,
Watch'd the black carcase on the coming wave.

On every brow terror was legible;
Anguish in every eye. There was not one,
Who, in the general ruin, did not share
Peculiar grief, and, in his country's loss,
Lament some dear one dead. Along the lake
The frequent funeral piles, for many a day,

With the noonlight their melancholy flames
Dimly commingled; while the mourners stood,
Watching the pile, to feed the lingering fire,
As slowly it consum'd the watry corpse.

Thou didst not fear, young Tlalala! thy soul,
Unconquer'd and unconquerable, rose
Superior to it's fortune. When the Chiefs
Hung their dejected heads, as men subdued
In spirit, then didst thou, Yuhidthiton,
Calm in the hour of evil, still maintain
Thy even courage. They from man to man
Go, with the mourners mourning, and by grief
Rousing their rage, till, at the promis'd fight,
The hope of vengeance, a ferocious joy
Flash'd in the eye that still retain'd the tear
Of tender memory. To the brave they spake
Of Aztlan's strength, .. for Aztlan still was strong: ..
The late defeat, .. not there by manly might,
By honourable valour, by the force
Of arms subdued, shame aggravated loss;
The White Men from the waters came, perchance
Sons of the Ocean, by their parent Gods
Aided, and conquerors not by human skill.
When man met man, when, in the field of fight,

The soldier on firm earth should plant his foot,
Then would the trial be, the struggle then,
The glory, the revenge.
Tezozomoc,
Alike unbroken by defeat, endur'd
The evil day; but in his sullen mind
Work'd thoughts of other vengeance. He the King
Summon'd apart from all, with Tlalala,
And thus advis'd them: We have vainly tried
The war; these mighty Strangers will not yield
To mortal strength: yet shall they be cut off
So ye will heed my counsel, and to force
Add wisdom's aid. Put on a friendly front;
Send to their Prince the messenger of peace;
He will believe his words; he will forgive
The past; .. the offender may. So days and months,
Yea, years, if needful, will we wear a face
Of friendliness, till some fit hour arrive,
When we may fire their dwellings in the night,
Or mingle poison in their cups of mirth.
The warrior, from whose force the Lion flies,
Falls by the Serpent's tooth.
Thou speakest well,
Tlalala answer'd; but my spirit ill
Can brook revenge delay'd.

The Priest then turn'd
His small and glittering eye toward the King;
But on the Monarch's mild and manly brow
A meaning sate, which made his crafty eye
Bend, quickly abash'd. While yet I was a child,
Replied the King of Aztlan, on my heart
My father laid two precepts. Boy, be brave!
So, in the midnight battle, shalt thou meet,
Fearless, the sudden foe: Boy, let thy lips
Be clean from falsehood! in the mid-day sun,
So never shalt thou need from mortal man
To turn thy guilty face. Tezozomoc,
Holy I keep the lessons of my sire.

But if the enemy, with their dreadful arms,
Again, said Tlalala. .. If again the Gods
Will our defeat, Yuhidthiton replied,
Vain is it for the feeble power of man
To strive against their will. I omen not
Of ill, young Tyger! but if ill betide,
The land is all before us. Let me hear
Of perfidy and serpent wiles no more!
In the noon-day war, and in the face of Heaven,
I meet my foes. Let Aztlan follow me;
And if one man of all her multitudes

Shall better play the warrior in that hour,
Be his the sceptre! But if the people fear
The perilous strife, and own themselves subdued,
Let us depart! the universal Sun
Confines not to one land his blessed beams;
Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed
The winds on some ungenial soil have cast,
There where it cannot prosper.
The dark Priest
Conceal'd revengeful anger, and replied,
Let the King's will be done! An aweful day
Draws on; the Circle of the Years is full;
We tremble for the event. The times are strange;
There are portentous changes in the world;
Perchance its end is come.
Be it thy care,
Priest of the Gods, to see the needful rites
Duly perform'd, Yuhidthiton replied.
On the third day, if yonder God of Light
Begin the Circle of the Years anew,
Again we march to war.
One day is past;
Another day comes on. At earliest dawn
Then was there heard through all Patamba's streets,
The warning voice, .. Woe! woe! the Sun hath reach'd

The limits of his course ; he hath fulfill'd
The appointed cycle! .. Fast, and weep, and pray, . .
Four Suns have perish'd, .. fast, and weep, and pray,
Lest the fifth perish also. On the first
The floods arose ; the waters of the heavens,
Bursting their everlasting boundaries,
Whelm'd in one deluge, earth and sea and sky,
And quench'd its orb of fire. The second Sun
Then had its birth, and ran its round of years ;
Till having reach'd its date, it fell from heaven,
And crush'd the race of men. Another life
The Gods assign'd to Nature ; the third Sun
Form'd the celestial circle ; then its flames
Burst forth, and overspread earth, sea, and sky,
Deluging the wide universe with fire,
Till all things were consum'd, and its own flames
Fed on itself, and spent themselves, and all
Was vacancy and darkness. Yet again
The World had being, and another Sun
Roll'd round the path of Heaven. That perish'd too:
The mighty Whirlwinds rose, and far away
Scatter'd its dying flames. The fifth was born ;
The fifth to-day completes his destin'd course,
Perchance to rise no more. O Aztlan, fast
And pray! the Cycle of the Years is full!

Thus, through Patamba, did the ominous voice
Exhort the people. Fervent vows all day
Were made, with loud lament; in every fane,
In every dwelling-place of man, were prayers,
The supplications of the affrighted heart,
Earnestly offer'd up with tears and groans.
So pass'd the forenoon; and when now the Sun
Slop'd, from his southern height, the downward way
Of heaven, again the ominous warner cried,
Woe! woe! the Cycle of the Years is full!
Quench every fire! Extinquish every light!
And every fire was quench'd, and every light
Extinguish'd at the voice:
Meantime the Priests
Began the rites. They gash'd themselves, and plunged
Into the sacred pond of Ezapan,
Till the clear water, on whose bed of sand
The sunbeams sparkled late, opake with blood,
On its black surface mirror'd all things round.
The children of the temple, in long search,
Had gather'd, for the service of this day,
All venomous things that fly, or wind their path
With sinuous trail, or crawl on reptile feet.
These, in one cauldron, o'er the sacred fire
They scorch, till of the loathsome living tribes,

Who, writhing in their burning agonies,
Fix on each other ill-directed wounds,
Ashes alone are left. In infants' blood
They mix the infernal unction, and the Priests
Anoint themselves therewith.
Lo! from the South
The Orb of Glory his regardless way
Holds on. Again Patamba's streets receive
The ominous voice, . . Woe! woe! the Sun pursues
His journey to the limits of his course!
Let every man in darkness veil his wife,
Veil every maiden's face; let every child
Be hid in darkness, there to weep and pray,
That they may see again the birth of light!
They heard, and every husband veil'd his wife
In darkness; every maiden's face was veil'd;
The children were in darkness led to pray,
That they once more might see the birth of light.

Westward the sun proceeds; the tall tree casts
A longer shade; the night-ey'd insect tribes
Wake to their portion of the circling hours;
The water-fowl, retiring to the shore,
Sweep, in long files, the surface of the lake.
Then from Patamba to the sacred mount

The Priests go forth; but with no songs of joy,
Nor chearful instruments they go, nor train
Of festive followers; silent and alone,
Leading one victim to his dreadful death,
They to the mountain summit wend their way.

On the south shore, and level with the lake,
Patamba stood; westward were seen the walls
Of Aztlan, rising on a gentle slope;
Southward, the plain extended far and wide;
To the east, the mountain boundary began,
And there the sacred mountain rear'd its head.
Above the neighbouring heights, its lofty peak
Was visible far off. In the vale below,
Along the level borders of the lake,
The assembled Aztecas, with wistful eye,
Gaze on the sacred summit, hoping there
Soon to behold the fire of sacrifice
Arise, sure omen of continued light.
The Pabas to the sacred peak begin
Their way, and as they go, with ancient songs
Hymn the departing Sun.
O Light of Life,
Yet once again arise! yet once again
Commence thy course of glory! Time hath seen

Four generations of mankind destroy'd,
When the four Suns expir'd; Oh let not thou,
Human thyself of yore, the human race
Languish and die in darkness!
The fourth Sun
Had perish'd; for the mighty Whirlwinds rose,
And swept it, with the dust of the shatter'd world,
Into the great abyss. The eternal Gods
Built a new World, and to a Hero race
Assign'd it for their goodly dwelling-place;
And, shedding on the bones of the destroy'd
A quickening dew, from them, as from a seed,
Made a new race of humankind spring up,
The menials of the Heroes born of Heaven.
But in the firmament no orb of day
Perform'd its course; Nature was blind; the fount
Of light had ceas'd to flow; the eye of Heaven
Was quench'd in darkness. In the sad obscure,
The earth-possessors to their parent Gods
Pray'd for another Sun, their bidding heard,
And, in obedience, rais'd a flaming pile.
Hopeful they circled it, when, from above,
The voice of the Invisible proclaim'd,
That he, who bravely plunged amid the fire,
Should live again in Heaven, and there shine forth

The Sun of the young World. The Hero race
Grew pale, and from the fiery trial shrunk.
Thou, Nahuaztin, thou, O mortal born,
Heardest! thy heart was strong, the flames receiv'd
Their victim, and the humbled Heroes saw
The orient sky, with smiles of rosy joy,
Welcome the coming of the new-born God.
O, human once, now let not humankind
Languish, and die in darkness!
In the East
Then didst thou pause to see the Hero race
Perish. In vain, with impious arms, they strove
Against thy will; in vain against thine orb
They shot their shafts; the arrows of their pride
Fell on themselves; they perish'd, to thy praise.
So perish still thine impious enemies,
O Lord of Day! But to the race devout,
Who offer up their morning sacrifice,
Honouring thy godhead, and with morning hymns,
And with the joy of music and of dance,
Welcome thy glad uprise,.. to them, O Sun,
Still let the fountain streams of splendour flow!
Still smile on them propitious, thou whose smile
Is light and life and joyance! Once again,
Parent of Being, Prince of Glory, rise!
Begin thy course of beauty once again!

Such was their ancient song, as up the height
Slowly they wound their way. The multitude
Beneath, repeat the strain; with fearful eyes
They watch the spreading glories of the west;
And when at length the hastening orb hath sunk
Below the plain, such sinking at the heart
They feel, as he who, hopeless of return,
From his dear home departs. Still on the light,
The last green light that lingers in the west,
Their looks are fasten'd, till the clouds of night
Roll on, and close in darkness the whole heaven.
Then ceas'd their songs; then o'er the crowded vale
No voice of man is heard. Silent and still
They stood, all turn'd toward the east, in hope
There on the holy mountain to behold
The sacred fire, and know that once again
The Sun begins his stated round of years.

The Moon arose; she shone upon the lake,
That lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade. Who then look'd round,
Beholding all that mighty multitude,
Felt yet severer awe; so solemnly still
The thronging thousands stood. The breeze was heard

That rustled in the reeds; the little wave,
Which rippled to the shore, and left no foam,
Sent its low murmurs far.
Meantime the Priests
Have stretch'd their victim on the mountain-top;
A miserable man; his breast is bare,
Bare for the death that waits him; but no hand
May there inflict the blow of mercy. Pil'd
On his bare breast, the cedar boughs are laid;
On his bare breast dry sedge and odorous gums
Laid ready to receive the sacred spark,
And blaze, to herald the ascending Sun,
Upon his living altar. Round the wretch
The inhuman ministers of rites accurst
Stand, and expect the signal when to strike
The seed of fire. Their Chief, Tezozomoc,
Apart from all, upon the pinnacle
Of that high mountain, eastward turns his eyes;
For now the hour draws nigh, and speedily
He looks to see the first faint dawn of day
Break through the orient sky.
Impatiently
The multitude await the happy sign.
Long hath the midnight past, and every hour,
Yea every moment, to their torturing fears

Seem'd lengthen'd out, insufferably long:
Silent they stood, and breathless, in suspense.
The breeze had fallen; no stirring breath of wind
Rustled the reeds. Oppressive, motionless,
It was a labour and a pain to breathe
The close, hot, heavy air...Hark! from the woods
The howl of their wild tenants! and the birds,..
The day-birds, in blind darkness fluttering,
Fearful to rest, uttering portentous cries!
Anon, the sound of distant thunders came;
They peal beneath their feet. Earth shakes and yawns,..
And lo! upon the sacred mountain's top,
The light..the mighty flame! A cataract
Of fire bursts upward from the mountain-head;..
High,..high,..it shoots! the liquid fire boils out;
It streams,..it torrents down! Tezozomoc
Beholds the judgement: wretched,..wretched man!
On the upmost pinnacle he stands, and sees
The lava floods beneath him: and his hour
Is come. The fiery shower, descending, heaps
Red ashes round; they fall like drifted snows,
And bury and consume the accursed Priest.

The Tempest is abroad. Fierce from the North
The wind uptears the lake, whose lowest depths

Rock, while convulsions shake the solid earth.
Where is Patamba? where the multitudes
Who throng'd her level shores? The mighty Lake
Hath burst its bounds, and yon wide valley roars,
A troubled sea, before the rolling storm.

XXVII.

The storm hath ceas'd; but still the lava-tides
Roll down the mountain side in streams of fire;
Down to the lake they roll, and yet roll on,
All burning, through the waters. Heaven above
Glows round the burning mount, and fiery clouds
Scour through the black and starless firmament.
Far off, the Eagle, in her mountain nest,
Lies watching in alarm, with steady eye,
The midnight radiance.

But the storm hath ceas'd;
The earth is still;.. and lo! while yet the dawn
Is struggling through the eastern cloud, the barks
Of Madoc on the waters.

Who is he
On yonder crag, all dripping from the lake,

Who hath escap'd its depths? He lies along,
Now near exhaust with self-preserving toil,
And still his eye dwells on the spreading waves,
Where late the multitudes of Aztlan stood,
Collected in their strength. It is the King
Of Aztlan, who, extended on the rock,
Looks vainly for his people. He beholds
The barks of Madoc plying to preserve
The strugglers; .. but how few! upon the crags
That verge the northern shore, upon the heights
Eastward, how few have refuged! Then the King
Almost repented him of life preserv'd,
And wish'd the waves had whelm'd him, or the sword
Fallen on him, ere this ill, this wretchedness,
This desolation. Spirit-troubled thus,
He call'd to mind how, from the first, his heart
Inclin'd to peace, and how reluctantly,
Obedient to the Pabas and their Gods,
Had he to this unhappy war been driven.
All now was ended: it remain'd to yield,
To obey the inevitable will of heaven,
From Aztlan to depart. As thus he mus'd,
A bird, upon a bough which overhung
The rock, as though in echo to his thought,
Cried out, .. Depart! depart! for so the note,

Articulately, in his native tongue,
Spake to the Azteca. The King look'd up.
The hour, the horrors round him, had impress'd
Feelings and fears well fitted to receive
All superstition; and the voice which cried,
Depart! depart! seem'd like the voice of fate.
He thought, perhaps Coanocotzin's soul,
Descending from his blissful halls in the hour
Of evil, thus to comfort and advise,
Hover'd above him.

Lo! toward the rock,
Oaring with feeble arms his difficult way,
A struggler hastens: he hath reach'd the rock,
Hath grasp't it, but his strength, exhausted, fails
To lift him from the depth. The King descends
Timely in aid; he holds the feeble one
By his long locks, and on the safety-place
Lands him. He, panting, from his clotted hair
Shook the thick waters, from his forehead wiped
The blinding drops; on his preserver's face
Then look'd, and knew the King. Then Tlalala
Fell on his neck, and groan'd. They laid them down
In silence, for their hearts were full of woe.

The sun came forth, and shone upon the rock;

They felt the kindly beams; their strengthen'd blood
Flow'd with a freer action. They arose,
And look'd around, if aught of hope might meet
Their prospect. On the lake the galleys plied
Their toil successfully, ever to the shore
Bearing their rescu'd charge: the eastern heights,
Rightward and leftward of the fiery mount,
Were throng'd with fugitives, whose growing crowds
Speckled the ascent. Then Tlalala took hope,
And his young heart, reviving, reassum'd
Its wonted vigour. Let us to the heights,
He cried; .. all is not lost! Yuhidthiton!
When they behold thy countenance, the sight
Will cheer them in their woe, and they will bless
The Gods of Aztlan.

To the heights they went;
And when the remnant of the people saw
Yuhidthiton preserv'd, such comfort then
They felt, as utter wretchedness can feel,
That only gives grief utterance, only speaks
In groans and recollections of the past.
He look'd around; a multitude was there, ..
But where the strength of Aztlan? where her hosts?
Her marshall'd myriads where, whom yester Sun
Had seen in arms array'd, in spirit high,

Mighty in youth and courage ? . . What were these,
This remnant of the people ? Women most,
Who from Patamba when the shock began,
Ran with their infants ; widow'd now, yet each
Among the few who from the lake escap'd,
Wandering, with eager eyes and wretched hope.
The King beheld and groan'd ; against a tree
He leant, and bow'd his head, subdu'd of soul.

Meantime, amid the crowd, doth Tlalala
Seek for his wife and boy. In vain he seeks
Ilanquel there ; in vain for her he asks ;
A troubled look, a melancholy eye,
A silent motion of the hopeless head,
These answer him. But Tlalala repress
His anguish, and he call'd upon the King, . .
Yuhidthiton ! thou seest thy people left ;
Their fate must be determin'd ; they are here
Houseless, and wanting food.
The King look'd up, . .
It is determin'd, Tlalala ! the Gods
Have crush'd us. Who can stand against their wrath ?

Have we not life and strength ? the Tyger cried.
Disperse these women to the towns which stand

Beyond the ruinous waters; against them
The White Men will not war. Ourselves are few,
Too few to root the invaders from our land,
Or meet them with the hope of equal fight:
Yet may we shelter in the woods, and share
The Lion's liberty; and man by man
Destroy them, till they shall not dare to walk
Beyond their city walls, to sow their fields,
Or bring the harvest in. We may steal forth
In the dark midnight, go and burn and kill,
Till all their dreams shall be of fire and death,
Their sleep be fear and misery.
Then the King
Stretch'd forth his hand, and pointed to the lake,
Where Madoc's galleys still to those who clung
To the tree tops for life, or faintly still
Were floating on the waters, gave their aid...
O think not, Tlalala, that ever more
Will I against those noble enemies
Raise my right hand in war, lest righteous Heaven
Should blast the impious hand and thankless heart!
The Gods are leagued with them; the Elements
Banded against us! for our overthrow
Were yonder mountain-springs of fire ordain'd;
For our destruction the earth-thunders loos'd,

And the everlasting boundaries of the lake
Gave way, that these destroying floods might roll
Over the brave of Aztlan! .. We must leave
The country which our fathers won in arms;
We must depart.
The word yet vibrated
Fresh on their hearing, when the Bird above,
Flapping his heavy wings, repeats the sound,
Depart! depart! .. Ye hear! the King exclaim'd;
It is an omen sent to me from Heaven;
I heard it late in solitude, the voice
Of fate... It is Coanocotzin's soul,
Who counsels our departure. .. And the Bird
Still flew around, and in his wheeling flight,
Pronounced the articulate note. The people heard
In faith, and Tlalala made no reply;
But dark his brow, and gloomy was his frown.

Then spake the King, and call'd a messenger,
And bade him speed to Aztlan. .. Seek the Lord
Of Ocean; tell him that Yuhidthiton
Yields to the will of Heaven, and leaves the land
His fathers won in war. Only one boon,
In memory of our former friendship, ask,
The Ashes of my Fathers, .. if indeed
The conqueror have not cast them to the winds.

The herald went his way, circuitous,
Along the mountains, . . for the flooded vale
Barr'd the near passage : but before his feet
Could traverse half their track, the fugitives
Beheld canoes from Aztlan, to the foot
Of that protecting eminence, whereon
They had their stand, draw nigh. The doubtful sight
Disturb'd them, lest, perchance, with hostile strength
They came upon their weakness. Wrongful fear : . .
For now Cadwallon, from his bark, unarm'd,
Set foot ashore, and for Yuhidthiton
Enquir'd, if yet he liv'd. The King receives
His former friend. . . From Madoc come I here,
The Briton said : Raiment and food he sends,
And peace ; so shall this visitation prove
A blessing, if it knit the bonds of peace,
And make us as one people.
Tlalala !
Hearest thou him ? Yuhidthiton exclaim'd.
Do thou thy bidding, King ! the Tyger cried ;
My path is plain. . . Thereat Yuhidthiton,
Answering, replied, Thus humbled, as thou seest,
Beneath the visitation of the Gods,
We bow before their will ! To them we yield ;
To you, their favourites, we resign the land

Our fathers conquer'd. Never more may Fate,
In your days or your children's, to the end
Of Time, afflict it thus!
He said, and call'd
The Heralds of his pleasure. . . Go ye forth
Throughout the land: North, south, and east, and west,
Proclaim the ruin. Say to all who bear
The name of Azteca, that Heaven hath crush'd
Their country: Say, the voice of Heaven was heard, . .
Heard ye it not? . . bidding us leave the land,
That shakes us from her bosom. Ye will find
Women, old men, and babes; the many, weak
Of body and of spirit, ill prepar'd,
With painful toil, through long and dangerous ways
To seek another country. Say to them,
The White Men will not lift the arm of power
Against the feeble; here they may remain
In peace, and to the grave in peace go down.
But they who would not have their children lose
The name their fathers bore, will join our march.
Ere ye set forth, behold the destin'd way!

He bade a pile be rais'd upon the top
Of that high eminence, to all the winds
Expos'd. They rais'd the pile, and left it free

To all the winds of Heaven; Yuhidthiton
Alone approach'd it, and applied the torch.
The day was calm, and o'er the flaming pile
The wavy smoke hung lingering, like a mist
That in a morning tracks the valley stream.
Swell over swell it rose, erect above,
On all sides spreading like a stately palm,
So moveless were the winds. Upward it roll'd,
Still upward, when a stream of upper air
Cross'd it, and bent its top, and drove it on,
Straight over Aztlan. An acclaiming shout
Welcom'd the will of Heaven; for lo, the smoke
Fast travelling on, while not a breath of air
Is felt below. Ye see the appointed course!
Exclaim'd the King. Proclaim it where ye go!
On the third morning we begin our march.

Soon o'er the lake a winged galley sped,
Wafting the Ocean Prince. He bore, preserv'd,
When Aztlan's bloody temples were cast down,
The Ashes of the Dead. The King receiv'd
The relics, and his heart was full; his eye
Dwelt on his father's urn. At length he said,
One more request, O Madoc!.. If the lake
Should ever to its ancient bounds return,

Shrin'd in the highest of Patamba's towers
Coanocotzin rests... But wherefore this?
Thou wilt respect the ashes of the King.

Then said the Prince, Abide not here, O King,
Thus open to the changeful elements;
But till the day of your departure come,
Sojourn with me... Madoc, that must not be!
Yuhidthiton replied. Shall I behold
A stranger dwelling in my father's house!
Shall I become a guest, where I was wont
To give the guest his welcome?.. He pursued,
After short pause of speech,.. For our old men,
And helpless babes and women; for all those
Whom wisely fear and feebleness deter
To tempt strange paths, through swamp, and wilderness,
And hostile tribes, for these Yuhidthiton
Asks thy protection. Under thy mild sway,
They will remember me without regret,
Yet not without affection... They shall be
My people, Madoc answer'd... And the rites
Of holiness transmitted from their sires,..
Pursued the King,.. will these be suffer'd them?..
Blood must not flow, the Christian Prince replied;
No Priest must dwell among us; that hath been
The cause of all this misery... Enough,

Yuhidthiton replied; I ask no more.
It is not for the conquer'd to impose
Their law upon the conqueror.
Then he turn'd,
And lifted up his voice, and call'd upon
The people: . . All whom fear or feebleness
Withhold from following my adventurous path,
Prince Madoc will receive. No blood must flow,
No Paba dwell among them. Take upon ye,
Ye who are weak of body or of heart,
The Strangers' easy yoke: beneath their sway
Ye will remember me without regret.
Soon take your choice, and speedily depart,
Lest ye impede the adventurers. As he spake,
Tears flow'd, and groans were heard. The line was drawn,
Which whoso would accept the Strangers' yoke
Should pass. A multitude o'erpast the line;
But all the youth of Aztlan crowded round
Yuhidthiton, their own beloved King.

So two days long, with unremitting toil,
The barks of Britain to the adventurers
Bore due supply; and to new habitants
The city of the Cymry spread her gates;
And in the vale around, and on the heights,

Their numerous tents were pitch'd. Meantime the tale
Of ruin went abroad, and how the Gods
Had driven her sons from Aztlan. To the King,
Companions of his venturous enterprize,
The bold repair'd; the timid and the weak,
All whom, averse from perilous wanderings,
A gentler nature had dispos'd to peace,
Beneath the Strangers' easy rule remain'd.
Now the third morning came. At break of day
The mountain echoes to the busy sound
Of multitudes. Before the moving tribe
The Pabas bear, enclos'd from public sight,
Mexitli; and the Ashes of the Kings
Follow the Chair of God. Yuhidthiton
Then leads the marshall'd ranks, and by his side,
Silent and thoughtfully, went Tlalala.

At the north gate of Aztlan, Malinal,
Borne in a litter, waited their approach;
And now alighting, as the train drew nigh,
Propt by a friendly arm, with feeble step
Advanced to meet the King. Yuhidthiton,
With eye severe and darkening countenance,
Met his advance. I did not think, quoth he,
Thou wouldst have ventur'd this! and liefer far

Should I have borne away with me the thought,
That Malinal had shunn'd his brother's sight,
Because their common blood yet rais'd in him
A sense of his own shame! .. Comest thou to show
Those wounds, the marks of thine unnatural war
Against thy country? or to boast the meed
Of thy dishonour? that thou tarriest here,
Sharing the bounty of the conqueror,
While, with the remnant of his countrymen,
Saving the Gods of Aztlan and the name,
Thy brother and thy King goes forth to seek
His fortune!

Calm and low the youth replied,
Ill dost thou judge of me, Yuhidthiton!
And foully, O my brother, wrong the heart
Thou better shouldst have known! Howbeit, I come
Prepar'd for grief. These honourable wounds
Were gain'd when, singly, at Caermadoc, I
Oppos'd the ruffian Hoamen; and even now,
Thus feeble as thou seest me, come I thence,
For this farewell. Brother, .. Yuhidthiton, ..
By the true love which thou didst bear my youth,
Which ever, with a love as true, my heart
Hath answer'd, .. by the memory of that hour

When at our mother's funeral pile we stood,
Go not away in wrath, but call to mind
What thou hast ever known me! Side by side
We fought against the Strangers, side by side
We fell; together in the counsel hall
We counsell'd peace, together in the field
Of the assembly pledged the word of peace:
When plots of secret slaughter were devis'd,
I rais'd my voice alone, alone I kept
My plighted faith, alone I prophesied
The judgement of just Heaven; for this I bore
Reproach, and shame, and wrongful banishment,
In the action self-approv'd, and justified
By this unhappy issue!
As he spake,
Did natural feeling strive within the King,
And thoughts of other days, and brotherly love,
And inward consciousness that had he too
Stood forth, obedient to his better mind,
Nor weakly yielded to the wily priests,
Wilfully blind, perchance, even now, in peace
The kingdom of his fathers had preserv'd
Her name and empire. .. Malinal, he cried,
Thy brother's heart is sore; in better times

I may with kindlier thoughts remember thee,
And honour thy true virtue. Now fare well!

So saying, to his heart he held the youth,
Then turn'd away. But then cried Tlalala,
Farewell, Yuhidthiton! the Tyger cried;
For I too will not leave my native land.
Farewell, once King of Aztlan! Go thy way;
And be it prosperous. Through the gate thou seest
Yon tree that overhangs my father's house;
My father lies beneath it. Call to mind
Sometimes that tree; for at its foot in peace
Shall Tlalala be laid, who will not live
Survivor of his country.
Thus he cried,
And through the gate, regardless of the King,
Turn'd to his native door. Yuhidthiton
Follow'd, and Madoc; but in vain their words
Essay'd to move the Tyger's steady heart;
When from the door a tottering boy came forth,
And clung around his knees with joyful cries,
And call'd him father. At the joyful sound
Out ran Ilanquel; and the astonish'd man
Beheld his wife and boy, whom sure he deem'd
Whelm'd in the floods; but them the British barks,

Returning homeward from their merciful quest,
Found floating on the waters. . . For a while,
Abandon'd by all desperate thoughts he stood:
Soon he collected, and to Madoc turn'd,
And said, O Prince, this woman and her boy
I leave to thee. As thou hast ever found
In me a fearless unrelenting foe,
Fighting with ceaseless zeal my country's cause,
Respect them! .. Nay, Ilanquel! hast thou yet
To learn with what unshakeable resolve
My soul maintains its purposes! I leave thee
To a brave foe's protection. .. Lay me, Madoc,
Here, in my father's grave.
With that he took
His mantle off, and veil'd Ilanquel's face; ..
Woman, thou canst not look upon the Sun,
Who sets to rise no more! .. That done, he placed
His javelin-hilt against the ground; the point
He fitted to his heart; and, holding firm
The shaft, fell forward, still with steady hand
Guiding the death-blow on.
So in the land
Madoc was left sole Lord; and far away
Yuhidthiton led forth the Aztecas,
To spread in other lands Mexitli's name,

And rear a mightier empire, and set up
Again their foul idolatry ; till Heaven,
Making blind Zeal and bloody Avarice
Its ministers of vengeance, sent among them
The heroic Spaniard's unrelenting sword.

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTES

ON

THE SECOND VOLUME.

Thus let their blood be shed.—V. p. 5.

This ceremony of declaring war with fire and water is represented, by De Bry, in the eleventh print of the description of Florida, by Le Moyne de Morgues.

The Feast of the Departed.—VI. p. 6.

Lafitau. Charlevoix.

The Council Hall.—VI. p. 6.

"The town house, in which are transacted all public business and diversions, is raised with wood and covered over with earth, and has all the appearance of a small mountain at a little distance. It is built in the form of a sugar loaf, and large enough to contain 500 persons, but extremely dark, having (besides the door, which is so narrow that but one at a time can pass, and that after much winding and turning) but one small aperture to let the smoke out, which is so ill contrived that most of it settles in the roof of the house. Within

it has the appearance of an ancient amphitheatre, the seats being raised one above another, leaving an area in the middle, in the centre of which stands the fire: the seats of the head warriors are nearest it."—*Memoirs of Lieutenant* HENRY TIMBERLAKE, *who accompanied the Cherokee Indians to England in* 1762.

The Sarbacan.—VI. p. 7.

"The children at eight or ten years old are very expert at killing birds and smaller game with a sarbacan, or hollow cane, through which they blow a small dart, whose weakness obliges them to shoot at the eye of the larger sort of prey, which they seldom miss."—TIMBERLAKE.

The pendant string of shells.—VI. p. 7.

"The doors of their houses and chambers were full of diverse kindes of shells, hanging loose by small cordes, that being shaken by the wind they might make a certaine rattleing, and also a whisteling noise, by gathering the wind in their holowe places; for herein they have great delight, and impute this for a goodly ornament."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

Still do your Shadows roam dissatisfied,
And to the cries of wailing woe return
A voice of lamentation.—VI. p. 7.

"They firmly believe that the Spirits of those who are killed by the enemy, without equal revenge of blood, find no rest, and at night haunt the houses of the tribe to which they belonged; but when that kindred duty of retaliation is justly

executed, they immediately get ease and po·er to fly away." ADAIR.

" The answering voices heard from caves and hollow holes, which the Latines call Echo, they suppose to be the Soules wandring through those places."—PIETRO MARTIRE. This superstition prevailed in Cumana . . they believed the Echo to be the voice of the Soul, thus answering when it was called.—HERRERA 3. 4. 11.

The word by which they express the funeral wailing in one of the Indian languages is very characteristic, . . *Máuo;* which bewailing, says Roger Williams, is very solemn amongst them: morning and evening, and sometimes in the night, they bewail their lost husbands, wives, children, &c.; sometimes a quarter, half, yea a whole year and longer, if it be for a great Prince.

The Skull of some old Seer.—VI. p. 8.

On the coast of Paria oracles were thus delivered.—TORQUEMADA, *L.* 6. *c.* 26.

Their happy souls
Pursue in fields of bliss the shadowy deer.—VI. p. 10.

This opinion of the American Indians may be illustrated by a very beautiful story from Carver's Travels:

" Whilst I remained among them, a couple, whose tent was adjacent to mine, lost a son of about four years of age. The parents were so much affected at the death of their favourite child, that they pursued the usual testimonies of grief with such uncommon rigour, as through the weight of sorrow and loss of blood to occasion the death of the father. The wo-

man, who had hitherto been inconsolable, no sooner saw her husband expire, than she dried up her tears, and appeared cheerful and resigned. As I knew not how to account for so extraordinary a transition, I took an opportunity to ask her the reason of it; telling her at the same time, that I should have imagined the loss of her husband would rather have occasioned an increase of grief than such a sudden diminution of it.

"She informed me, that as the child was so young when it died, and unable to support itself in the country of spirits, both she and her husband had been apprehensive that its situation would be far from being happy: but no sooner did she behold its father depart for the same place, who not only loved the child with the tenderest affection, but was a good hunter, and would be able to provide plentifully for its support, than she ceased to mourn. She added, that she now saw no reason to continue her tears, as the child on whom she doated, was under the care and protection of a fond father, and she had only one wish that remained ungratified, which was that of being herself with them.

"Expressions so replete with unaffected tenderness, and sentiments that would have done honour to a Roman matron, made an impression on my mind greatly in favour of the people to whom she belonged, and tended not a little to counteract the prejudices I had hitherto entertained, in common with every other traveller, of Indian insensibility and want of parental tenderness. Her subsequent conduct confirmed the favourable opinion I had just imbibed, and convinced me that, notwithstanding the apparent suspension of her grief, some particles of that reluctance to be separated from a

beloved relation, which is implanted by nature or custom in every human heart, still lurked in hers. I observed that she went almost every evening to the foot of the tree on a branch of which the bodies of her husband and child were laid, and after cutting off a lock of her hair, and throwing it on the ground, in a plaintive melancholy song bemoaned its fate. A recapitulation of the actions he might have performed, had his life been spared, appeared to be her favourite theme; and whilst she foretold the fame that would have attended an imitation of his father's virtues, her grief seemed to be suspended. 'If thou hadst continued with us, my dear Son,' would she cry, 'how well would the bow have become thy hand, and how fatal would thy arrows have proved to the enemies of our bands! thou would'st often have drunk their blood, and eaten their flesh, and numerous slaves would have rewarded thy toils. With a nervous arm wouldest thou have seized the wounded buffalo, or have combated the fury of the enraged bear. Thou wouldest have overtaken the flying elk, and have kept pace on the mountain's brow with the fleetest deer. What feats mightest thou not have performed, hadst thou staid among us till age had given thee strength, and thy father had instructed thee in every Indian accomplishment!' In terms like these did this untutored savage bewail the loss of her son, and frequently would she pass the greatest part of the night in the affectionate employ."

The spirit of that noble blood which ran
From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy clouds
Which go before the Sun when he comes forth
In glory.—VI. p. 11.

Among the last comers, one Avila, a cacique, had great authority, who understanding that Valdivia affirmed the God of the Christians was the only Creator of all things, in a great rage cried out, he would never allow Pillan, the God of the Chilenians, to be denied the power of creating. Valdivia inquired of him concerning this imaginary deity. Avila told him that his God did, after death, translate the chief men of the nation and soldiers of known bravery to places where there was dancing and drinking, there to live happy for ever; that the blood of noble men slain in battle was placed about the Sun, and changed into red clouds, which sometimes adorn his rising. *Hist. of Paraguay, &c. by* F. A. *del Techo.*

O my people,
I too could tell ye of the former days.—VI. p. 13.

The mode of sowing is from the 21st plate of De Bry to J. Le Moyne de Morgues; the common store-houses are mentioned by the same author; and the ceremony of the widows strewing their hair upon their husbands' graves is represented in the 19th plate.

The Snake Idol.—VI. p. 15.

Snake worship was common in America. *Bernal Diaz, p.* 3. 7. 125. The Idol described VII. *p.* 25, somewhat resembles what the Spaniards found at Campeche, which is thus described by the oldest historian of the Discoveries. "Our men were conducted to a broade crome-way, standing on the side of the towne. Here they shew them a square stage or pulpit foure steppes high, partly of clammy bitumen, and

partly of small stones, whereto the image of a man cut in marble was joyned, two foure-footed unknown beastes fastening upon him, which, like madde dogges, seemed they would tear the marble man's guts out of his belly. And by the Image stood a Serpent, besmeared all with goare bloud, devouring a marble lion, which Serpent, compacted of bitumen and small stones incorporated together, was seven and fortie feete in length, and as thicke as a great oxe. Next unto it were three rafters or stakes fastened to the grounde, which three others crossed underpropped with stones; in which place they punish malefactors condemned, for proof whereof they saw innumerable broken arrowes, all bloudie, scattered on the grounde, and the bones of the dead cast into an inclosed courte neere unto it."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

It can scarcely be necessary to remark, that I have attributed to the Hoamen such manners and superstitions as, really existing among the savage tribes of America, best suited the plan of the poem.

——— *piously a portion take*
Of that cold earth, to which, for ever now
Consign'd, they leave their fathers, dust to dust.—VI. p. 15.

Charlevoix assigns an unworthy motive for this remarkable custom, which may surely be more naturally explained: he says they fancy it procures luck at play.

——— *from his head,*
Plucking the thin grey hairs, he dealt them round.—VI. p. 17.

Some passages in Mr. Mackenzie's Travels suggested this to me.

"Our guide called aloud to the fugitives, and entreated them to stay, but without effect; the old man, however, did not hesitate to approach us, and represented himself as too far advanced in life, and too indifferent about the short time he had to remain in the world, to be very anxious about escaping from any danger that threatened him; at the same time he pulled the grey hairs from his head by handfulls to distribute among us, and implored our favour for himself and his relations.

"As we were ready to embark, our new recruit was desired to prepare himself for his departure, which he would have declined; but as none of his friends would take his place, we may be said, after the delay of an hour, to have compelled him to embark. Previous to his departure a ceremony took place, of which I could not learn the meaning: he cut off a lock of his hair, and having divided it into three parts, he fastened one of them to the hair on the upper parts of his wife's head, blowing on it three times with all the violence in his power, and uttering certain words. The other two he fastened, with the same formalities, on the heads of his two children."—MACKENZIE.

Forth from the dark recesses of the Cave
The Serpent came.—VII. p. 23.

Of the wonderful docility of the Snake one instance may suffice.

"An Indian belonging to the Menomonie, having taken a Rattle Snake, found means to tame it; and when he had done this treated it as a Deity; calling it his great Father, and carrying in with him in a box wherever he went. This he

had done for several summers, when Mons. Pinnisance accidentally met with him at this carrying place, just as he was setting off for a winter's hunt. The French gentleman was surprised one day to see the Indian place the box which contained his God on the ground, and, opening the door, give him his liberty; telling him, whilst he did it, to be sure and return by the time he himself should come back, which was to be in the month of May following. As this was but October, Monsieur told the Indian, whose simplicity astonished him, that he fancied he might wait long enough, when May arrived, for the arrival of his great Father. The Indian was so confident of his creature's obedience that he offered to lay the Frenchman a wager of two gallons of rum, that at the time appointed he would come and crawl into his box. This was agreed on, and the second week in May following fixed for the determination of the wager. At that period they both met there again; when the Indian set down his box, and called for his great Father. The Snake heard him not; and the time being now expired, he acknowledged that he had lost. However, without seeming to be discouraged, he offered to double the bet if his father came not within two days more. This was farther agreed on; when behold on the second day, about one o'clock, the Snake arrived, and of his own accord, crawled into the box, which was placed ready for him. The French gentleman vouched for the truth of this story, and, from the accounts I have often received of the docility of those creatures, I see no reason to doubt his veracity."—CARVER's *Travels*.

We have not taken animals enough into alliance with us. In one of the most interesting families which it was ever my

good fortune to visit, I saw a child suckled by a goat. The gull should be taught to catch fish for us in the sea, the otter in fresh water. The more spiders there were in the stable, the less would the horses suffer from the flies. The great American fire-fly should be imported into Spain to catch musquitos. Snakes would make good mousers; but one favourite mouse should be kept to rid the house of cock-roaches. The toad is an excellent fly catcher, and in hot countries a reward should be offered to the man who could discover what insect fed upon fleas; for, say the Spaniards, *no ay criatura tan libre, a quien falta su Alguacil.*

——— *that huge King*
Of Basan, biggest of the Anakin.—VII. p. 23.

Og, the King of Basan, was the largest man that ever lived: all Giants, Titans, and Ogers are but dwarfs to him; Garagantua himself is no more compared to Og, than Tom Thumb is to Garagantua. For thus say the Rabbis; Moses chose out twelve Chiefs, and advanced with them till they approached the land of Canaan, where Jericho was, and there he sent those Chiefs that they might spy out the land for him. One of the Giants met them; he was called Og the son of Anak, and the height of his stature was twenty-three thousand and thirty-three cubits. Now Og used to catch the clouds and draw them towards him and drink their waters; and he used to take the fishes out of the depths of the sea, and toast them against the orb of the Sun and eat them. It is related of him, by tradition, that in the time of the deluge he went to Noah and said to him, take me with thee in the Ark; but Noah made answer, depart from me, O thou enemy of

God! And when the water covered the highest mountains of the earth, it did not reach to Og's knees. Og lived three thousand years, and then God destroyed him by the hand of Moses. For when the army of Moses covered a space of nine miles, Og came and looked at it, and reached out his hand to a mountain, and cut from it a stone so wide that it could have covered the whole army, and he put it upon his head, that he might throw it upon them. But God sent a lapwing, who made a hole through the stone with his bill, so that it slipt over his head, and hung round his neck like a necklace, and he was borne down to the ground by its weight. Then Moses ran to him; Moses was himself ten cubits in stature, and he took a spear ten cubits long, and threw it up ten cubits high, and yet it only reached the heel of Og, who was lying prostrate, and thus he slew him. And then came a great multitude with scythes, and cut off his head, and when he was dead his body lay for a whole year, reaching as far as the River Nile in Egypt. His mother's name was Enac, one of the daughters of Adam, and she was the first harlot; her fingers were two cubits long, and upon every finger she had two sharp nails, like two sickles. But because she was a harlot, God sent against her lions as big as elephants, and wolves as big as camels, and eagles as big as asses, and they killed her and eat her.

When Og met the spies who were sent by Moses, he took them all twelve in his hand and put them in his wallet, and carried them to his wife and said to her, look, I beseech you, at these men who want to fight with us! and he emptied them out before her, and asked her if he should tread upon them? but she said, let them go and tell their people what they have

seen. When they were got out they said to each other, if we should tell these things to the Children of Israel they would forsake Moses; let us therefore relate what we have seen only to Moses and Aaron. And they took with them one grape stone from the grapes of that country, and it was as much as a camel could carry. And they began to advise the people that they should not go to war, saying what they had seen; but two of them, namely, Caleb the son of Jepho, and Josuah the son of Nun, concealed it. MARACCI.

Even if the grapes had not been proportioned to Og's capacious mouth, the Rabbis would not have let him starve. There were Behemoths for him to roast whole, and Bar-Chana saw a fish to which Whales are but sprats, and Leviathan but a herring. "We saw a fish," says he, "into whose nostrils the worm called Tinna had got and killed it, and it was cast upon the shore with such force by the sea, that it overthrew sixty maritime cities: sixty other cities fed upon its flesh, and what they left was salted for the food of sixty cities more.

From one of the pupils of his eyes they filled thirty barrels of oil. A year or two afterwards, as we past by the same place, we saw men cutting up his bones, with which the same cities were built up again. MARACCI.

Arrows round whose heads dry tow was twined,
With pine gum dipt.—VII. p. 25.

This mode of offence has been adopted wherever bows and arrows were in use. De Bry represents it in the 31st plate to Le Moyne de Morgues.

"The Medes poisoned their arrows with a bituminous li-

quor called naphta, whereof there was great plenty in Media, Persia, and Assyria. The arrow, being steeped in it, and shot from a slack bow (for swift and violent motion took off from its virtue), burnt the flesh with such violence, that water rather increased than extinguished the malignant flame: dust alone could put a stop to it, and, in some degree, allay the unspeakable pain it occasioned."—*Universal History.*

His hands transfixed
And lacerate with the body's pendent weight.—VIII. p. 31.

Laceras toto membrorum pondere palmas.
MAMBRUNI *Constantinus, sive Idololatria Debellata.*

Not for your lots on earth,
Menial or mighty, slave or highly born,
Shall ye be judged hereafter.—VIII. p. 32.

They are informed in some places that the Kings and Noblemen have immortal souls, and believe that the souls of the rest perish together with their bodies, except the familiar friends of the Princes themselves, and those only who suffer themselves to be buried alive together with their masters funerals: for their ancestors have left them so persuaded that the souls of Kings, deprived of their corporeal clothing, joyfully walk to perpetual delights, through pleasant places always green, eating, drinking, and giving themselves to sports, and dancing with women, after their old manner, while they were living, and this they hold for a certain truth. Thereupon many, striving with a kind of emulation, cast themselves headlong into the sepulchres of their Lords, which, if his familiar friends defer to do, they think their souls become temporary of eternal. PIETRO MARTIRE.

When I was upon the Sierras of Guaturo, says Oviedo, and had taken prisoner the Cacique of the Province who had rebelled, I asked him whose graves were those which were in a house of his; and he told me, of some Indians who had killed themselves when the Cacique his father died. But because they often used to bury a quantity of wrought gold with them, I had two of the graves open, and found in them a small quantity of maize, and a small instrument. When I enquired the reason of this the Cacique and his Indians replied, that they who were buried there were labourers, who had been well skilled in sowing corn and in gathering it in, and were his and his father's servants, who, that their souls might not die with their bodies, had slain themselves upon his father's death, and that maize with the tools was laid there with them that they might sow it in heaven. In reply to this, I bade them see how the Tuyra had deceived them, and that all he had told them was a lie; for, though they had long been dead, they had never fetched the maize, which was now rotten and good for nothing, so that they had sown nothing in heaven. But the Cacique answered, that was because they found plenty there, and did not want it. *Relacion sumaria de la Historia Natural de las Indias, por el Capitan* GONZALO FEYNANDEZ DE OVIEDO.

The Tlascallans believed that the souls of Chiefs and Princes became clouds, or beautiful birds, or precious stones; whereas those of the common people would pass into beetles, rats, mice, weasels, and all vile and stinking animals. TORQUEMA-, *L.* 6, *c.* 47.

Cadog, Deiniol,
Padarn, and Teilo.—VIII. p. 35.

The two first of these Saints, with Madog Morvryn, are called the three holy bachelors of the Isle of Britain. Cadog the Wise was a Bard who flourished in the sixth century. He is one of the three protectors of innocence; his protection was through the church lam; Blas's by the common lam; and Pedrogyl's by the lam of arms; these three were also called the three just Knights of the Court of Arthur. Cadog was the first of whom there is any account, who collected the British Proverbs. There is a church dedicated to him in Caermarthenshire, and two in Monmouthshire. Deiniol has churches dedicated to him in Monmouth, Cardigan, and Pembrokeshires. In the year 525 he founded a college at Bangor, where he was Abbot, and when it was raised to the dignity of Bishopric he was the first Bishop. Padarn and Teilo rank with Dewi or David, as the three blessed Visitors, for they went about preaching the faith to all degrees of people, not only without reward, but themselves alleviating the distresses of the poor as far as their means extended. Padarn found a congregation at a place called from him Llanbadarn Vawr, where he had the title of Archbishop. Teilo established the college at Llandaff; the many places called Llandeilo were so named in honour of him. He and Cadog and David were the three canonical Saints of Britain. *Cambrian Biography.*

Teilo, or Teliau, as he is called by David Williams, took an active part against the heresy of Pelagius, the great Welshman. "Such was the lustre of his zeal, that by something like a pun on his name, he was compared to the sun and called Haul;

and, when slain at the altar, devotees contended with so much virulence for the reputation of possessing his body, that the Priests, to avoid scandalous divisions, found three miraculous bodies of the Saint, as similar, according to the phrase used on the occasion, as one egg to another; and miracles were equally performed at the tombs of all the three."—D. WILLIAM's *Hist. of Monmouthshire.*

This Miracle is claimed by some Agiologists for St. Baldred, Confessour; "whose memory in ancient tymes hath byn very famous in the kingdome of Scotland. For that he having sometymes preached to the people of three villages neere adjoyning one to the other in Scotland, called Aldham, Timingham, and Preston, was so holy a man of life, that when he was dead, the people of ech village contended one with another which of them should have his body; in so much, that at last, they not agreeing therabout, tooke armes, and each of them sought by force to enjoy the same. And when the matter came to issue, the said sacred body was found all whole in three distinct places of the house where he died; so as the people of each village coming thither, and carrying the same away, placed it in their churches, and kept it with great honour and veneration for the miracles that at each place it pleased God to worke."—*English Martyrologe.*

The story may be as true of the one Saint as of the other, a solution in which Catholicks and Protestants will agree. Godwin *(in Catal. Ep. Landao)* says that the Churches which contended for the Welsh Saint, were Pennalum, the burial place of his family, Llandeilo Vawr, where he died, and Llandaff, where he had been Bishop; and he adds, in honour of his own church, that by frequent miracles at his

tomb it was certain Llandaff possessed the true body.—Yet in such a case as this the fac-simile might have been not unreasonably deemed more curious than the original.

The polypus's power of producing as many heads, legs, and arms as were wanted, has been possessed by all the great Saints. This miracle of triplification would have been more appropriate had it been worked upon some zealous Homoousian.

St. Teilo left his own country for a time because it was infested by an infectious disorder, called the *Yellow Plague*, which attacked both men and beasts.—*Capgrave, quoted in Cressy's Church History of Brittany.*

David.—VIII. p. 35.

Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crown'd,
The valley Ewias lies, immur'd so deep and round,
As they below who see the mountains rise so high,
Might think the straggling herds were grazing in the sky:
Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
As Nature at the first appointed it for prayer.
Where in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the Sun hath ever shone,
That reverend British Saint, in zealous ages past,
To contemplation lived; and did so truly fast,
As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields;
In memory of whom, in each revolving year,
The Welshman on his day that sacred herb do wear.

* * * * * * * *

Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous fanes,
This Saint before the rest their patron still they hold,
Whose birth their ancient bards to Cambria long foretold;
And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore,
Selected by himself, that far from all resort
With contemplation seemed most fitly to comport,
That void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry,
No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wandering eye.

DRAYTON.

"A. D. 462. It happened on a day, as Gildas was in his sermon, (Reader, whether smiling or frowning, forgive the digression) a Nunne big with child came into the congregation, whereat the preacher presently was struck dumb (would not a maid's child amaze any man?) and could proceed no farther. Afterwards he gave this reason for his silence, because that Virgin bare in her body an infant of such signal sanctity, as far transcended him. Thus, as lesser load-stones are reported to lose their virtue in the presence of those that are bigger, so Gildas was silenced at the approach of the Welsh St. David (being then but Hanse in Kelder) though afterwards, like Zachary, he recovered his speech again."—FULLER's *Church History of Great Britain.*

"David one day was preaching in an open field to the multitude, and could not be well seen because of the concourse, (though they make him four cubits high, a man and half in stature) when behold the Earth whereon he stood, officiously heaving itself up, mounted him up to a competent

visibility above all his audience. Whereas our Saviour himself, when he taught the people, was pleased to chuse a mountain, making use of the advantage of Nature, without improving his miraculous power."—FULLER.

David is indebted to the Romancers for his fame as a Champion of Christendom: how he came by his leek is a question which the Antiquarians have not determined. I am bound to make grateful mention of St. David, having in my younger days been benefited by his merits at Westminster, where the first of March is an *early play*.

But I too here upon this barbarous land,
Like Elmur and like Aronan of old,
Must lift the ruddy spear.—IX. p. 39.

Elmur, Cynhaval, and Avaon the son of Taliesin, all deserted the Bardic principles to bear arms, and were called the three Chiefs like Bulls in conflict. Avaon, Aronan, and Dygynnelw are the three Bards of the ruddy spear.

——— *for this the day*
When to his favour'd city he vouchsafes
His annual presence.—IX. p. 41.

The feast of the Arrival of the Gods is minutely described by Torquemada, *L.* 10. *c.* 24. Tezcalipoca was believed to arrive first, because he was the youngest of the Gods, and never waxed old: Telpuctli, the Youth, was one of his titles. On the night of his arrival a general carousal took place, in which it was the custom, particularly for old people, men and women alike, to drink immoderately; for they said the liquor which they drank would go to wash the feet of the

God, after his journey. And I, says the Franciscan provincial, .. who, if he had been a philosopher, would perhaps have not written a book at all, or certainly not so interesting a one, .. I say, that this is a great mistake, and the truth is, that they washed their own tripes and filled them with liquor, which made them merry, and the fumes got up into their heads and overset them, with which fall it is not to be wondered at that they fell into such errors and foolishness.

It was thought that this God often visited the Mexicans, but, except on this occasion, he always came incognito. A stone seat was placed at every crossing, or division, of a street, called *Momoztli*, or *Ichialoca*, *where he is expected*; and this was continually hung with fresh garlands and green boughs, that he might rest there.—TORQUEMADA, *L.* 6. *c.* 20.

Mexitli, woman-born.—IX. p. 41.

The history of Mexitli's birth is related in the Poem, Part 2. Sect. XXI. Though the Mexicans took their name from him, he is more usually called Hnitzilupuchtli, or corruptly Vitzliputzli. In consequence of the vengeance which he exercised as soon as born, he was stiled Tetzahuitl, Terror, and Tetzauhteotl, the Terrible God. CLAVIGERO. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 6. *c.* 21.

Quetzalcoal.—IX. p. 42.

God of the Winds: his temple was circular, "for even as the ayre goeth rounde about the heavens, even for that consideration they made his temple round. The entrance of that temple had a dore made lyke unto the mouth of a serpent, and was paynted with foule and divilish gestures, with great

teeth and gummes wrought, which was a thing to feare those that should enter thereat, and especially the Christians, unto whom it represented very Hell with that ougly face and monsterous teeth."—GOMARA.

Some history is blended with fable in the legend of Quetzalcohuatl, for such is the *uglyography* of his name. He was chief of a band of strangers who landed at Panuco, coming from the North; their dress was black, long, and loose, like the Turkish dress, or the Cassock, says Torquemada, open before, without hood or cape, the sleeves full, but not reaching quite to the elbow; such dresses were, even in his time, used by the natives in some of their dances, in memory of this event. Their leader was a white man, florid, and having a large beard. At first he settled in Tullan, but left that province in consequence of the vices of its Lords, Huemac and Tezcalipoca, and removed to Cholullan. He taught the natives to cut the green stones, called chalchihuites, which were so highly valued, and to work silver and gold. Every thing flourished in his reign; the head of maize was a man's load, and the cotton grew of all colours; he had one palace of emeralds, another of silver, another of shells, one of all kinds of wood, one of turquoises, and one of feathers: his commands were proclaimed by a cryer from the Sierra of Tzatzitepec, near the city of Tulla, and were heard as far as the sea coast, and for more than a hundred leagues round. Fr. Berdardino de Sahagun heard such a voice once in the dead of the night, far exceeding the power of any human voice: he was told that it was to summon the labourer to the maize fields; but both he and Torquemada believe it was the Devil's doing. Notwithstanding his power, Quetzalcoal was driven

out by Tezcalipoca and Huemac: before he departed he burnt or buried all his treasures, converted the cocoa trees into others of less worth, and sent off all the sweet singing birds who had before abounded, to go before him to Tlapallan, the land of the Sun, whither he himself had been summoned. The Indians always thought he would return, and when first they saw the Spanish ships, thought he was come in these moving temples. They worhipped him, for the useful arts which he had taught, for the tranquillity they had enjoyed under his government, and because he never suffered blood to be shed in sacrifice, but ordered bread and flowers, and incense to be offered up instead. Torquemada, *L.* 3. *c.* 7. *L.* 6. *c.* 24.

Some authors have supposed that these strangers came from Ireland, because they scarred their faces and eat human flesh: this is no compliment to the Irish, and certainly does not accord with the legend. Others that they were Carthaginians, because New Spain was called Anahuac, and the Phœnicians were children of Anak. That the Carthaginians peopled America, is the more likely, say they, because they bored their ears, and so did the Incas of Peru. One of these princes, in process of time, says Garcilasso, being willing to enlarge the privileges of his people, gave them permission to bore their ears also, but not so wide as the Incas.

This much may legitimately be deduced from the legend, that New Spain, as well as Peru, was civilized by a foreign adventurer, who, it seems, attempted to destroy the sanguinary superstition of the country, but was himself driven out by the Priests.

Tlaloc.—IX. p. 42.

God of the Waters; he is mentioned more particularly in Section XII. Tlalocatecuhtli, the Lord of Paradise as he is also called, was the oldest of the country Gods. His Image was that of a man sitting on a square seat, with a vessel before him, in which a specimen of all the different grains and fruit seeds in the country was to be offered; it was a sort of pumice stone, and, according to tradition, had been found upon the mountains. One of the Kings of Tetzcuco ordered a better Idol to be made, which was destroyed by lightning, and the original one in consequence replaced with fear and trembling. As one of the arms had been broken in removing, it was fastened with three large golden nails; but in the time of the first Bishop, Tumarraga, the golden nails were taken away and the idol destroyed.

Tlaloc dwelt among the mountains, where he collected the vapours and dispensed them in rain and dew. A number of inferior Deities were under his command.

Thlala.—IX. p 42.

Some of my readers will stumble at this name: but to those who would accuse me of designing to *Hottentotify* the language by introducing one of the barbarous clacks, I must reply, that the sound is Grecian. The writers who have supposed that America was peopled from Plato's Island, observe that the *tl*, a combination so remarkably frequent in the Mexican tongue, has probably a reference to *Atl*antis and the *Atl*antic, *Atl* being the Mexican word for water, and *Tl*aloc the God of the waters. An argument quite worthy of the hypothesis. Fr. Gregorio Garcia. *Origen de los Indios*, Lib. 4. c. 8. § 2.

The quaintest opinion ever started upon this obscure subject is that of Fr. Pedro Simon, who argued, that the Indians were of the tribe of Issachar, because he was "a strong ass in a pleasant land, who bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute." If the Hebrew word, which is rendered tribute, may mean taxes as well, I humbly submit it to consideration, whether Issachar doth not typify John Bull.

Tyger of the War.—IX. p. 44.

This was one of the four most honourable titles among the Mexicans: the others were, Shedder of Blood, Destroyer of Men, and Lord of the Dark House. Great Slayer of Men was also a title among the Natchez; but to obtain this it was necessary that the warrior should have made ten prisoners, or brought home twenty scalps.

The Chinese have certain soldiers whom they call Tygers of War. On their large round shields of basket work, are painted monstrous faces of some imaginary animal, intended to frighten the enemy. BARROW's *Travels in China.*

Whose conquer'd Gods lie idle in their chains,
And with tame weakness brook captivity.—IX. p. 47.

The Gods of the conquered nations were kept fastened and caged in the Mexican temples. They who argued for the Phœnician origin of the Indians, might have compared this with the triumph of the Philistines over the Ark, when they placed it in the temple of Dagon.

—— peace offerings of repentance fill
The Temple Courts.—IX. p. 44.

Before the Mexican temples were large courts, kept well cleansed, and planted with the trees which they call Ahuchuetl, which are green throughout the year, and give a pleasant shade, wherefore they are much esteemed by the Indians: they are our savin (*sabines de Espana*). In the comfort of their shade the Priests sit, and attract those who come to make offerings or sacrifice to the Idol. *Historia de la Fundacion y Discurso de la Provincia de Santiago de Mexico de la orden de Predicadores; por el Maestro* FRAY AUGUSTIN DAVILA PADILLA. *Brusseles*, 1625.

Ten painful months
Immured amid the forest had he dwelt,
In abstinence and solitary prayer
Passing his nights and days.—X. p. 47.

Torquemada, *L.* 9. *c.* 25. Clavigero.

The most painful penance to which any of these Priests were subjected, was that which the Chololtecas performed every four years in honour of Quetzalcoal. All the Priests ate round the walls in the temple holding a censer in their hands; from this posture they were not permitted to move, except when they went out for the necessary calls of nature; two hours they might sleep at the beginning of the night, and one after the sunrise; at midnight they bathed, smeared themselves with a black unction, and pricked their ears to offer the blood; the twenty-one remaining hours they sate in the same posture incensing the Idol, and in that same posture took the little sleep permitted them; this continued sixty days; if any one

slept out of his time, his companions pricked him: the ceremony continued twenty days longer, but they were then permitted more rest. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 10. *c.* 32.

Folly and madness have had as much to do as knavery in priestcraft. The knaves, in general, have made the fools their instruments, but they not unfrequently have suffered in their turn.

Coatlantona.—X. p. 50.

The mother of Mexitli, who, being a mortal woman, was made immortal for her son's sake, and appointed Goddess of all herbs, flowers, and trees. CLAVIGERO.

Mammuth.—X. p. 54.

Mr. Jefferson informs us that a late governor of Virginia, having asked some delegates of the Delawares what they knew or had heard respecting this animal; the chief speaker immediately put himself into an oratorical attitude, and, with a pomp suited to the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of them came to the Big-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians; that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended to the earth, and seated himself upon a neighbouring mountain on a rock, on which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the Big Bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as

they fell; but at length missing one, it wounded him on the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, and, finally, over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.

Colonel G. Morgan, in a note to Mr. Morse, says, "these bones are found only at the Salt Licks on the Ohio; some few scattered grinders have, indeed, been found in other places; but it has been supposed these have been brought from the above mentioned deposit, by Indian warriors and others who have passed it, as we know many have been spread in this manner. When I first visited the Salt Licks," says the Colohel, "in 1766, I met here a large party of the Iroquois and Wyandot Indians, who were then on a war expedition against the Chicasaw tribe. The head chief was a very old man to be engaged in war; he told me he was eighty-four years old: he was probably as much as eighty. I fixed on this venerable Chief, as a person from whom some knowledge might be obtained. After making him some acceptable presents of tobacco, paint, ammunition, &c. and complimenting him upon the wisdom of his nation, their prowess in war, and prudence in peace, I intimated my ignorance respecting the great bones before us, which nothing but his superior knowledge could remove, and accordingly requested him to inform me what he knew concerning them. Agreeably to the customs of his nation, he informed me in substance as follows:

"Whilst I was yet a boy, I passed this road several times to war against the Catawbas; and the wise old chiefs, among whom was my grandfather, then gave me the tradition, handed down to us, respecting these bones, the like to which are found in no other part of the country; it is as follows: After

the Great Spirit first formed the world, he made the various birds and beasts which now inhabit it. He also made man; but having formed him white, and very imperfect and ill tempered, he placed him on one side of it, where he now inhabits, and from whence he has lately found a passage across the great water, to be a plague to us. As the Great Spirit was not pleased with this his work, he took of black clay, and made what *you* call a negro, with a woolly head. This black man was much better than the white man: but still he did not answer the wish of the Great Spirit; that is, he was imperfect. At last the Great Spirit having procured a piece of pure, fine red clay, formed from it the red man, perfectly to his mind; and he was so well pleased with him, that he placed him on this great island, separate from the white and black men, and gave him rules for his conduct, promising happiness in proportion as they should be observed. He increased exceedingly, and was perfectly happy for ages; but the foolish young people, at length forgetting his rules, became exceedingly ill tempered and wicked. In consequence of this, the Great Spirit created the Great Buffalo, the bones of which you now see before us; these made war upon the human species alone, and destroyed all but a few, who repented, and promised the Great Spirit to live according to his laws, if he would restrain the devouring enemy: whereupon he sent lightning and thunder, and destroyed the whole race, in this spot, two excepted, a male and a female, which he shut up in yonder mountain, ready to let loose again, should occasion require."

The following tradition, existing among the natives, we give in the very terms of a Shawanee Indian, to shew that the

impression made on their minds by it must have been forcible.

"Ten thousand moons ago, when nought but gloomy forests covered this land of the sleeping sun, long before the pale men, with thunder and fire at their command, rushed on the wings of the wind to ruin this garden of nature; when nought but the untamed wanderers of the woods, and men as unrestrained as they, were the lords of the soil; a race of animals were in being, huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the angel of night. The pines crashed beneath their feet, and the lake shrunk when they slaked their thirst; the forceful javelin in vain was hurled, and the barbed arrow fell harmless from their side. Forests were laid waste at a meal; the groans of expiring animals were every where heard: and whole villages inhabited by men were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the region of peace in the west, and the Good Spirit interposed to save the unhappy. The forked lightnings gleamed all around, and loudest thunder rocked the globe. The bolts of heaven were hurled upon the cruel destroyers alone, and the mountains echoed with the bellowings of death. All were killed except one male, the fiercest of the race, and him even the artillery of the skies assailed in vain. He ascended the bluest summit which shades the source of the Monongahela, and, roaring aloud, bid defiance to every vengeance. The red lightning scorched the lofty firs, and rived the knotty oaks, but only glanced upon the enraged monster. At length, maddened with fury, he leaped over the waves of the west at a bound, and this moment reigns the uncontrolled monarch of the wilderness, in despite of even Omnipotence itself."—WINTER.

BOTHAM. The tradition probably is Indian, but certainly not the bombast.

In your youth
Ye have quaff'd manly blood, that manly thoughts
Might ripen in your hearts.—X. p. 55.

In Florida, when a sick man was bled, women who were suckling a man-child drank the blood, if the patient were a brave or strong man, that it might strengthen their milk, and make the boys braver. Pregnant women also drank it. LE MOYNE DE MORGUES.

There is a more remarkable tale of kindred barbarity in Irish history. The royal family had been all cut off except one girl, and the wise men of the country fed her upon children's flesh to make her the sooner marriageable. I have not the book to refer to, and cannot therefore give the names; but the story is in Keating's history.

The spreading radii of the mystic wheel.—X. p. 56.

This dance is described from Clavigero; from whom also the account of their musical instruments is taken.

On the top
Of yon magnolia, the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn.—XI. p. 59.

"I was awakened in the morning early, by the cheering converse of the wild turkey-cock (*Meleagris occidentalis*) saluting each other, from the sun-brightened tops of the lofty *Cupressus disticha* and *Magnolia grandiflora*. They begin at early dawn, and continue till sun-rise, from March to the last

of April. The high forests ring with the noise, like the crowing of the domestic cock, of these social centinels, the watch-word being caught and repeated, from one to another, for hundreds of miles around; insomuch, that the whole country is, for an hour or more, in an universal shout. A little after sun-rise, their crowing gradually ceases, they quit their high lodging-places, and alight on the earth, where, expanding their silver-bordered train, they strut and dance round about the coy female, while the deep forests seem to tremble with their shrill noise."—BARTRAM.

His cowl was white.—XII. p. 67.

"They wore large garments like surplices, which were white, and had hoods such as the Canons wear; their hair long and matted, so that it could not be parted, and now full of fresh blood from their ears, which they had that day sacrificed; and their nails very long."—B. DIAZ. Such is the description of the Mexican priests by one who had seen them.

Tlalocan.—XII. p. 69.

The Paradise of Tlaloc.

"They distinguished three places for the souls when separated from the body: Those of soldiers who died in battle or in captivity among their enemies, and those of women who died in labour, went to the House of the Sun, whom they considered as the Prince of Glory, where they led a life of endless delight; where every day, at the first appearance of the sun's rays, they hailed his birth with rejoicings; and with dancing, and the music of instruments and of voices, attended him to his meridian; there they met the souls of the women, and with the same festivity accompanied him to his setting;

they next supposed, that these spirits, after four years of that glorious life, went to animate clouds, and birds of beautiful feathers and of sweet song, but always at liberty to rise again to heaven, or to descend upon the earth, to warble and suck the flowers. .. The souls of those that were drowned or struck by lightning, of those who died of dropsy, tumours, wounds, and other such diseases, went along with the souls of children, at least of those which were sacrificed to Tlaloc the God of water, to a cool and delightful place called Tlalocan, where that God resided, and where they were to enjoy the most delicious repasts, with every other kind of pleasure. .. Lastly, the third place allotted for the souls of those who suffered any other kind of death, was the Mictlan, or Hell, which they conceived to be a place of utter darkness, in which reigned a God, called Mictlanteuctli, Lord of Hell, and a Goddess, named Mictlancihuatl. I am of opinion that they believed Hell to be a place in the centre of the earth, but they did not imagine that the souls underwent any other punishment there than what they suffered by the darkness of their abode. Siguenza thought the Mexicans placed Hell in the northern part of the earth, as the word Mictlampa signified towards both."—CLAVIGERO.

When any person whose manner of death entitled him to a place in Tlalocan was buried (for they were never burnt), a rod or bough was laid in the grave with him, that it might bud out again and flourish in that Paradise. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 13, *c.* 48.

The souls of all the children, who had been offered to Tlaloc, were believed to be present at all after sacrifices, under the care of a large and beautiful serpent, called Xiuhcoatl.—TORQUEMADA, *L.* 8, *c.* 14.

Green islets float along.—XII. p. 70.

Artificial Islands are common in China as well as in Mexico.

"The Chinese fishermen, having no houses on shore, nor stationary abode, but moving about in their vessels upon the extensive lakes and rivers, have no inducement to cultivate patches of ground, which the pursuits of their profession might require them to leave for the profit of another; they prefer, therefore, to plant their onions on rafts of bamboo, well interwoven with reeds and long grass, and covered with earth; and these floating gardens are towed after their boats."—BARROW's *China*.

To Tlaloc it was hallow'd, and the stone
Which c'os'd its entrance, never was remov'd,
Save when the yearly festival return'd,
And in its womb a child was sepulchred,
The living victim.—XII. p. 72.

There were three yearly sacrifices to Tlaloc: At the first, two children were drowned in the Lake of Mexico; but in all the provinces they were sacrificed on the mountains; they were a boy and girl, from three to four years old: in this last case the bodies were preserved in a stone chest, as relics, I suppose, says Torquemada, of persons whose hands were clean from actual sin; though their souls were foul with the original stain, of which they were neither cleansed nor purged, and therefore they went to the place appointed for all, like them, who perish unbaptized... At the second, four children, from six to seven years of age, who were bought for the purpose, the price being contributed by the chiefs, were shut up

in a cavern, and left to die with hunger; the cavern was not opened again till the next year's sacrifice. .. The third continued during the three rainy months, during all which time children were offered up on the mountains; these also were bought; the heart and blood were given in sacrifice, the bodies were feasted on by the Chiefs and Priests. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 7. *c.* 21.

"In the country of the Mistecas was a cave sacred to the Water God. Its entrance was concealed, for, though this Idol was generally reverenced, this his temple was known to few: it was necessary to crawl the length of a musquet shot, and then the way, sometimes open and sometimes narrow, extended for a mile, before it reached the great dome, a place 70 feet long, and 40 wide, where were the Idol and the altar; the Idol was a rude column of stalactydes, or incrustation, formed by a spring of petryfying water, and other fantastic figures had thus grown around it. The ways of the cave were so intricate, that sometimes those who had unwarily bewildered themselves there perished. The Friar, who discovered this Idol, destroyed it, and filled up the entrance." —PADILLA, p. 643.

The Temple Serpents.—XIV. p. 82.

"The head of a sacrificed person was strung up; the limbs eaten at the feast; the body given to the wild beasts which were kept within the temple circuits: moreover, in that accursed house they kept vipers and venomous snakes, who had something at their tails which sounded like morris-bells, and they are the worst of all vipers; these were kept in cradles and barrels, and earthen vessels upon feathers, and there they

laid their eggs, and nursed up their snakelings, and they were fed with the bodies of the sacrificed and with dogs flesh. We learnt for certain, that, after they had driven us from Mexico and slain above 850 of our soldiers and of the men of Narvaez, these beasts and snakes, who had been offered to their cruel Idol to be in his company, were supported upon their flesh for many days. When these lions and tygers roared, and the jackals and foxes howled, and the snakes hissed, it was a grim thing to hear them, and it seemed like hell."—BERNAL DIAZ.

He had been confin'd
Where myriad insects on his nakedness
Infix'd their venomous anger, and no start,
No shudder, shook his frame.—XIV. p. 83.

Some of the Orinoco Tribes required these severe probations, which are described by Gumilla, C. 35; the principle upon which they acted is strikingly stated by the Abbé Marigny in an Arabian anecdote.

"Ali having been chosed by Nasser for Emir, or general or his army against Makan, being one day before this Prince, whose orders he was receiving, made a convulsive motion with his whole body on feeling an acute bite: Nasser perceived it not. After receiving his orders, the Emir returned home, and, taking off his cloaths to examine the bite, found the scorpion that had bitten him. Nasser, learning this adventure, when next he saw the Emir, reproved him, for having sustained the evil, without complaining at the moment, that it might have been remedied. 'How, Sir,' replied the Emir, 'should I be capable of braving the arrow's point, and the

sabre's edge, at the head of your armies and far from you, if in your presence I could not bear the bite of a scorpion!"

Rank in war among savages can only be procured by superior skill or strength.

Y desde ninez al egercicio
los apremian por fuerza y los incitan,
y en el belico estudio y duro oficio
entrando en mas edad los egercitan;
si alguno de flaqueza da un indicio
del uso militar lo inhabilitan,
y el que sale en las armas senalado
conforme a su valor le dan el grado.

Los cargos de la guerra y preeminencia
no son por flacos medios proveidos,
ni van por calidad, ni por herencia,
ni por hacienda, y ser mejor nacidos;
mas la virtud del brazo y la excelencia,
esta hace los hombres preferidos,
esta ilustra, habilita, perficiona,
y quilata el valor de la persona.

Araucana, 1.

From the slaughter'd brother of their King.
He stript the skin, and form'd of it a drum,
Whose sound affrighted armies.—XIV. p. 83.

In some provinces they flead the captives taken in war, and with their skins covered their drums, thinking with the

sound of them to affright their enemies: for their opinion was, that when the kindred of the slain heard the sound of these drums, they would immediately be seized with fear and put to flight.—*Garcilaso de la Vega.*

"In the Palazzo Caprea at Bologna are several Turkish bucklers lined with human skin, dressed like leather; they told us it was that of the backs of Christian prisoners taken in battle; and the Turks esteem a buckler lined with it to be a particular security against the impression of an arrow, or the stroke of a sabre."—*Lady* MILLER'S *Letters from Italy.*

Should thine arm
Subdue, in battle, six successive foes,
Life, liberty and glory will repay
The noble conquest.—XIV. p. 84.

Clavigero. One instance occurred, in which, after the captive had been victorious in all the actions, he was put to death, because they durst not venture to set at liberty so brave an enemy. But this is mentioned as a very dishonourable thing. I cannot turn to the authority, but can trust my memory for the fact.

Often had he seen
His gallant countrymen with naked breast
Rush on their iron coated enemy.—XIV. p. 85.

Schyr Mawrice alsua the Berclay
Fra the gret battaill held hys way,
With a great rout off Walis men;

Quhareuir thai yeid men mycht them ken,
For thai wele ner all nakyt war,
Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.

The Bruce, B. 13. p. 417.

And with the sound of sonorous instruments,
And with their shouts, and screams, and yells drove back
The Britons' fainter war-cry.—XV. p. 94.

Music seems to have been as soon applied to military as to religious uses.

Con flautas, cuernos, roncos instrumentos,
alto estruendo, alaridos desdenosos,
salen los fieros barbaros sangrientos
contra los Espanoles valerosos.

Araucana, C. 4.

"James Reid, who had acted as Piper to a rebel regiment in the Rebellion, suffered death at York on Nov. 15, 1746, as a rebel. On his trial it was alledged in his defence that he had not carried arms. But the Court observed, that a Highland Regiment never marched without a Piper, and therefore his bagpipe, in the eye of the law, was an instrument of war."—WALKER's *Irish Bards*.

This construction was too much in the spirit of military law. Esop's trumpeter should not have served as a precedent. Croxall's fables have been made of much practical consequence; this poor Piper was hung for not remembering one, and Gilbert Wakefield imprisoned for quoting another.

A line of ample measure still retain'd
The missile shaft.—XV. p. 96.

A retractile weapon of tremendous effect was used by the Gothic tribes. Its use is thus described in a very interesting poem of the sixth century.

At nonus pugnæ Helmnod successit, et ipse
Incertum triplici, gestabat fune tridentem,
Quem post terga quidem stantes socii tenuerunt;
Consiliumque fuit, dum cuspes missa sederet
In clypeo, cuncti pariter traxisse studerent,
Ut vel sic hominem dejecissent furibundum,
Atque sub hac certum sibi spe posuere triumphum.
Nec mora; Dux, totas fundens in brachia vires,
Misit in adversum magna cum voce tridentem,
Et dicens, finis ferro tibi, calve, sub isto.
Qui, ventos penetrans, jaculorum more coruscat;
Quod genus aspidis, ex alta sese arbore, tanto
Turbine demittit, quo cuncta obstantia vincat.
Quid moror? umbonem scindit, peltaque resultat.
Clamorem Franci tollunt, saltusque resultant;
Obnixique trahunt restim simul atque vicissim;
Nec dubitat princeps tali se aptare labori;
Manarunt cunctis sudoris flumina membris:
Sed tamen hic intra velut escilus astitit heros,
Qui non plus petit astra comis, quam tartara fibris,
Contemnens omnes ventorum, immota, fragores.

De prima Expeditione Attilæ, Regis Hunnorum, in Gallias, ac de Rebus Gestis Waltharii Aquitanorum Principis. Carmen Epicum.

This weapon, which is described by Suidas, Eustatius, and Agathias, was called Ango, and was a barbed trident; if it entered the body it could not be extracted without certain death, and if it only pierced the shield, the shield became unmanageable, and the enemy was left exposed.

The *Cataia*, which Virgil mentions as a Teutonic weapon, was also retractile. This was a club of about a yard long, with a heavy end worked into four sharp points; to the thin end, or handle, a cord was fixed, which enabled a person, well trained, to throw it with great force and exactness, and then by a jerk to bring it back to his hand, either to renew his throw, or to use it in close combat. This weapon was called *Cat* and *Catai*. *Cambrian Register.*

The Irish horsemen were attended by servants on foot, commonly called Daltini, armed only with darts or javelins, to which thongs of leather were fastened, wherewith to draw them back after they were cast. Sir JAMES WARE'S *Antiquities of Ireland.*

Paynalton.—XV. p. 97.

When this name was pronounced, it was equivalent to a Proclamation for rising in mass. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 6. *c.* 22.

The House of Arms.—XV. p. 97.

The name of this Arsenal is a tolerable specimen of Mexican sesquipedalianism; Tlacochcalcoatlyacap..n. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 8. *c.* 13.

Cortes consumed all the weapons of this arsenal in the infamous execution of Qualpopoca and his companions. HERRERA, 2. 8. 9.

The ablution of the Stone of Sacrifice.—XV. p. 98.

An old Priest of the Tlatelucas, when they were at war with the Mexicans, advised them to drink the holy beverage before they went to battle: this was made by washing the Stone of Sacrifice; the King drank first, and then all his Chiefs and Soldiers in order; it made them eager and impatient for the fight. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 2. *c.* 58.

To physic soldiers before a campaign seems an odd way of raising their courage, yet this was done by one of the fiercest American Tribes.

"When the warriors among the Natchez had assembled in sufficient numbers for their expedition, the Medicine of War was prepared in the Chief's cabin. This was an emetic, composed of a root boiled in water. The warriors, sometimes to the number of three hundred, seated themselves round the kettles or cauldrons; about a gallon was served to each: the ceremony was, to swallow it at one draught, and then discharge it again with such loud eructations and efforts as might be heard at a great distance."—HERIOT's *History of Canada.*

Odd as this method of administering medicine may appear, some tribes have a still more extraordinary mode of dispensing it.

"As I was informed there was to be a physic dance at night, curiosity led me to the town-house to see the preparation. A vessel of their own make, that might contain twenty gallons (there being a great many to take the medicine), was set on the fire, round which stood several gourds filled with river water, which was poured into the pot. This done, there arose one of the beloved Women, who, opening a deer-skin

filled with various roots and herbs, took out a small handful of something like fine salt; part of which she threw on the head man's seat, and part on the fire close to the pot; she then took out the wing of a swan, and, after flourishing it over the pot, stood fixed for near a minute muttering something to herself; then taking a shrub like laurel, which I supposed was the physic, she threw it into the pot and returned to her seat. As no more ceremony seemed to be going on, I took a walk till the Indians assembled to take it. At my return I found the house quite full; they danced near an hour round the pot, till one of them, with a small gourd that might hold about a gill, took some of the physic, and drank it, after which all the rest took in turn. One of their head men presented me with some, and in a manner compelled me to drink, though I would willingly have declined. It was, however, much more palatable than I expected, having a strong taste of sassafras; the Indian who presented it told me it was taken to wash away their sins, so that this is a spiritual medicine, and might be ranked among their religious ceremonies. They are very solicitous about its success; the conjuror, for several mornings before it is drank, makes a dreadful howling, yelling, and hallowing from the top of the town house, to frighten away apparitions and evil spirits."—TIMBERLAKE.

——— *two fire-flies gave*
Their lustre.—XVII. p. 116.

It is well known that Madame Merian painted one of these insects by its own light.

"In Hispaniola and the rest of the Ocean Islandes, there are plashy and marshy places, very fitt for the feeding of

heardes of cattel. Gnattes of divers kindes, ingendred of that moyste heate, grievously afflict the colonies seated on the brinke thereof, and that not only in the night, as in other countries; therefore the inhabitants build low houses, and make little doores therein, scarce able to receive the master, and without holes, that the gnatts may have no entrance. And for that cause also, they forbeare to light torches or candels, for that the gnatts by natural instinct follow the light; yet neverthelesse they often finde a way in. Nature hath given that pestilent mischeife, and hath also given a remedy; as she hath given us cattes to destroy the filthy progeny of mise, so hath she given them pretty and commodious hunters which they call *Cucuij*. These be harmless winged worms, somewhat lesse than battes or reere mise, I should rather call them a kinde of beetles, because they have other wings after the same order under their hard winged sheath, which they close within the sheath when they leave flying. To this living creature (as we see flyes shine by night, and certaine sluggish worms lying in thick hedges) provident nature hath given some very cleere looking glasses: two in the seate of the eyes, and two lying hid in the flank, under the sheath, which he then sheweth, when, after the manner of the beetle, unsheathing his thin wings, he taketh his flight into the ayre: whereupon every *Cucuius* bringeth four lights or candels with him. But how they are a remedy for so great a mischeife, as is the stinging of these gnatts, which in some places are little less than bees, it is a pleasant thing to hear. Hee, who understandeth he hath those troublesome guestes (the gnattes) at home, or feareth least they may get in, diligently hunteth after the *Cucuij*, which he deceiveth by this means and indus-

by which necessity (effecting wonders) hath sought out: whoso wanteth *Cucuij*, goeth out of the house in the first twilight of the night, carrying a burning fire-brande in his hande, and ascendeth the next hillock, that the *Cucuij* may see it, and bee swingeth the fire-brande about, calling *Cucuius* aloud, and beateth the ayre with often calling and crying out *Cucuie, Cucuie.* Many simple people suppose that the *Cucuij*, delighted with that noise, come flying and flocking together to the bellowing sound of him that calleth them, for they come with a speedy and headlong course: but I rather thinke the *Cucuij* make haste to the brightness of the fire-brande, because swarmes of gnatts fly unto every light, which the *Cucuij* eate in the very ayre, as the martlets and swallowes doe. Behold the desired number of *Cucuij*, at what time the hunter casteth the fire-brande out of his hand. Some *Cucuius* sometimes followeth the fire-brande, and lighteth on the grounde; then is he easily taken, as travellers may take a beetle if they have need thereof, walking with his wings shutt. Others denie that the *Cucuij* are woont to bee taken after this manner, but say, that the hunters especially have boughs full of leaves ready prepared, or broad linnen cloaths, wherewith they smite the *Cucuius* flying about on high, and strike him to the ground, where he lyeth as it were astonished, and suffereth himself to bee taken; or as they say, following the fall of the fly, they take the preye, by casting the same bushie bough or linnen cloath upon him: howsoever it bee, the hunter havinge the hunting *Cucuij*, returneth home, and shutting the doore of the house, letteth the preye goe. The *Cucuij* loosed, swiftly flyeth about the whole house seeking gnatts, under their hanging bedds, and about

the faces of them that sleepe, whiche the gnatts use to assayle: they seem to execute the office of watchmen, that such as are shut in may quietly rest. Another pleasant and profitable commodity proceedeth from the *Cucuij*. As many eyes as every *Cucuius* openeth, the hoste enjoyeth the light of so many candels; so that the Inhabitants spinne, sewe, weave, and dance by the light of the flying *Cucuij*. The Inhabitants thinke that the *Cucuius* is delighted with the harmony and melody of their singing, and that hee also exerciseth his motion in the ayre according to the action of their dancing; but hee, by reason of the divers circuit of the gnatts, of necessity swiftly flyeth about divers ways to seek his food. Our men also reade and write by that light, which alwayes continueth untill he have gotten enough whereby he may be well and fedd. The gnatts being cleansed, or driven out of doors, the *Cucuius* beginning to famish, the light beginneth to faile: therefore when they see his light to waxe dim, opening the little doore, they set him libertie, that he may seeke his foode.

"In sport and merriment, or to the intent to terrifie such as are afrayd of every shadow, they say that many wanton wild fellowes sometimes rubbed their faces by night with the fleshe of a *Cucuius*, being killed, with purpose to meet their neighbours with a flaming countenance, as with us sometimes wanton young men, putting a gaping toothed vizard over their face, endeavour to terrifie children, or women, who are easily frighted: for the face being anointed with the lump or fleshy part of the *Cucuius*, shineth like a flame of fire; yet in short space that fiery virtue waxeth feeble and is extinguished, seeing it is a certayne bright humor received in a thin substance. There is also another wonderful commodity proceed-

ing from the *Cucuius;* the Islanders appoynted by our menn, goe with their good will by night, with two *Cucuij* tied to the great toes of their feet: for the travailer goeth better by the direction of these lights, than if he brought so many candels with him as their open eyes; he also carryeth another in his hand to seek the *Utiæ* by night, a certain kind of cony, a little exceeding a mouse in bignesse and bulke of bodie: which four footed beast they onely knewe before our coming thither, and did eate the same. They also go a fishing by the light of the *Cucuij.*"—PIETRO MARTIRE.

Bells of gold
Emboss'd his glittering helmet.—XVIII. p. 127.

Among the presents which Cortes sent to Spain were "two helmets covered with blue precious stones; one edged with golden belles and many plates of gold, two golden knobbes sustaining the belles. The other covered with the same stones, but edged with 25 golden belles, crested with a greene foule sitting on the top of the helmet, whose feet, bill, and eyes were all of gold, and several golden knobbes sustained every bell."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

So oft the yeomen had, in days of yore,
Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the horn.—XVIII. p. 128.

Cornage Tenure.

A white p'ume
Nodded above, far seen, floating like foam
On the war tempest —XVIII. p. 129.
His tall white plume, which, like a high wrought foam,

Floated on the tempestuous steam of fight,
Shewed where he swept the field.

YOUNG's *Busiris.*

The Journey of the Dead.—XIX. p. 138.

Clavigero. Torquemada, *L.* 13, *c.* 47.

The fighting mountains of the Mexicans are less absurd than the moving rocks of the Greeks, as they are placed, not in this world, but in the road to the next.

" L. Martio et Sex. Julio consulibus, in agro Mutinensi duo montes inter se concurrerunt, crepitu maximo assultantes et recedentes, et inter eos flammâ fumoque exeunte. Quo concursu villæ omnes elisæ sunt ; animalia permulta quæ intra fuerant, exanimata sunt."—J. RAVISII TEXTORIS *Officina*, f. 210.

A fiery mountain is a bad neighbour, but a quarrelsome one must be infinitely worse, and a dancing one would not be much better. It is a happy thing for us, who live among the mountains, that they are now-a-days very peaceable, and have left off " skipping like rams."

Funeral and Coronation—XIX. pp. 139, 142.

Clavigero. Torquemada.

This coronation oath resembles in absurdity the language of the Chinese, who, in speaking of a propitious event occurring, either in their own or any other country, generally attribute it to the joint Will of Heaven and the Emperor of China. BARROW.

I once heard a Methodist Street Preacher exhort his auditors to praise God as the first cause of all good things, and the King as the second.

Let the guilty tremble! it shall flow
A draught of agony and death to him,
A stream of fiery poison.—XX. p. 145.

I have no other authority for attributing this artifice to Tezozomoc, than that it has been practised very often and very successfully.

"A Chief of Djedda," says Niebuhr, "informed me that two hundred ducats had been stolen from him, and wanted me to discover the thief. I excused myself, saying, that I left that sublime science to the Mahommedan sages; and very soon afterwards a celebrated schech shewed, indeed, that he knew more than I did. He placed all the servants in a row, made a long prayer, then put into the mouth of each a bit of paper, and ordered them all to swallow it, after having assured them that it would not harm the innocent, but that the punishment of Heaven would fall on the guilty; after which he examined the mouth of every one, and one of them, who had not swallowed the paper, confessed that he had stolen the money."

A similar anecdote occurs in the old Legend of Pierre Faifeu.

Comment la Dame de une grosse Maison ou il hautoit, perdit ung Dyamant en sa maison, qu'il luy fist subtillement recouvrer Chap. 22, p. 58.

Ung certain jour, la Dame de Phostel
Eut ung ennuy, le quel pour vray fut tel,
Car elle avoit en sa main gauche ou dextre
Ung Dyamant, que l'on renommoit de estre

De la valeur de bien cinq cens ducatz ;
Or, pour soubdain vous advertir du cas,
Ou en dormant, ou en faisant la veille,
Du doy luy cheut, dont cres fout s'esmerveille,
Qu'el' ne le treuve est son cueur très marry,
Et n'ose aussi le dire a son mary ;
Mais a Faifeu allee est s'en complaindre,
Qui respondit, sans grandement la plaindre,
Que bien failloit que le Seigneur le sçeust,
Et qu'elle luy dist ains qu'il s'en apperçeust.
En ce faisant le vaillant Pierre Maistre
La recouvrer luy est allé promettre,
Ce moyennant qu'il eust cinquante escus,
Qu'elle luy promist, sans en faire refus,
Pareillement qu' auchun de la maison
L'eust point trouvé, il en rendroit raison.
Leurs propos tins, s'en alla seure et ferme
La dicte Dame, et au Seigneur afferme
Du Dyamant le susdict interest,
Dont il ne fist pas grant conte ou arrest,
Ce nonobstant que fust le don de nopces,
Qu'avoit donne par sur autres negoces ;
Car courroucer sa femme assez en veoit
L'avoit perdu, mais grand dueil en avoit
Or toutes fois a Faifeu il ordonne
Faire son vueil, et puissance il luy donne
A son plaisir faire ainsi qu'il entend.
Incontinent Faifeu fist tout content
Tost assembler serviteurs et servantes,
Grans et petits, et les portes fermantes,

Les fist rengu en une chambre a part.
Ou de grant peur chascun d'eulz avoit part.
Quant il eust fait, appellu Sieur et Dame,
Desquelz amé estoit de corps et de ame,
Et devant eulx au servans fist sermon
Du Dyamant, leur disant ; nous chermon,
Et scavons bien par l'art de nicromance
Celuy qui le a et tout en evidance
Feignoit chermer la chambre en tous endroitz,
Se pourmenant devant boytteu ou droitz.
Il apperceut parmy une verriere,
Emmy la court, ung garsonnet arriere,
Qui n'estoit point o les autres venu,
Dont vous orrez qu'il eu est advenu.
Ce nonobstrant qu'il y en eust grant nombre,
Cinquante ou plus, soubdain faignit soube umbre
De diviner, que tout n'y estoit point.
Les serviteurs ne congnoissans le point
Dirent que nul ne restoit de la bende
Fors le berger ; donc, dist-il, qu'on le mande,
Bien le sçavoys et autres choses scay,
Qu'il vienne tost, et vous verrez l'essay.
Quant fut venu, demande une arballeste
Que bender fist o grant peine et moleste,
Car forte estoit des meilleures qui soient.
Les assistens tresfort s'esbahyssoient
Que faire il veult, car dessus il fait mettre
Ung font raillon, puis ainsi la remettre
Dessus la table, et couchee a travers
Tout droit tendue, et atournee envers,

Par ou passer on doit devant la table.
Tout ce cas fait, comme resolu et stable,
Dist à la Dame, et aussi au Seigneur,
Que nul d'eulx ne heut tant fiance en son heur,
De demander la bague dessus dicte,
Par nul barat ou cautelle maudicte;
Car il convient, sans faire nul destour,
Que chascun d'eulx passe et face son tour
Devant le trect, arc, arballeste ou flesche,
Sans que le cueur d'aucun se plye ou flesche;
Et puis apres les servans passeront,
Mais bien croyez que ne repasseront,
Ceulx ou celuy qui la bague retiennent,
Mais vostre mortz tous asseurez se tiennent.
Son dit finy, chascun y a passé,
Sans que nul fust ne blecé ne cassé;
Mais quant ce fut a cil qui a la bague,
A ce ne veult user de mine ou bragne,
Car pour certain se trouva si vain cueur,
Que s'excuser ne sceut est vaincquer;
Mais tout soubdain son esprit se tendit
Cryer mercy, et la bague rendit,
En effermant qu'il eu l'avoit robee,
Mais sans Faifeu eust este absorbée.
Auquel on quist s'il estoit bien certain
Du laronneau, mais jura que incertain
Il en estoit, et sans science telle
Qu'on estimoit, avoit quis la cautelle
Espoventer par subtille Leçon
Ceulx qui la bague avoient, en la façon

Vous pouvez voir que, par subtille prouve,
Tel se dit bon, qui meschant on approuve.

The trial by ordeal more probably originated in cunning than in superstition. The Water of Jealousy is the oldest example. This seems to have been a device to enable women, when unjustly suspected, fully to exculpate themselves; for no one who was guilty would have ventured upon the trial.

I remember an anecdote of John Henderson, which is characteristic of the man. The maid servant one evening, at a house where he was visiting, begged that she might be excused from bringing in the tea, for he was a conjurer, she said. When this was told him, he desired the Mistress would insist upon her coming in; this was done: he fixed his eye upon her, and after she had left the room said, take care of her; she is not honest. It was soon found that he had rightly understood the cause of her alarm.

The Sports.—XXI. p. 149.

These are described from Clavigero, who gives a print of the Flyers; the tradition of the banner is from the same author; the legend of Mexitli from Torquemada, *L.* 6, *c.* 21.

Then the Temples fell,
Whose black and putrid walls were scaled with blood.—XXII p. 150.

I have not exaggerated. Bernal Diaz was an eye witness, and he expressly says, that the walls and the floor of Mexitli's temple were black and flaked with blood, and stenching. *Historia Verdadera*, p. 71.

One of our nation lost the Maid he loved.—XXII. p. 158.

There was a young man in despair for the death of his sister, whom he loved with extreme affection The idea of the departed recurred to him incessantly. He resolved to seek her in the Land of Souls, and flattered himself with the hope of bringing her back with him. His voyage was long and laborious, but he surmounted all the obstacles, and overcame every difficulty. At length he found a solitary old man, or rather genius, who, having questioned him concerning his enterprise, encouraged him to pursue it, and taught him the means of success. He gave him a little empty calabash to contain the soul of his sister, and promised on his return to give him the brain, which he had in his possession, being placed there, by virtue of his office, to keep the brains of the dead. The young man profited by his instructions, finished his course successfully, and arrived in the Land of Souls, the inhabitants of which were much astonished to see him, and fled at his presence. Tharonhiaouagon received him well, and protected him by his counsel from the Old Woman his grandmother, who, under the appearance of a feigned regard, wished to destroy him by making him eat the flesh of serpents and vipers, which were to her delicacies. The Souls being assembled to dance, as was their custom, he recognized that of his sister; Tharonhiaouagon assisted him to take it by surprise, without which help he never would have succeeded. for when he advanced to seize it, it vanished as a dream of the night, and left him as confounded as was Æneas, when he attempted to embrace the shade of his father Anchises. Nevertheless he took it, confined it, and, in spite of the attempts and stratagems of this captive soul, which sought but to de-

liver itself from its prison, he brought it back the same road by which he came, to his own village. I know not if he recollected to take the brain, or judged it unnecessary; but as soon as he arrived he dug up the body, and prepared it according to the instructions he had received, to render it fit for the reception of the soul, which was to reanimate it. Every thing was ready for this resurrection, when the impertinent curiosity of one of those who were present prevented its success. The captive soul, finding itself free, fled away, and the whole journey was rendered useless. The young man derived no other advantage than that of having been at the Land of Souls, and the power of giving certain tidings of it, which were transmitted to posterity. LAFITAU *sur les moeurs des Sauvages Ameriquains*, Tom. I. p. 401.

"One, I remember, affirmed to me that himself had been dead four days; that most of his friends in that time were gathered together to his funeral; and that he should have been buried, but that some of his relations at a great distance, who were sent for upon that occasion, were not arrived, before whose coming he came to life again. In this time he says he went to the place where the sun rises (imagining the Earth to be plain), and directly over that place, at a great height in the air, he was admitted, he says, into a great House, which he supposes was several miles in length, and saw many wonderful things too tedious as well as ridiculous to mention. Another person, a woman, whom I have not seen, but been credibly informed of by the Indians, declares, she was dead several days; that her soul went Southward, and feasted and danced with the happy spirits: and that she found all things exactly agreeable to the Indian notions of a future state."—BRAINERD.

——— *that sweeter one that knoweth all*
The songs of all the winged choristers.—XXIII. p. 162.

The Mocking Bird is often mentioned, and with much feeling, in Mr. Davis's Travels in America, a very singular and interesting volume. He describes himself in one place as listening by moonlight to one that usually perched within a few yards of his log hut. A negress was sitting on the threshold of the next door, smoaking the stump of an old pipe. *Please God Almighty*, exclaimed the old woman, *how sweet that mocking bird sing! he never tire.* By day and by night it sings alike; when weary of mocking others, the bird takes up its own natural strain, and so joyous a creature is it, that it will jump and dance to its own music. The bird is perfectly domestic, for the Americans hold it sacred. Would that we had more of these humane prejudices in England, . . if that word may be applied to a feeling so good in itself and in its tendency.

A good old protestant missionary mentions another of the American singing-birds very technically.

"Of black birds there be millions, which are great devourers of the Indian corn as soon as it appears out of the ground: unto this sort of birds, especially, may the mystical fowls, the Divells, be well resembled, (and so it pleaseth the Lord Jesus himself to observe, *Matt.* 13,) which mystical fowl follow the sowing of the word, and pick it up from loose and careless hearers, as these black birds follow the material seed; against these they are very careful, both to set their corn deep enough, that it may have a strong root, not so apt to be pluckt up, as also they put up little watch-houses in the middle of their fields, in which they or their biggest children lodge."—Roger Williams.

But of all the songsters in America who warble their wood-notes wild, the frogs are the most extraordinary.

"Prepared as I was," says a traveller, "to hear something extraordinary from these animals, I confess the first frog concert I heard in America was so much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of these musicians, that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place on the 18th (April) instant, in a large swamp, where there were at least ten thousand performers, and, I really believe, not two exactly in the same pitch, if the octave can possibly admit of so many divisions, or shades of semitones. An Hibernian musician, who, like myself, was present for the first time at this concert of *antimusic*, exclaimed, 'By Jasus, but they stop out of tune to a nicety!'

"I have been since informed by an *amateur* who resided many years in this country, and made this species of music his peculiar study, that on these occasions the treble is performed by the Tree Frogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket: the next in size are our counter-tenors, they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing tenor, and the under part is supported by the Bull Frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the bass in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name."—*Travels in America, by* W. PRIEST, *Musician.*

"I have often thought," says this lively traveller, "if an enthusiastic cockney of weak nerves, who had never been out of the sound of Bow bell, could suddenly be conveyed from his bed in the middle of the night, and laid fast asleep

in an American swamp, he would, on waking, fancy himself in the infernal regions: his first sensations would be from the stings of a myriad of musquitoes; waking with the smart, his ears would be assailed with the horrid noises of the frogs; on lifting up his eyes he would have a faint view of the night-hawks, flapping their ominous wings over his devoted head, visible only from the glimmering light of the fire-flies, which he would naturally conclude were sparks from the bottomless pit. Nothing would be wanting at this moment to complete the illusion, but one of those dreadful explosions of thunder and lightning, so extravagantly described by Lee in Oedipus. 'Call you these peals of thunder but the yawn of bellowing clouds? by Jove, they seem to me the world's last groans, and those large sheets of flame its last blaze!'"

In sink and swell
More exquisitely sweet than ever art
Of man evok'd from instrument of touch,
Or beat, or breath.—XXIII. p. 162.

The expression is from an old Spanish writer; "*Tanian instrumentos de diversas maneras de la musica, de pulso, e flato, e tato, e voz.*"—*Cronica de* PERO NINO.

——— *the old in talk*
Of other days, that mingled with their joy
Memory of many a hard calamity.—XXIV. p. 167.

"And when the builders laid the foundation of the Temple of the Lord, they set the Priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David King of Israel.

"And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord, because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid.

"But many of the Priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud with joy:

"So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off."—EZRA, III. 10. 13.

For Axtlan comes in anger, and her Gods
Spare none.—XXIV. p. 170.

Kill all that you can, said the Tlascallans to Cortes; the young that they may not bear arms, the old that they may not give counsel. BERNAL DIAZ, p. 56.

The Circle of the Years is full.—XXVI. p. 183.

Torquemada, *L* 10. *c* 33. The tradition of the Five Suns is related by Clavigero; the origin of the present by the same author and by Torquemada, *L*. 6. *c*. 42; the whole of the ceremonies is accurately stated.

Depart! Depart! for so the note
Articulately in his native tongue
Spake to the Azteca.—XXVII. p. 195.

My excuse for this insignificant agency, as I fear it will

be thought, must be, that the fact itself is historically true; by means of this omen the Aztecas were induced to quit their country, after a series of calamities. The leader who had address enough to influence them was Huitziton, a name which I have altered to Yuhidthiton for the sake of euphony; the note of the bird is expressed in Spanish and Italian thus, *tihui*; the cry of the *peewit* cannot be better expressed. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 2. *c.* 1. CLAVIGERO.

The Chair of God.—XXVII. p. 206.

Mexitli, they said, appeared to them during their emigration, and ordered them to carry him before them in a chair; Teoycpalli it was called. TORQUEMADA, L. 2. *c.* 1.

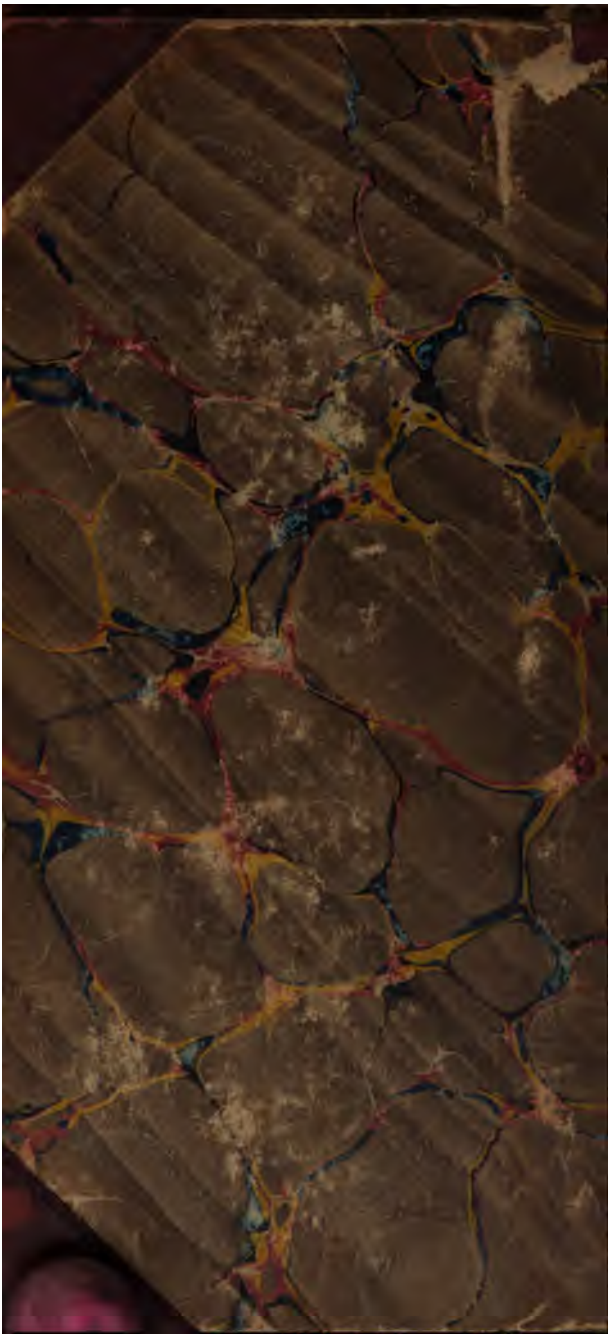
The hideous figures of their Idols are easily accounted for by the Historian of the Dominicans in Mexico.

"As often as the Devil appeared to the Mexicans, they made immediately an Idol of the figure in which they had seen him; sometimes as a Lion, othertimes as a Dog, othertimes as a Serpent; and as the ambitious Devil took advantage of this weakness, he assumed a new form every time to gain a new image in which he might be worshipped. The natural timidity of the Indians aided the design of the Devil, and he appeared to them in horrible and affrighting figures that he might have them the more submissive to his will; for this reason it is that the Idols which we still see in Mexico, placed in the corners of the streets as spoils of the Gospel, are so deformed and ugly."—AUGUSTIN DAVILA PADILLA.

To spread in other lands Mexitli's name.—XXVII. p. 210.

It will scarcely be believed that the resemblance between

Mexico and Messiah should have been adduced as a proof that America was peopled by the Ten Tribes. Fr. Estevan de Salazar discovered this wise argument, which is noticed in Gregorio Garcia's very credulous and very learned work on the Origin of the Indians. L. 3. c. 7. § 2.

THE END.

W. Pople, Printer,
67, Chancery Lane, London.